



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

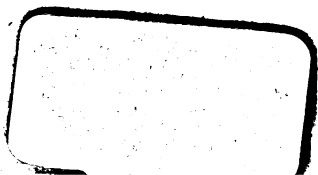
We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

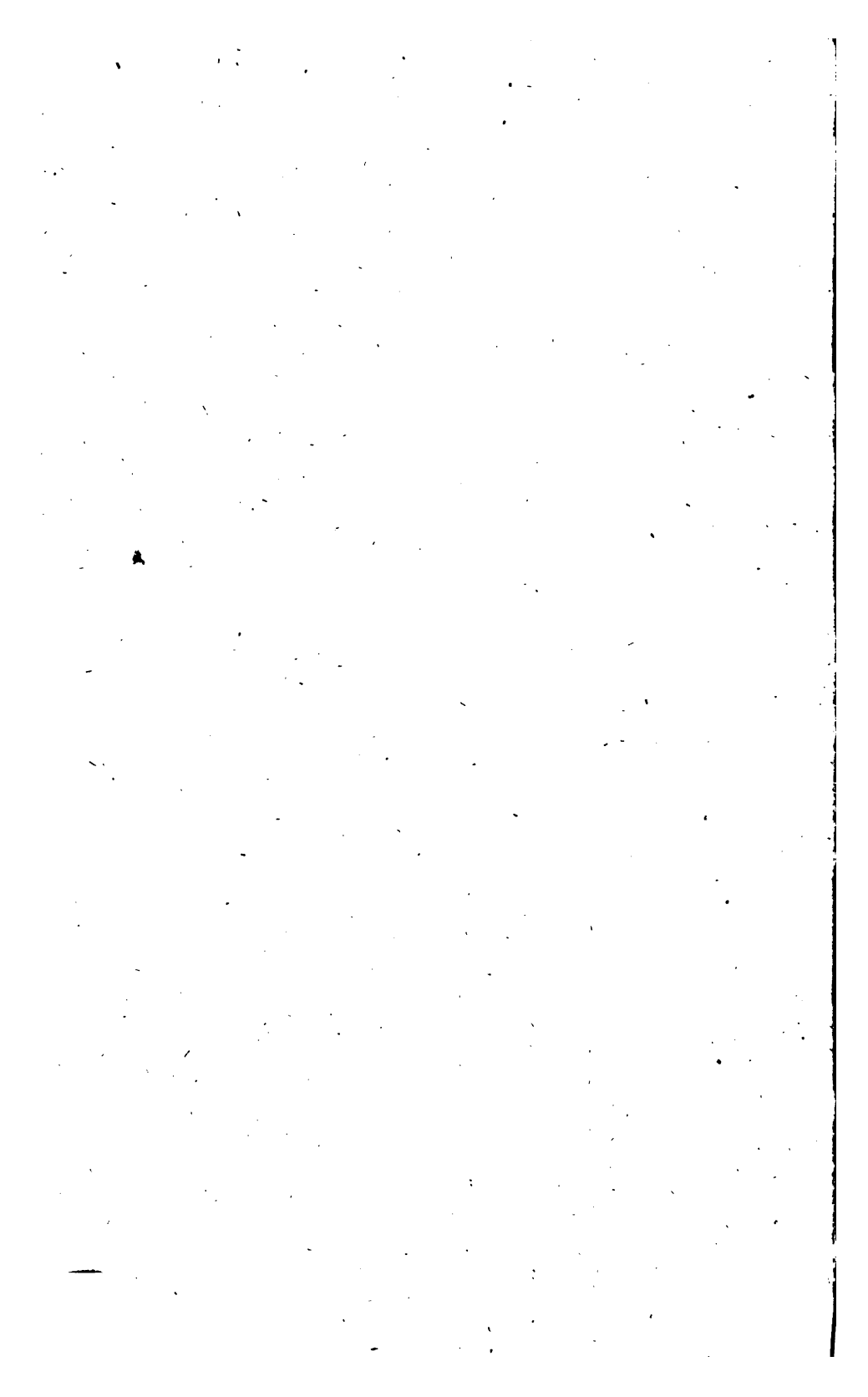
Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

3. 24. 5

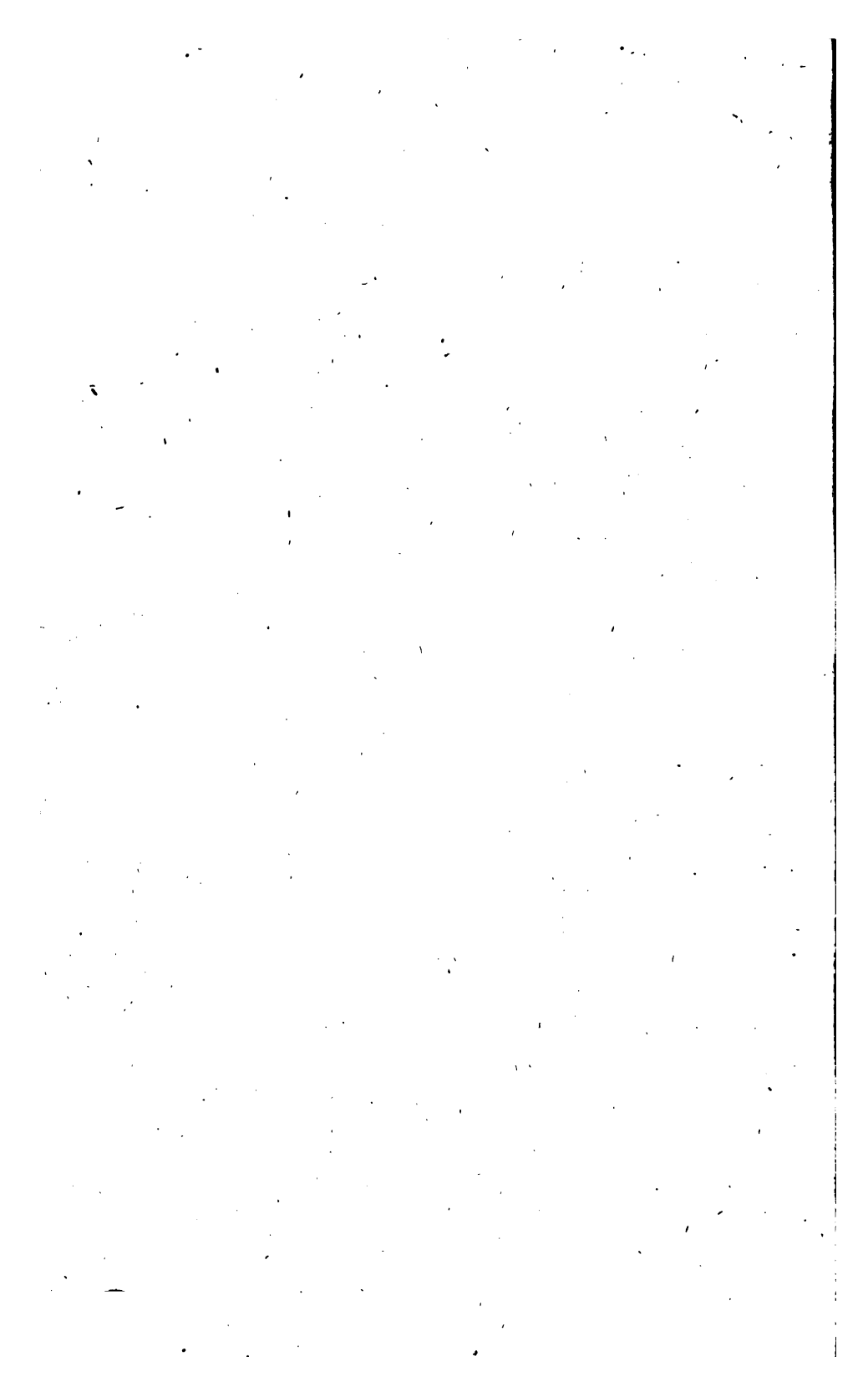


848
G33±
±

BUILDING
USE ONLY







T H E A T R E
O F
E D U C A T I O N.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH

O F *Stéphanie Félicité
Ducrest de Saint
Aubin*
THE COUNTESS DE GENLIS.

Leçon commence, exemple achevé.

LA MOTTE, *Fable de L'Aigle et L'Aiglon.*

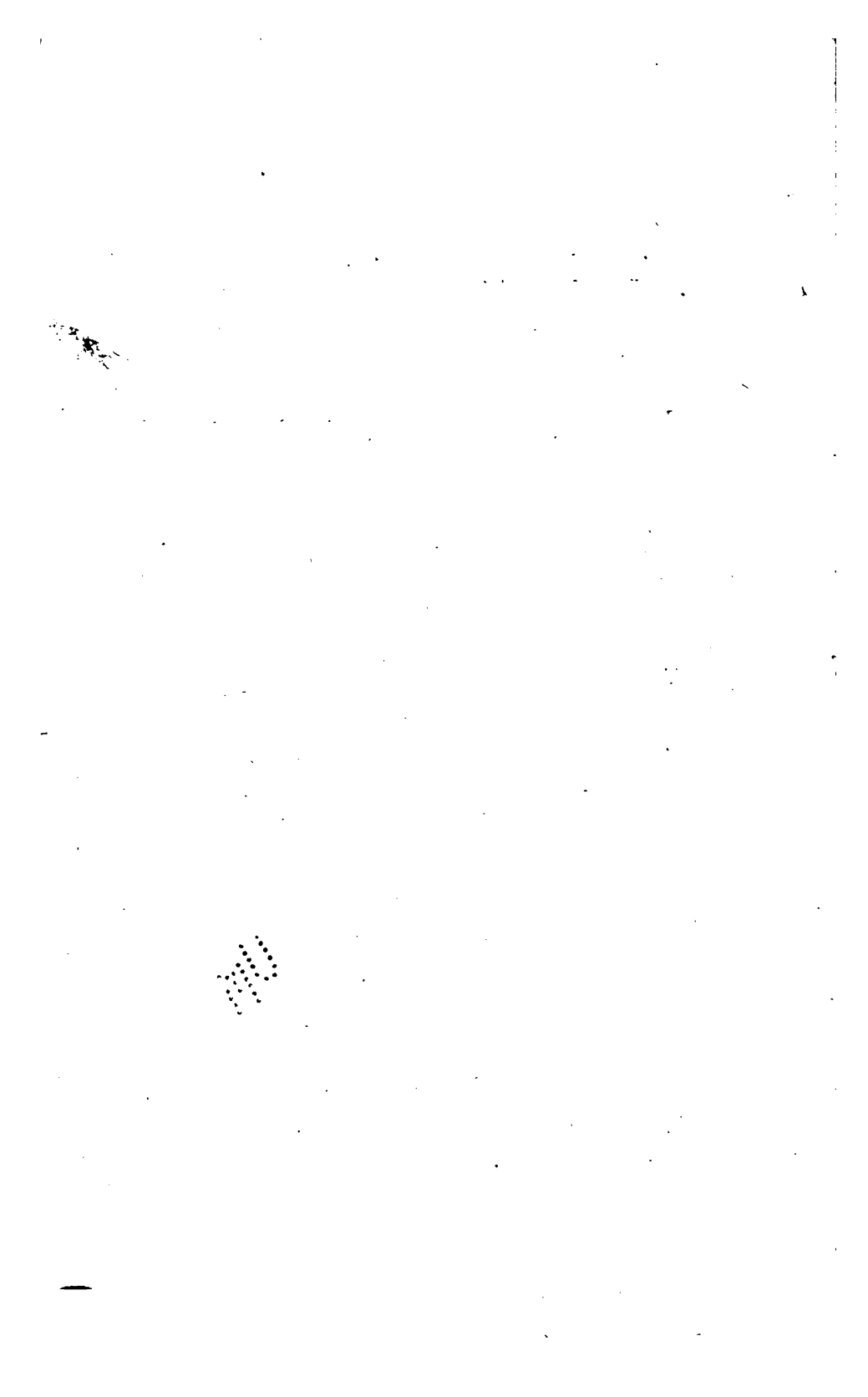
I N F O U R V O L U M E S.

V O L. III.

L O N D O N :

Printed for T. CADELL, and P. ELMSLY, in the
Strand; and T. DURHAM, Charing-Cross.

MDCCLXXXI.



4-1731652

English
Blackwell
1-2-31
23052

THE
CHILDREN'S BALL;
OR,
THE DUEL.
A COMEDY.
IN TWO ACTS.

Vol. III.

A

THE PERSONS.

THE BARON.

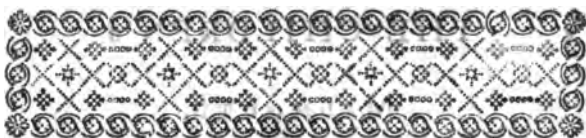
THEODORE, *the Baron's Son, 12 years old.*

MELMOUTH, *Theodore's Tutor.*

SIR GEORGE WARWICK, *13 years old.*

RICHARD, *Theodore's Servant.*

The Scene is at Paris, in the Baron's House.



THE
CHILDREN'S BALL;
OR,
THE DUEL.
A COMEDY.

Et dans des foibles corps s'allume un grand courage.

RACINE fils, Poeme de la Religion:

ACT I.

SCENE I.

*The Stage represents a Hall, at the end of which
a canopy is seen.*

The BARON, MELMOUTH.

BARON.

IS the great Saloon in order for the Ball?

A ij

4 THE CHILDREN'S

MELMOUTH.

Yes, Sir, the seats are placed, the sideboard set out, and every thing ready.

BARON.

How is my son employed?

MELMOUTH.

He is under the hands of his valet for the third time to-day.

BARON.

O fy! how can you suffer it?

MELMOUTH.

What would you have me do, Sir? This ball which you are giving has quite turned his head. He says he will dance the Cofack to night. He skips and jumps till he is violently heated, practising this confounded Cofack; he is obliged to have his hair dressed and his shirt changed every hour. I never saw the like, he seems out of his wits.

BARON.

This is very extraordinary; last year he did not love dancing—

B A L L. 4

MELMOUTH.

O, but at present 'tis all in all with him. He got up this morning before I did, and danced the Cofack three times ere he thought of going to breakfast.

BARON.

This is not natural; there must be something concealed under this!—

MELMOUTH, *laughing*.

Why truly there is something.

BARON.

What is it, I pray you tell me?

MELMOUTH,

It is, that Miss Emily is coming to the Ball this evening; Miss Emily is a charming girl, and dances the Cofack to admiration——

BARON.

So! you imagine that is the reason——

MELMOUTH.

O, I am sure of it. He loves Miss Emily with all his heart.

8 THE CHILDREN'S

BARON.

Upon my word his heart is somewhat in haste. Do you know that Theodore is only twelve years old?

MELMOUTH.

I assure you, Sir, he speaks of the graces and accomplishments of Miss Emily as if he were eighteen.

BARON.

Speaks, say you; that is too much, he must be taught to hold his tongue. Since he must give himself the airs of being in love, let him begin by learning discretion. But I have some orders to give;—wait here, I will be back with you in a moment. (*He goes out.*)

MELMOUTH, *alone.*

What an excellent Father!—such penetrating well-regulated tenderness for his son—happy the Tutor, whose views for his pupil are thus seconded by a father! It is the wisdom or folly of parents that makes good or bad instructors.

SCENE II.

MELMOUTH, RICHARD.

MELMOUTH.

Well, Richard;—has Master Theodore done dressing at last?

RICHARD.

Yes, Sir; and I came to give you notice, that I told him you wanted him, because if he is left but a moment to himself he will be at the Cofack again.

MELMOUTH.

Yet he gave me his promise that he would keep himself quiet.

RICHARD.

But, Sir, the Cofack is too many for him. While I was dressing him, he sung, beat time, and was so restless—Oh, he has provoked me excessively this day.

A iijj

8 THE CHILDREN'S

MELMOUTH.

Go and call him hither.

RICHARD.

I beg of you, Sir, not to mention it to him; he does not deserve to be reproved—The Baron commanded me to acquaint you with every thing.—Between you and I—you will laugh—but—you know Miss Emily?

MELMOUTH.

Yes.

RICHARD.

Well—she is the cause of Master Theodore's gambols—He is no longer a child, I assure you—

MELMOUTH.

What makes you think so?

RICHARD.

By Jove it is as clear as the Sun at noon-day—I suspected it these three weeks, but now I am certain. He made some verses this morning, in which he says, *My dearest Emily I love, and while I live I'll constant prove;* there is that, and—he is a spirited youth!

B A L L.

9

—He forgot his verses upon the table, and I read them; and then, he sent immediately for the butler, to beg that he would make some pine-apple ice, because Miss Emily loves it—then he always carries an artificial rose in his pocket, which Miss Emily lost at the last ball: in short, he thinks of nothing but her; it is very droll—

MELMOUTH.

Hush, I hear him coming.

RICHARD.

Hold, I told you so; he is singing the Cofack,

S C E N E III.

MELMOUTH, THEODORE, RICHARD,

MELMOUTH.

Richard, leave us. (*Richard goes out.*
Theodore enters singing.

10 THE CHILDREN'S

MELMOUTH.

Well, Sir ; you have danced all the powder out of your hair already——

THEODORE, *dancing some steps.*

That plaguy step !——I shall never hit it——

MELMOUTH.

I can't but admire your obedience, and the regard you shew for your word of honour——I will dance no more, say you ; I promise you I will not——

THEODORE, *a little piqued.*

It is true, I did say so, but I did not give you my word of honour——I do not disregard my word of honour, I assure you, Mr. Melmouth.

MELMOUTH.

So that if you stop short of an oath, there is no depending upon your protestations——A man should never be lavish of his word of honour, which ought not to be given but upon extraordinary occasions——if it is to

B A L L. 11

be employed on every occasion, I shall no longer believe you.

THEODORE.

No longer believe me!—

MELMOUTH.

Am I wrong? I appeal to yourself.

THEODORE.

But—

MELMOUTH.

And I cannot conceal from you, that being once accustomed to doubt you in small matters, you will find it more difficult to persuade me, in affairs of consequence; and your word of honour will make less impression upon me than your simple promise did formerly.

THEODORE.

That is to say, Mr. Melmouth, that you no longer have any regard for me.—Those that love us, believe what we say—As for my part, I believe every thing that you say, and—

12 THE CHILDREN'S

MELMOUTH.

But did I ever deceive you?

THEODORE.

O no——

MELMOUTH.

You always believe me, yet I never gave you my word of honour. —— Learn then, Theodore, that the *yes* and the *no* of an honest man is equal to all the oaths in the world. Is not truth the first of virtues, since giving the lye is the greatest affront that can be offered, and that honour indispensably obliges us to expose our lives to obtain revenge for it.

THEODORE.

I assure you, that even now, except my father, I would not suffer any man upon earth to give me the lye.

MELMOUTH.

You would fight; would you?

THEODORE.

Certainly, I would fight——'Tis true, that

I am only twelve years old; but did not my father serve his first campaign at twelve? So that if one can be qualified to serve the King at that age, may he not at the same age fight in his own particular quarrel — A sword, or pistol, is the same thing; it kills, or it saves our honour, no matter which.

MELMOUTH.

It kills, no matter which, but there is ^{war} some difference in the honour: there is somewhat more honour to be gained in fighting for our king and country, than in fighting a fellow-citizen. A great many circumstances must concur to make a duel excusable in the eyes of men of sense. It is equally condemned by the laws of our country; and by humanity; and when it is not required by real honour, can only be a shameful misconduct, and the effect of folly and madness.

THEODORE.

But when the cause is perfectly just?

14 THE CHILDREN'S

MELMOUTH.

Then, indeed, a man does his duty, and cannot fail to have the good wishes and approbation of all worthy people. But such an instance is so rare!—One, indeed, may have an unavoidable reason for fighting, even without justice on his side.

THEODORE.

How can that be?

MELMOUTH.

When the lye is given, for example; if he who receives it, deserves it, and though a liar, is nevertheless brave; he will certainly do well to fight, because he has no other resource. Yet, what will be the consequence? He will only prove that he is not a coward, and will be equally liable to the dreadful remorse of having merited so dishonourable an imputation. He will no less retain the character of a liar;—he may be revenged, but he cannot be justified, by fighting. You will allow that no honour is to be gained in such a cause.

THEODORE.

I comprehend that very well, and *I give you my word of honour*, Mr. Melmouth, that I shall shew the greatest regard for truth, even in the smallest matters; and that my *yes* and *no* shall be equal to yours.

MELMOUTH.

Such an engagement gives me inexpressible pleasure, and I look upon it as inviolable.

THEODORE.

O, here comes my father.

SCENE IV.

The BARON, MELMOUTH, THEODORE.

BARON.

Theodore, I was in search of you, to tell you bad news; — there are no pine-apples to be had, so that the ice which you ordered —

16 THE CHILDREN'S

THEODORE:

O, Sir, it is quite indifferent.

BARON.

You don't mind it then?

THEODORE.

No, Sir——

BARON.

I can scarce persuade myself of that.

MEEMOUTH.

O, Sir, when Master Theodore says *no*, you may believe him; a *no* from his mouth, has all the force of an oath.

BARON.

So much the better, my dear; how happy I am to find you have such principles!

THEODORE.

Sir——

BARON.

What is the matter with you? why that forrowful look?

THEODORE.

My God,—Mr. Melmouthe.

MELMOUTH.

What—tears in your eyes! how is this?

THEODORE.

In retracting immediately what I said, would you call it a breach of my promise?

MELMOUTH.

A speedy, frank and open reparation restores all.

THEODORE.

Sir—it is—in fact I have no particular desire for pine-apple ice, it is indifferent to me, *as to myself*, that there should not be any—but—however I am sorry—because several Ladies asked for it the other day at my Aunt's—and that is the reason of my being anxious to have some this evening.

BARON.

You ought not then to have said it was indifferent to you.

VOL. III.

B

THEODORE.

It is quite indifferent to me, *as to myself*, Sir; that is what I meant to say.

BARON.

Ah, Theodore, no evasions; see what a number of faults you are hurried into by the commission of one. In the beginning you was only guilty of a trivial equivocation, occasioned by your being perplexed; but now, to excuse yourself, you employ falsehood and dissimulation; — why make use of such trifling deceit? — there is such courage and nobleness of soul in an ingenuous confession.

THEODORE.

Well, Sir, I did say *no* at first very improperly; but it escaped me, and that very instant I intended to retract.

MELMOUTH.

But what is much better, you have convinced us. He justifies the confidence placed in him by his friends, who is found incapable of abusing it.

B A R O N.

Come, Theodore, since you have explained yourself with frankness, all is forgotten. But tell me who are *these ladies* who are so fond of pine-apple ice?

T H E O D O R E, *embarrassed and very low.*

Sir—it is Miss Emily.

B A R O N.

Eh! I don't hear you.

T H E O D O R E.

It is Miss Emily, Sir.

B A R O N.

And the others?

T H E O D O R E.

Only Miss Emily, Sir.

B A R O N.

But you said several ladies. Why did you say *several* instead of one; it was probably from confusion?

B ij

20 THE CHILDREN'S

THEODORE.

No, Sir——it was on purpose.

BARON.

And why so?

THEODORE.

Because I durst not mention Miss Emily singly.

BARON.

Now, Theodore, you answer without evasion, come and embrace me. If you knew how much I am delighted with it, and in what an amiable light candour appears!——My dear child, you have an honest good heart; do not then employ idle deceit, but leave falsehood and dissimulation to vice, which needs a cloak to hide its deformity.——An upright heart abhors even the appearance of disguise, and the best heart is always the most ingenuous; in short, it is happy in yielding to the pleasing and flattering certainty of attaching more friends to it the better it is known.

T H E O D O R E.

I shall always pay the strictest regard to truth, I assure you, Sir——

B A R O N.

Now then, my child, confess the reason of your mentioning Miss Emily to me with so much reluctance.

T H E O D O R E.

Truly, I do not well know the reason myself——

B A R O N.

I am told you are excessively captivated with her; you repeat her name incessantly; you praise her to all the world, you talk of her to your domestics, and I am the only person to whom you have not mentioned her. Do you know what this proves, Theodore? That you forget you have made a choice without my consent; likewise, you have not that confidence in me which is my due, and you are deficient in discretion.

T H E O D O R E.

O, no, Sir——I have no confidence in any one but you and Mr. Melmouth.

22 THE CHILDREN'S

MELMOUTH.

It is indeed true, that you have frequently mentioned Miss Emily to me, but I cannot dissemble, that your most intimate confidence on that head, has been placed in Richard, Brunel and Bertrand; in short, in all the servants of the house.

BARON.

These are worthy confidants! — Thus every body believes you are distractedly fond of Miss Emily: — people often deceive themselves, Theodore; but if you really love her, you should be more discreet, and shew a greater regard for the young Lady's reputation.

THEODORE.

Ah, Sir, she has never shewn me the least preference, and I have always said so.

BARON.

If she had shewn you any preference, could you have avowed it?

THEODORE.

No, Sir,

B A R O N.

Your protestations then on that head cannot avail her; it may be supposed that you conceal the return she makes you from the certainty of being thought either a fool or a knave by declaring it; besides, many people are persuaded that a man is never violently in love with a woman without having great hopes, and indeed it is the general opinion; — thus you see that it is a very great indiscretion to proclaim the passion which one feels, and which delicacy, prudence, and even honour should restrict you never to mention.

T H E O D O R E.

I pray you, Sir, forbid Richard and Brunel to mention it to any person whatever.

B A R O N.

The evil is already done, and perhaps they have told it to a hundred people. Above all things, my dear boy, I wish you to detest those vices which lead to irreparable injuries;

B iiij

24 THE CHILDREN'S

indiscretion and detraction are of the number, and forget not that repentance never purifies the heart, but when it affords the means of reparation. I have yet one more question to ask you; I am told you always carry a rose in your pocket which Miss Emily gave you—

THEODORE, - *hastily*.

That she gave me! — O heavens! such a falsehood! — that rose dropt from her hair at the last ball, and I picked it up without her knowledge.

B A R O N.

You see how the truth is changed by passing through different mouths, and how much wiser it had been never to have mentioned this rose.

T H E O D O R E.

But, Sir, who was it told such a falsehood?

B A R O N.

It was none of my own family, I assure you;

and since you are so desirous to know, it was your aunt who told it me this morning.

THEODORE.

My Aunt ! how could she ?——

BARON.

She knew it from different reports ; nor is it at all surprising, for four-and-twenty hours are sufficient to spread an indiscretion all over Paris ; and by thus circulating, the fact is altered and made worse, according to the malignity of those that repeat it ; and among a great number of people there are always some of them wicked.

MELMOUTH.

This is very disagreeable, however, for Miss Emily.

THEODORE.

O my God —— I pray you, Sir, to write to my Aunt.

BARON.

My dear, I cannot conceal from you the fruitlessness of such an attempt, she is so persuaded——and even I——

26 THE CHILDREN'S

THEODORE.

How! — How, Sir, can you —

BARON.

But hear me — the value which you put upon this rose is very extraordinary — unless Miss Emily herself delivered it to you.

THEODORE.

O, Sir, I swear to you, I protest —

BARON.

Very well, my dear, you do your duty — whether it be true or false, you can hold no other language, even with me. You owe to me the avowal of *your* sentiments, but you must, by no means, presume to divulge the secrets of Miss Emily: I do not press you upon that head; on the contrary, I exhort you to act with the greatest discretion.

THEODORE.

Now, Sir, I have told you all, your doubts drive me to despair — Con-

founded rose, I'll throw it into the fire!
—Ah! I assure you, Miss Emily is very far from shewing any preference in my favour; she does not even choose to dance with me, and says I always marr the country-dances — and when she is my partner, she no longer skips about, she only walks — I swear to you, Sir, this is the manner in which she behaves to me; and if you was to write all this to my Aunt——

B A R O N.

It is very certain, that till this unlucky affair Miss Emily has always shewn the greatest modesty and reserve — I could never have suspected her of coquetry——

T H E O D O R E.

O, dear Sir, she is incapable of it, and 'tis for that reason I love her——If she had not such a gentle prudent manner——

B A R O N.

Very well, Theodore, since you really love

28 THE CHILDREN'S

her, endeavour to acquire those qualities by which she has captivated you, and that will be the best method of gaining her affections; you must no longer be wild and thoughtless; she is well informed, and possesses uncommon talents: apply, study assiduously, and labour to render yourself worthy of her affections. I shall judge of your regard for her, by the progress you make. Whim can only lead you astray, but a sincere passion, founded on esteem, must improve both the head and the heart.

THEODORE.

Sir, I hope you are satisfied about the rose?

BARON.

If I see your temper and conduct greatly improved, I shall be convinced that you have a sincere affection for Miss Emily; and I shall likewise be persuaded of her perfect worth, for such sentiments cannot be inspired by a Coquet.

THEODORE.

Very well, Sir, you shall see; you shall be satisfied; I will apply with all my might:

S C E N E V.

The BARON, MELMOUTH, THEODORE,
RICHARD.

RICHARD, *holding letters. (To the Baron.)*

Sir, here are some letters, which have been
just now brought.

BARON.

Very well. (*Richard goes out, the Baron
opens the letters.*) They are apologies.

THEODORE.

For the ball this evening?

BARON.

Yes——

THEODORE, *with anxiety.*

Well, Sir——

MELMOUTH, *laughing.*

This is teasing.

THEODORE.

Sir——

30 THE CHILDREN'S

BARON.

Don't be uneasy, there is none from Miss Emily.

THEODORE.

Sir, perhaps Sir George Warwick is one of those that has sent an excuse.

BARON.

No, there is none from him; surely you would be very sorry if he failed.

THEODORE.

No, not very sorry!—

BARON.

Why so? you were greatly attached to each other formerly,

THEODORE.

But we are not so now.

BARON.

And what is the reason of this change?

THEODORE.

He is not polite; especially at a ball.—
In short, I would rather he did not come this evening.

MELMOUTH.

Yet he dances well, and I'll lay a wager, that he has never been accused of *having marred the country dances.*

THEODORE.

Therefore he would dance perpetually — and——

BARON.

And——go on, Theodore.

MELMOUTH.

And, as Miss Emily is an excellent dancer, I suppose he has frequently taken her for his partner.

BARON.

And, Theodore, is that the reason of your coolness to Sir George Warwick?

THEODORE.

But——it is in part.

BARON.

Ah hah! you are jealous, then?

THEODORE.

But, Sir,—she skips about with him!——

32 THE CHILDREN'S

BARON.

I own that is very provoking for you ; but instead of pouting, which is unreasonable, and makes you less agreeable, why don't you endeavour to dance better, and then she would skip about with you as well as with another.

THEODORE.

Sir, I have applied closely to dancing these eight days.

BARON.

I know it, and I have been told that you neglect your studies for dancing, which undoubtedly proceeds from your desire to please Miss Emily ; — perhaps you are certain that to become an excellent dancer is the only way to gain her heart ; in that case I should greatly pity you, if you could be in love with one of such a trifling contemptible character.

THEODORE.

O, I do not think so of her, she is too reasonable. —

B A R O N.

Your jealousy then is void of common sense.—Are you offended with me when I do not take you for my partner at whist—do you conclude from thence that I do not love you?

T H E O D O R E.

No, Sir, I know it is because I can't play well enough—

B A R O N.

Very well; is it not the same thing when Miss Emily prefers a good dancer to you for her partner at a ball?—If you suppose that she may be gained by that trivial accomplishment, you can have no solid esteem for her; and if you have no apprehensions on that score, your jealousy can only proceed from a vanity which is equally mean, unjust, and ridiculous; or rather you pretend to be jealous when you are only envious:—though this is a very common mistake, nothing but your time of life can make it excusable.

T H E O D O R E.

But, Sir, is there any case in which jealousy is not to be condemned?

B A R O N.

I know of none. If you have had no promises made to you, and you think that a rival is to be dreaded, endeavour to shew that you are more amiable, and what is still better, more virtuous than that rival; and do not destroy your hopes by caprice and complaints, which would be both unjust and erroneous. If you find that you are ill treated, disdain for such conduct ought to cure you of your passion; but jealousy is only a shameful blunder both of the head and heart. Whatever name may be given to suspicion, it is always the vice of little minds and defective understandings; it insults and annihilates friendship: ought it not then to offend in a still greater degree, a more delicate and tender sentiment? Suspicion disgraces the heart, and pollutes its purity;—in general, people may be supposed capable of that perfidy which they think they perceive; and in short, to find it possible is an indirect way of accusing one's self.

SCENE VI.

The BARON, MELMOUTH, THEODORE,
RICHARD.

RICHARD, *to the Baron.*

Sir, the Musicians are come, shall the
Saloon be lighted?

BARON.

Yes, I am just going there: come, Mr.
Melmouth.

MELMOUTH.

I'll follow you, Sir.

(The Baron and Richard go out.)

SCENE VII.

MELMOUTH, THEODORE.

THEODORE.

One moment, if you please, Mr. Melmouth.
—Pray what o'clock is it?

36 THE CHILDREN'S

MELMOUTH.

Just four.

THEODORE.

The Ball don't begin this hour; we have time till then to do something.

MELMOUTH.

Will you take a lesson on the use of the globes.

THEODORE.

With all my heart. I will lose no more time, Mr. Melmouth. I promise you, you shall no longer have cause to complain of me. Come, let us go to my chamber.

MELMOUTH.

Most willingly; come along. (*They go out.*)

Before the Second Act begins, some of the Servants bring several swords, and lay them upon the canopy.

End of the First Act.

A C T II.

S C E N E I.**The BARON, MELMOUTH.****BARON.**

It is excessively hot within——let us stay here a little,

MELMOUTH.

It is a charming ball,

BARON,

The ingenuous gaiety of children is so delightful. The sprightly sincere joy with which these young folks are animated, is a sight truly agreeable and affecting; how candour and innocence, which is painted on their faces, adorn every feature! But alas, in a few years, these beings, at present so pure and happy, will mix in the world, and

C iij

38 THE CHILDREN'S

perhaps run astray beyond all possibility of recovery. — Ah, who can look upon a child without some uneasy apprehensions, on thinking of the hazards to which he must be exposed, and the artful snares that will be laid for him.

MELMOUTH.

With good instructions, they will learn to know, and to avoid them. None but bad fathers have reason to be afraid of looking forward; they will undoubtedly find, in the vices of their children, the just punishment of their criminal negligence; but you have no grounds for such dreadful apprehensions; I dare answer for your enjoying the sweets of all your tender cares, and your dearest hopes are too well founded, not to be realized,

BARON.

It is to you that I owe the greatest share of this invaluable happiness! When I shall see my son reasonable and virtuous, distinguishing himself by the excellence of his conduct, you may believe that the joy with which my heart must be filled, will every moment re-

call to my mind what you have done both for him and for me ; every occasion of satisfaction that *he* shall give me, must, in the same moment, make me think of *you* with the most tender and grateful sentiments: in short, the happiness of my life, which must be the work of your hands, must likewise be the dear and sacred tie which will unite us all three.

MELMOUTH.

I have done nothing but my duty, and who, in my place, but would have discharged it as I have? Is there any one, who would not have been struck with that sincere and affectionate paternal love which I have witnessed, and with that entire confidence, of which I have received such convincing proofs! I have never met with the least opposition; your discourse and example, so far from obstructing my endeavours, lead them to perfection; in short, by admitting me to your friendship, you have inspired me with the sentiments of a father for your son. Besides, that son has the happiest disposition, his soul is generous and feeling, he has judgment and candour, and I dread nothing but

40 THE CHILDREN'S

his vivacity, which is, indeed, excessive; but we must employ all our care to preserve it in moderation,

B A R O N.

What chiefly gives me a good opinion of his heart and understanding is, his being sensible that he has need of advice; he is desirous of it, he asks for it, and listens to it with eagerness.

M E L M O U T H.

That is, because it is given with reason and with tenderness, and that you prescribe nothing for him but what you practice yourself: — a lesson belied by example, can only shew a ridiculous pedantry.

B A R O N.

But we forget where we are; let us return to the ball; let us see what Theodore is doing, and if he has had the happiness to dance with Miss Emily.

M E L M O U T H.

He was greatly disturbed just now, because Miss Emily was engaged on entering the Saloon; somebody had applied to her in passing along the gallery.

B A R O N.

Was it Sir George Warwick?

M E L M O U T H.

Happily it was not, for in that case, Theodore would have found it difficult to contain himself.

S C E N E II.

The BARON, MELMOUTH, RICHARD,

RICHARD, *to the Baron.*

Sir, there are more ladies come,

B A R O N.

Let us go. (*He goes out with Melmouth.*)RICHARD, *alone.*

It is comfortable here; 'tis excessively hot in the Saloon. — I am quite fatigued with serving cakes and ice creams. — These children skip about, and eat so heartily! — it does one good to see them — But what the plague is the matter with Master Theodore, he has not even tasted a tart — O, here he is; how comes this?

SCENE III.

THEODORE, RICHARD.

RICHARD.

What is the matter, Sir? have you left the Ball already?

THEODORE.

I came here to rest a little.

RICHARD.

You look vexed; you have not even once made your appearance at the side-board; I can see you are out of humour with something.

THEODORR.

What a thought——

RICHARD.

O I know you—I'll lay a wager that Miss Emily is engaged for three or four country dances at least, since you are here.

THEODORE.

Pray keep your conjectures to yourself; for, really, they have not common sense.—— I have no more desire to dance with Miss Emily, than with any other, and your conceptions upon that subject are excessively ridiculous.

RICHARD.

Hah, hah! this is news indeed——so the Cofack——and the pine-apple ice, and the rose, and the verses, and all the half-expressed confidence which you placed in me this morning;——you have forgot all these things?

THEODORE.

I was only in jest —— you took it all for gospel——but that was not my fault. All that I said in the morning was meer raillery.——That rose which I shewed you never did belong to Miss Emily——but you was impatient to judge, to romance, and to spread your foolish interpretations.——I declare to you, I am excessively shocked at it——

44 THE CHILDREN'S

RICHARD.

I see it plainly. But, Sir, I did not attempt to interpret—I innocently believed what you said, and did not imagine that you was capable of telling a falsehood—that is all, Sir.

THEODORE,

You believed—you believed—I flatter myself, however, you do not believe that I am a liar.

RICHARD.

For God's sake, gently Sir: you either did not speak the truth this morning, or you deny it at present.

THEODORE,

I deny it!—Where did you learn such language? I shall lose all patience.

RICHARD,

Good God! have patience, I pray you; why in such a passion? Upon my faith, I don't understand this; it is very true, that lovers never listen to reason.

THEODORE.

Such insolence——

RICHARD.

Your love is very whimsical and discontented, however.

THEODORE.

You had better have done, Richard ; you go too far——

RICHARD.

I beg your pardon, Sir, I have no such intention ; you know how I am attached to you ; I have been so from your birth ; and till this moment, you have always behaved to me unexceptionably well ; and truly, I do not deserve such harsh expressions as you make use of.——I no longer know you. What is the matter with you ? I am quite bewildered.

THEODORE.

Why, it is because I can't suffer that you should get such whims into your head —— and that you should call me a lover——

46 THE CHILDREN'S

RICHARD.

Very well; and does not your being in a passion, confirm me in that opinion? This morning you talked and prated of your love; and I laughed, and said to myself, here's a young lover, indeed, but that will be soon over; but now it is quite another thing. What the plague is all this! You are become serious and discreet; now you are in for it, I am certain.

THEODORE.

I own I am quite distracted — your infatuation is inconceivable — what makes you imagine that I am in a passion? — You make me lose all patience; but as to passion, I have not even the appearance of being in a passion.

RICHARD.

You are now only discreet, henceforth you will become prudent; that will teach you, Sir, not to set out with passion and rudeness towards those whom you want to deceive.

THEODORE.

But I believe, my dear Richard——I said nothing very provoking to you——I have always kept my temper——I assure you.

RICHARD.

Ah, when you speak in this manner, you make me believe whatever you please. But now, come, lay your hand upon your heart, and tell me, you don't love Miss Emily better than another.

THEODORE.

Really I don't——it was only banter,—no truly——

RICHARD, *aside*.

The little traitor, how he blushes—(*aloud.*) Come, I believe you. —— This makes me perfectly satisfied.

THEODORE.

Why so?

RICHARD.

Why, because between you and I, I did

48 THE CHILDREN'S

not think Miss Emily handsome enough to make you fall violently in love. For my part, I don't think her at all handsome.

THEODORE.

But do you see the least fault in her figure?

RICHARD.

I have not taken much notice.

THEODORE.

Certainly, you have not seen her, and I'll lay a wager you have mistaken some other person for her.

RICHARD.

O yes, to be sure, Miss Emily, the daughter of my Lord Seymour. I have seen her twenty times at your Aunts, at her little Monday concerts. Is not she fair?

THEODORE.

Yes.

RICHARD.

She has large blue eyes, with brown eyebrows——

THEODORE.

And black eye-lashes; charming hair, dressed always in admirable taste; she has a beautiful little nose — and a complexion—the finest complexion in the world——

RICHARD.

To be sure, she is not ill-made; her manner is well enough.

THEODORE.

O her shape is incomparable.

RICHARD.

She plays a little on the harpsichord, and the harp; and, for my part, I think rather awkwardly.

THEODORE.

O heavens! she plays like an angel, and with such grace!

RICHARD.

Is she not a little of a dauber, likewise?— I think I have been told that she draws ——

THEODORE.

And in the greatest perfection; and she

VOL. III. D

50 THE CHILDREN'S

paints in a most astonishing manner: she is mistress of every accomplishment, and, with all this, such sweetness and modesty——

RICHARD.

Yes, she has a pleasing gentle manner; I don't believe she has any malice in her—— she has a hawk nose.

THEODORE.

A hawk nose——was the like ever heard——a hawk nose; a little nose, so delicately formed!——a nose——such as never was seen.

RICHARD.

As for my part, to tell you the truth, I am very indifferent about noses, and do not much notice them. But, in short, I plainly see that you are not so tainted with the love of Miss Emily, at present, as I imagined;—— you have quite undeceived me: —— But I hear somebody coming: O, it is your father; I must return to the sideboard. (*Aside as he goes out.*) The droll boy,—what a droll boy.

THEODORE.

I believe he is making game of me—— but how then can I convince him?

S C E N E IV.

The BARON, THEODORE.

B A R O N.

What are you doing here, Theodore?
why are you not at the ball?

T H E O D O R E.

Sir, I am just going there.

B A R O N.

But why did you leave it? speak truly, no
evasions, my dear child, you promised me.

T H E O D O R E.

Sir, I own to you—it is—because I am
a little out of humour.

B A R O N.

And for what?

T H E O D O R E.

But ~~—~~ I have only danced one dance,
and that has vexed me.

D ij

BARON.

And why did not you dance more? who hindered you?

THEODORE.

I could not——She is always engaged.

BARON.

She——Miss Emily is it not? But is she the only partner? Why did not you dance with another. It is neither polite nor prudent to engage always the same person.——Theodore, the man cannot hope to please the woman he loves, if he is deficient in civility to the rest. I am sure Miss Emily imagines, from your behaviour, that in general you are ignorant of what is due to the sex, and of course, must certainly think you a rustic, without either spirit or delicacy.

THEODORE.

It is, Sir, because I have no turn for gallantry.

B A R O N.

So much the better, that is what I wish; the gallantry to which you allude, is only a jargon excessively insipid for him that uses it, and shocking to the woman to whom it is addressed. Happily it is no longer the fashion; — the women formerly were fond of ridiculous exaggerated praise, but now-a-days they are too delicate, and too well instructed to be seduced by such low, empty flattery. Their vanity, now they are better informed, has made the art of praising, and the means of pleasing them, more difficult; but what is still more estimable, it is only by attention, reserve and respect, that they are to be flattered, and by sense and virtue that they can be gained. Thus you see, that a high value should be placed on their opinion, and a still greater in the happiness of gaining their esteem. — But, Theodore, return to the ball, for I must tell you, that Miss Emily is very soon to dance the Cofack; she has just been called.

T H E O D O R E.

She engaged to dance it with me.

D iij

54 THE CHILDREN'S

BARON.

Go then, don't make her wait. Make haste.

THEODORE.

Yes, Sir. (*He runs out.*)

SCENE V.

The BARON *alone, after a short silence.*

He knows not what vexation awaits him; the Cofack is already danced, and with Sir George. How he will be enraged, when he hears this dreadful news; had I followed him, it would have constrained his first emotions — and I want to know what lengths he will go. — Poor Theodore, what must be his vexation at this moment! Alas, to become acquainted with trouble and agitation, at so early a period of life! Even I, notwithstanding my reason, cannot help sharing his infant sorrow — I feel myself affected; — how shall I be then, when I see his heart torn with deep and real anguish. — Mr. Melmouth don't come. — O, here he is,

S C E N E VI.

The BARON, MELMOUTH.

BARON.

Well, Mr. Melmouth, how has Theodore conducted himself?

MELMOUTH.

He is furious, quite beside himself. — He arrived just as the Cofack was finished. I was concealed in one of the windows, so that he did not perceive me; but there were only two objects in the room, visible to him, Miss Emily and Sir George Warwick. Miss Emily came to him, to tell him that she had waited for him a considerable time, and at last was ordered by her Mama to dance the Cofack with Sir George. The unhappy Theodore made no reply; he turned pale, then reddened, and I believe was afraid to speak, lest the tears should choak his utterance. He hastily withdrew, and passed by,

D ili j

56 THE CHILDREN'S

without observing me; and about a couple of paces from me, met Sir George, to whom I heard him distinctly say, in a half whisper, that he desired to speak with him a moment, in this apartment.

B A R O N.

What does he propose to do?

M E L M O U T H.

I pray you, hear me to the end. His manner, and the alteration of his voice, greatly surprised Sir George, who desired an explanation, which was declined by Theodore; however, it was at last agreed, that Sir George should dance another country-dance, because his partner expected him, and then they should come hither. After hearing this, I immediately left the saloon, to come and acquaint you; but I had the precaution to tell Richard, to let us know when our young gentlemen leave the ball-room.

B A R O N.

What impetuosity! what violence in this boy's temper. Into what errors may he not

fall, if he does not acquire the absolute government of himself. Passion and weakness are the dangerous sources of the most blameable excesses and disorders.—But let us see how this will terminate, and how he will conduct himself.

M E L M O U T H.

What is your design, Sir ?

B A R O N.

To let them come here, and to conceal ourselves in that closet, from whence we may plainly hear their discourse.

M E L M O U T H.

It is plain that Theodore means to fight.

B A R O N.

We must leave him to explain himself with Sir George : I am very desirous to hear the explanation. After all that I have said to him this day, can it be possible that he will be so imprudent as to avow the cause of his resentment, and after a quarter of an

58 THE CHILDREN'S

hour's reflection, dare to expose the object of his love!——

MELMOUTH.

The proof you propose to make is exceedingly delicate ; I beg you to reflect a little.

BARON.

I feel it as you do ; it troubles and perplexes me ; but it may let me into my son's real character, and I therefore ought to make the trial——I shall know, by this interview, if he truly possesses in his soul the seeds of courage and generosity.

MELMOUTH.

I beg you will call to mind a reflection, which has often afforded great consolation both to you and to me, the justice of which we are amply convinced of, by daily experience. It is, that in general, in judging of children, we ought to draw positive conclusions only from their apparent virtues, and not from their imperfections. Man is more weak than wicked, and evil is more foreign, more opposite to his nature, than can be ima-

gined. Virtue easily takes deep root in his mind, while vice never makes any but superficial impressions, and that by slow degrees: in short, I am convinced, that it is much easier to recover a young heart, that has gone astray, than to corrupt a heart of virtue and sensibility.

B A R O N.

I am perfectly of your opinion, my dear Melmouth; but, however, if my son does not act properly upon this occasion, he will pierce me to the very soul—I hear somebody coming——

M E L M O U T H.

Ah, dear Sir, I beg you will renounce your project.

B A R O N.

Indeed I cannot.

M E L M O U T H.

It is Richard.

R I C H A R D, *entering in a hurry.*

The country dance is done —— They are coming.

B A R O N.

Richard, when they come hither, you must

60. THE CHILDREN'S

leave them alone — Come, let us conceal ourselves——

MELMOUTH.

You tremble, Sir.

BARON.

I own it. — I should blush in presence of any one but you; but, my friend, you know how my soul is wrapt up in this boy!—

MELMOUTH.

You are in tears! — Ah, Sir. (*They embrace, and remain some time in silence.*)

BARON.

You alone can excuse this weakness.

MELMOUTH.

You may believe that I share it; I am affected as well as you, Sir.

RICHARD.

I hear them coming.

BARON.

Come, my dear Melmouth. Richard, if they ask where I am, you may tell them

I am just gone from hence——Come, come along. (*They go into the Closet.*)

RICHARD, *alone.*

How my master is affected; I observe him so very often!—A good father, an excellent master, a worthy man.——I would most willingly serve him for nothing. Ha, here comes Master Theodore.

S C E N E VII.

SIR GEORGE, WARWICK, THEODORE,
RICHARD.

T H E O D O R E.

Richard, leave us, we want to be by ourselves a moment. If my Father, or Mr. Melmouth, ask for me, tell them we are practising the figure of a country-dance, which we are going to dance presently, and take care that nobody comes to interrupt us, for we shall lock the door; however, we shan't be long.

62 THE CHILDREN'S

RICHARD.

How is this, only you two, and no fiddle?

SIR GEORGE.

The fiddle is coming; leave us by ourselves.

RICHARD.

Well, amuse yourselves. *(He goes out.)*

SCENE VIII.

SIR GEORGE, THEODORE.

THEODORE.

But first let me fasten the door.

(He goes to it.)

SIR GEORGE.

Poor Theodore, I think, has turned fool.
(Theodore, having locked the door, takes two swords from the canopy.)

SIR GEORGE.

What are you looking for there, Theodore?

THEODORE.

For your sword and mine, which must be here.

SIR GEORGE.

So, Theodore, you intend to fight then?

THEODORE, *holding two swords.*

There is your sword——

SIR GEORGE, *taking his sword.*

Very well, tell me what I have done, for really I don't know?

THEODORE.

In my first emotions I proposed to you to come here, and you must have understood that it was to demand the reason of your behaviour. But now that I have had time to reflect, the dread of giving uneasiness to my father comes into my mind, and if you will make an apology, I will be satisfied without fighting.

SIR GEORGE.

How, an apology!— and for what should I make an apology?

64 THE CHILDREN'S

THEODORE.

I must either receive an apology or fight, I know that; so take your measures accordingly. Your apology, or let us begin.

SIR GEORGE.

If apologies are to be made, I have greater reason to demand an apology than you; you, Sir, are the aggressor.

THEODORE.

And 'tis you are to blame.

SIR GEORGE.

To blame! and for what?

THEODORE.

I have been told that you have spoken of me in a certain manner—which I cannot put up with—

SIR GEORGE.

It is false—Let me know the name of the person who has invented the falsehood, 'tis with him I ought to fight.

THEODORE.

I shall mention no names, I have given my word of honour.

SIR GEORGE.

O, very well; I believe that is not true, and is only a pretence you have just thought of.

THEODORE.

How, Sir, do you give me the lye? Come, come, if you please to defend yourself.

SIR GEORGE.

I know very well the reason of your anger; it is because you are jealous of Miss Emily, and vexed at not having danced the Cofack with her——

THEODORE.

Sir, you guess very wrong, and your opinion is a matter of great indifference to me; but I would have you to know, it is even void of common sense. Learn then, that though I have the greatest respect for Miss

66 THE CHILDREN'S

Emily, she is by no means the object of my choice; and in one word, I love another.

SIR GEORGE.

Since when pray?

THEODORE.

O, all along—more than six weeks before I became acquainted with Miss Emily. But let us have done with this discourse; I beg, Sir, to hear no more of it.

SIR GEORGE.

Sir, I am stronger and likewise older than you, and I neither will nor ought to fight with a child.

THEODORE.

A child!—you are thirteen, and I am in my thirteenth year, so we are of an age. Once more, I say, Sir, let us have done; dispatch, if you please.

SIR GEORGE.

My sword is larger and better than yours—

THEODORE.

If you decline any longer to fight, I shall suspect you of seeking some idle pretence.

SIR GEORGE.

I am as well disposed at present to fight as you are, but I will not take any advantage; let us change swords, and I will fight immediately.

THEODORE.

Since you believe mine is not so good, for that reason I ought to keep it.

SIR GEORGE.

I have already the advantage of being stronger than you——

THEODORE.

And I have superior address; I can fence better than you.—Come, Sir, defend yourself.

SIR GEORGE.

One moment. (*Sir George rushes upon Theodore, and snatches the sword out of his hand, and throws him his own.*)

E ij

68 THE CHILDREN'S

THEODORE.

O, heavens! what do you mean?

SIR GEORGE.

Take my sword; I have yours; now I am ready for you.

THEODORE.

I won't take your sword; give me my own.—Do you mean to insult me by keeping it?

SIR GEORGE.

Take up that sword, let's have done; come, defend yourself.

THEODORE.

I won't fight but with equal arms, and if you are a man of honour you will not attack me, nor oblige me to fight in an unworthy manner.—Stop a moment, a thought strikes me; all the swords of the dancers are upon that canopy, and I will choose one of them, that shall be equal to yours——

SIR GEORGE.

I have no objection.

T H E O D O R E.

Come, let us make haste. (*They go to the canopy, and measuring the swords, find one equal to Sir George's.*) This is just the fellow to it. Now, Sir, let us lose no more time.

S I R G E O R G E.

With all my heart.

(*They stand upon their guard, and at that instant the closet door opens, and discovers the Baron and Melmouth.*)

SCENE IX.

THE BARON, MELMOUTH, SIR GEORGE,
THEODORE.

THEODORE.

O, heavens——my father!

BARON, *placing himself between them.*

Theodore, and you my dear Sir George,
will you accept of me for arbitrator——

SIR GEORGE.

O, I ask no better——

MELMOUTH.

And what do you say, Theodore?

THEODORE.

I wait my father's commands; I am all
submission.

BARON.

Well then, since you accept of me as
judge, I must pronounce sentence. I declare

that my son is entirely to blame, and I flatter myself that he is sensible of it at this moment, and wishes for some means of making an atonement for his imprudence, his passion and injustice.

THEODORE.

Yes, Sir, I acknowledge my fault; I pray you pardon me, and inform me how I can make a proper apology to Sir George.

BARON.

No no, I shall not dictate; recollect only that you gave the offence, that you loved him formerly, and tell him what are really the feelings of your heart.

THEODORE.

If I durst, I would go and embrace him.

SIR GEORGE, *going to him.*

Come, my friend.

*(They run into each other's arms,
embracing for some time.)*

E iiij

MELMOUTH.

Charming youths !——

BARON.

Now, Theodore, come and receive my pardon (*He reaches out his hand, which Theodore kisses.*), for you have wrung my heart cruelly ; you promised to place entire confidence in me, and yet you resolved to fight without acquainting me, or consulting me ! —— Even convinced that your resentment was both capricious and unjust, the certainty of afflicting me mortally, could not restrain you. —— But all is forgotten, and I flatter myself with the hopes, that this adventure will convince you, how much you ought to mistrust the first emotions of your heart, and that from henceforth you will assiduously endeavour to moderate the impetuosity of your temper.——

THEODORE.

Yes, Sir, you may depend upon it, that in future I will do nothing without your ad-

vice.—You are so good and so just, that I must be very ungrateful indeed, if I have the least reluctance in confiding in you. When I find myself in danger of committing a rash action, I will instantly come and acquaint you, and you shall find no difficulty in dissuading me; for, I assure you, when I listen to you, I am almost as reasonable as yourself.

B A R O N.

Now, my boys, return to the ball. I beg of you, my dear Sir George, not to mention this little adventure, for it will expose both of you to ridicule; your duel will prove, that you have not that good sense, which might be expected, even at your age; you have neither strength, nor sufficient address for fighting; your bodies are weak, your principles are yet uncertain; your notions of the point of honour must be imperfect; so that fighting, at your age, is no proof of valour; what you attempted, only shews your ignorance of those qualities you ought to possess; in short, the only courage in a

74 THE CHILDREN'S

child which promises well in future, is to suffer pain and disease with patience, and without complaining; but more especially in knowing how to master his idle fancies, keep his resolutions, and correct his faults. Bravery, unless founded on the absolute government of ourselves, is but a blind, and frequently a dangerous, instinct; but true courage springs from the soul, and, steady as undaunted, can alone lead to glory, forming at once the hero and the sage. Theodore, it is late, we will resume this subject another time: go, my children, return to the ball; I shall very soon follow you.

SIR GEORGE.

Sir, will you allow me to ask you one question? You was in the closet, did you hear what was said?

BARON.

Yes, I did——

SIR GEORGE.

Well, since you know what I said about Miss Emily, I may now speak to you of her,

and 'tis to beg the favour of you to ask, that the Cofack may be danced again, that Theodore may likewise dance it.

THEODORE.

No, indeed; I have no desire to dance it, I assure you.

SIR GEORGE.

Then dance it to please me

BARON.

Theodore will be so obliging; go, my friends, and I will follow you instantly.

THEODORE.

Come, Sir George.

SIR GEORGE.

Come, my dear Theodore, and I beg of you let us never quarrel again. (*They take hold of each other's arm, and go out.*)

SCENE X.

The BARON, MELMOUTH,

BARON.

Well, Mr. Melmouth, are you sorry now, that I made the experiment.

MELMOUTH.

You are a happy father, and you well deserve it. I cannot express the pleasure I had in looking at you while we were in the closet; what joy, what satisfaction sparkled in your countenance, during the quarrel of these two amiable children. How affecting, yet how pleasing to contemplate the expressive emotions, to be seen in the countenance of a delighted father! Yes, it is to witness the most perfect, the purest picture of happiness this world affords.

BARON.

But let us talk of the children; speak of them, my dear Melmouth. What courage,

generosity, delicacy, in short, what a number of admirable qualities did they shew in the space of half an hour — My son — he has a noble and feeling heart — That dread of afflicting me in the midst of his passion and resentment. — You must recollect the manner in which he spoke, when he was willing to decline fighting, lest it should distress me? —

MELMOUTH.

You may be sure no part of it escaped me.

BARON.

You will allow then, that my tenderness is not misplaced. — But, my dear Melmouth, if I am ever blinded by this bewitching tenderness, I conjure you to let me know it. Alas! it is only for the sake of this dear child, that I dread my own frailty. — I beg you will preserve me from the terrible misfortune of spoiling your work and my own, by a blameable weakness.

MELMOUTH.

No, Sir, that work cannot fail to be per-

78 THE CHILDREN'S, &c.

fectcd ; he will be the delight and glory of your life, you may depend upon it.

B A R O N.

I burn with impatience to see Sir George's father, that I may recount to him this charming adventure. He is at the ball, let us go and find him.

M E L M O U T H.

I beg that I may be present at the conversation. But, first, let us have the Cofack danced, for the sake of our dear Theodore.

B A R O N.

O, that is but reasonable. Come, my friend. (*They go out.*)

T H E E N D.

THE
TRAVELLER.

A
COMEDY.

IN TWO ACTS.

THE PERSONS.

THE MARQUIS OF MELVILLE.

THE VISCOUNT MELVILLE, *his Son.*

BARON KENT.

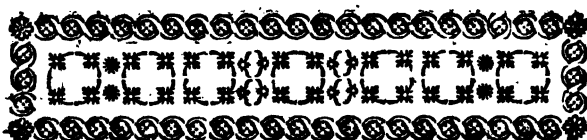
SIR JOHN, *the Baron's Son.*

DORMER, *Viscount Melville's Tutor.*

PHILIP, *Viscount Melville's Servant.*

RUSSEL, *Baron Kent's Servant.*

The Scene is at the Baron's House, in the Country.



THE
TRAVELLER,
A COMEDY.

Travel is really the last step to be taken in the institution of youth; and to set out with it, is to begin where they should end.

SPECTATOR, Vol. V.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

The Scene represents a Saloon.

RUSSEL, PHILIP.

PHILIP.

I am overjoyed, my dear Russel, to see you in such good health: After a couple of years travelling, one is so glad to meet with

VOL. III.

F

82 THE TRAVELLER,

an old friend. We have been here these three days, and the first thing I did on dismounting in the court yard, was to enquire after you; and to my great mortification I heard you was gone to Paris.

RUSSEL.

Yes, my master sent me to execute some commissions which took more time than we imagined.

PHILIP.

So you are but just returned?

RUSSEL.

Only this instant; and as my master is out a hunting, we have plenty of time to chat till he comes home.

PHILIP.

With all my heart; you have met with your man; and by Jove you will find, whether travelling supples the tongue or not. Though I naturally love talking; I am improved however, since I saw you. But you must hear my young master; O, how his

tongue runs—to a single question, without the least hesitation, he will give twenty answers.—Listen who will, it is all one to him, he goes on full gallop—The people of every country where we have been, were astonished; —Swiss, Italians, Sicilians, English, Dutch, he silenced every man of them. Ah! he is a brave youth; I promise you he is compleat;—and though he is but eighteen, there is not a romancer of forty that can keep pace with him for half an hour.

R U S S E L.

What the devil! he went to foreign countries to seek instruction; sure if he was always talking, that was not the way to improve.

P H I L I P.

What do you mean by instruction? we were instructed before we set out; do ask our tutor Mr. Dormer—It was we, my boy, that instructed these poor simple foreigners, who never would have known one word of

F ij

84 THE TRAVELER,

our customs if my master had not taken the trouble to inform them. We talked of nothing but Paris, the French comedy, the women of the ton, the wits, the suppers, the balls, in short, all the fashionable world; in one word, it was always Paris or Versailles; we never went farther——

R U S S E L.

Very well; and now that you are returned, perhaps we shan't get a word from you but about Swisserland or Italy.

P H I L I P.

Precisely; you have guessed it; it is for that purpose young people travel.

R U S S E L.

Upon my faith, Philip, from what you have told me of your master, I very much doubt if he will please mine. The Baron is a good country gentleman, who has always lived upon his estate; and who thinks the strongest recommendation of a young man is to be modest and unaffected——

P H I L I P.

Old fashioned ideas, my friend; we shall correct them——

R U S S E L.

O, I doubt that mightily; I promise you he knows what he is about; with his plain manner he can see pretty well into things; besides, has he not understood how to educate his son without making him scamper over the face of the earth—What do you think; is not Sir John Kent as good as another?

P H I L I P.

Yes, he is a fine youth enough——rather a little simple or so.

R U S S E L.

Simple yourself. What put that in your head? He has so much sense and goodness of heart,——he studies, he reads all day long; he is highly accomplished, yet thinks he knows nothing.

P H I L I P.

You call that modesty; and with us travellers, as my master says, it is perfect folly

86 THE TRAVELLER,

and absurdity. But, my dear Russel, let us talk of things of more importance: you know that we came here on purpose to marry the Baron's daughter; why then has she not quitted the convent? why is she still at Paris?

RUSSEL.

The reason is, because the Baron chooses to have a personal knowledge of his intended son-in-law; and to study his character before he consents to give him his daughter——

PHILIP.

But this marriage has been agreed upon a long time, even before our departure: your master and my master's father are old friends, their fortunes suitable, and ——

RUSSEL.

That is all very true; but the Baron only engaged conditionally, and expressly stipulated that your young master, the Viscount Melville, should, on his return from his travels, pass some time with him, that he

might judge whether he would be a proper match for his daughter.

P H I L I P.

And the Marquis of Melville does not think it possible for any one to see his son without astonishment and admiration.

R U S S E L.

Very well; is the Baron of the same opinion? what does he say of your master?

P H I L I P.

Nothing as yet.——The first day was spent in compliments, embraces, and private conversations between my master and his father. They were all yesterday afternoon employed in fishing, and this morning at the chace, so that the Viscount has had no opportunity to display his eloquence; but let him alone, he will make up his lost time.

R U S S E L.

Prithee tell me; has he really a great desire to marry Angelica?

88 THE TRAVELLER,

PHILIP.

Yes—she is rich and handsome; the marriage pleases him much; and he is determined, as soon as Angelica shall be his wife, to sacrifice a certain picture to her——

RUSSEL.

O, I understand you—it is the picture of some lady with whom he was in love.

PHILIP.

By no means; it is a copy of the Saint Cecilia, in the capitol at Rome: but now that we are in France, we give the name of a great Neapolitan lady to this head; and I promise you it is not the first miniature, that has been brought from a distant country under a borrowed name.

RUSSEL.

How! does he make no scruple of telling such falsehoods?

PHILIP.

Scruples indeed; there are none at which folly will startle.—But tell me, in your turn, is Angelica very desirous to be married?

A COMEDY. 39

RUSSEL.

O, she has no will, but the will of her father.

PHILIP.

She has never seen my master, I believe?

RUSSEL.

No, She was educated in a convent in the country, till the death of her aunt the Abbess; and has been only eighteen months in Paris.

PHILIP.

I think I hear somebody coming—Ruffel, you are called——

RUSSEL,

'Tis the Baron's voice——

PHILIP.

Well, I go then; farewell, Ruffel.
(*He goes out.*)

RUSSEL.

What a giddy head——Here comes my master.

90 THE TRAVELLER,

SCENE II.

The BARON, RUSSEL.

BARON.

Russel — I have been in search of you.
Well, do you bring me any letters ?

RUSSEL.

Yes, Sir, here are several — (*He gives them to the Baron, who reads them while he waits.*) There is one from Miss Angelica; she has written likewise to her brother.

BARON,

Did you see my daughter ? (*He reads while Russel answers.*)

RUSSEL.

Yes, Sir, she is grown tall and handsome; she is really beautiful — I have brought you her picture; it is an excellent likeness — She chose to be drawn in the character of Diana, because her father loves hunting.

A COMEDY.

97

BARON *puts his letters in his pocket.*

Let me see this picture. (*Russel gives him a Snuff-box.*) It is really a striking likeness. — Russel, don't mention this picture to any one; I will shew it to Viscount Melville, without letting him know that it was done for Angelica: I shall be very glad to see what impression it makes upon him,

RUSSEL.

Now you mention the Viscount, may I take the liberty to ask when the marriage is to take place? —

BARON.

When! — that is more than I know; we must see a little first. — The disposition of the young man is not greatly to my taste: he has too much self-sufficiency to have sound judgment — but if his heart is good, that is the main thing.

RUSSEL.

I have been told he is vain of having travelled.

92 THE TRAVELLER,

BARON.

I foresaw it, and told his father so. To travel with advantage, one must have attained the age of reason; but the Marquis had no desire to comprehend this. He is a worthy man, but he has some strange whims in his head; all these Philosophers, as they call themselves, are a set of troublesome people. I prefer your plain sense and mine, Russel, to all their fine phrases — Don't you know Viscount Melville's valet-de-chambre.

RUSSEL.

I know him well, Sir.

BARON.

I desire you will employ all your address in asking him some questions about his master —

RUSSEL.

O, Sir, I have no occasion to employ much dexterity; we have had a good hour's chat already.

BARON.

Well, what did he say?

RUSSEL.

Upon my faith, Sir, I tell you beforehand,
he talks very cavalierly.

BARON.

Conceal nothing from me; I insist upon it;
I shall not be deceived.

RUSSEL.

You will have it then?—

BARON.

Hush, I hear somebody coming. Go,
wait for me in my closet; I will be with you
in a moment.

RUSSEL.

Yes, Sir. *(He goes out.)*

BARON.

The testimony of a servant against his
master, scarcely deserves attention; but, in
an affair of such importance, I ought to at-
tend to all the world. Ha! here comes the
Marquis.

SCENE III.

The BARON, The MARQUIS.

BARON.

Well, my Lord, what have you done with our sons?

MARQUIS.

My son is shut up in his chamber, writing letters, because the post for Italy is to set out to-morrow. Well, Sir, let us talk a little about our affairs; but, first, tell me what you think of my son?

BARON.

He is very well made, and were he dressed in the fashion of his own country, he would be very handsome; but that great stock, which makes him look as if his neck was swelled, disfigures him a little: besides, could not he ride in the English taste, without bending double upon the neck of his horse as he does? He should endeavour to get rid of these trifling affectations, which

always give an unfavourable impression of a young man's understanding.

MARQUIS.

As for understanding, I believe you will not accuse him of being deficient. I pray you get him into an argument, question him about his travels; I am sure he will astonish you. He has a lively imagination, fire, discernment—he has even depth, and a great deal of—

BARON.

Discernment, depth, at eighteen! — Ah, my good friend, what an abuse of language!

MARQUIS.

All I ask is, to draw him into conversation, and suspend your judgment till then. You alledged that it was a folly to send him so early to travel; he will bring nothing from foreign countries, said you, but fopperies and pedantry, and not a single valuable acquisition: but, instead of that, he has examined every thing with that ardour of curiosity which is only to be found in a first-

56 THE TRAVELLER,

rate genius, and with an attention which has indelibly fixed in his memory every object that he has seen. He has brought from Italy, a passionate love of the arts, and talks of them in a manner that will surprise you. I beg of you to ask him for the chapter in his journal, in which he treats of painting; upon my word it is a master-piece of taste and eloquence.

B A R O N.

A master-piece, I grant it may be; but, for my part, I shall not understand it; I have no relish for the arts, and in that respect, am excessively ignorant: I can only reason a little; but tho' I am unacquainted with the subject, I value it in others, and think it a real happiness to those who possess it. You see that I have spared nothing in the education of my son; I have placed such people about him as are capable of giving him the best instruction; and every year I send him to spend three months with my brother, in Paris, that he may be perfected in what he is learning, from the most eminent

masters, and likewise that he may see a little of the world. In short, I repeat it to you, I have plain sense enough to conceive the pleasure and advantage of learning; but above all things I detest pedantry; that vice which is only the portion of the half-taught, and people of very indifferent abilities; were it accompanied with all the science in the world, to me it would be still unsupportable; but in youth especially it seems a kind of monster. Yes, a young pedant, is in my eyes the compleatest object of ridicule that can exist.

M A R Q U I S.

I am entirely of your opinion on that head, and certainly you will find my son very far from being tainted with such a fault. He is altogether unaffected; his conversation is frequently irregular and unconnected, yielding to a lively imagination, and to a soul full of force and energy. Besides, he has an astonishing flow of eloquence, with a wonderful choice of expression. But this abundance

98 THE TRAVELLER,

flows naturally from its source, without either affectation or study, and solely from the impulse of that enthusiasm which he feels.

B A R O N.

I don't understand a great deal of all this; but in short, I propose to have a long conversation with him this very day. I own to you, that hitherto I have had no great relish for your young eloquent enthusiasts; but he may reconcile me to them; we shall see. In one word, if he has a good disposition, I shall overlook every thing else.—But I must leave you; I have some little business to finish before dinner.

M A R Q U I S.

Now you talk of business, we have not yet settled the day of marriage.

B A R O N.

We shall talk that matter over; don't let us be in a hurry.—O, I see your son's tutor; I suppose you will be glad to have a little conversation with him. I leave you. Adieu. (*He goes out.*)

MARQUIS.

This man's notions are too confined to be sensible of all my son's merit.

SCENE IV.

The MARQUIS, DORMER.

MARQUIS.

Mr. Dormer, what is my son about?

DORMER.

Philip tells me, that, fatigued with the chace, he has thrown himself upon the bed, and has been asleep these two hours.

MARQUIS.

That can't be true, for I went to his chamber with him myself, and he told me he was going to shut himself up to write.

DORMER.

Well, my Lord, he has given you his journal; how do you like it?

100 THE TRAVELLER,

MARQUIS.

I can't recover myself.—But say, truly, Mr. Dormer, have you not assisted him?

DORMER.

Assisted him, my Lord!—It is no exaggeration to say, that I am not capable, even after mature reflection, to write what he can do with a dash of a pen. He has a facility in writing which is truly wonderful; and his manner of seeing and judging, at his time of life, is inconceivable. Has he read to you his little sketch of the manners and political state of the people of England?

MARQUIS.

Yes.

DORMER.

Well——

MARQUIS.

Strange, incomprehensible!—I was struck motionless, I own.

DORMER.

Yet he was but two months in England. He is an extraordinary genius; I assure you

A C O M E D Y. 101

he knows men better than I do, who am twenty years older.

M A R Q U I S.

When he set out, I gave him but one advice. My son, said I, you are now sixteen years of age; you have studied to good purpose, your head is *well stored*; you must now form your character in the world, you will travel through different countries, and my advice is to attach yourself less to the study of things, than of men——

D O R M E R.

An admirable precept, very essential, and truly philosophic——

M A R Q U I S.

Study men, men are the proper subjects of your attention; study men, said I; that was my exhortation, and 'tis with pleasure I see how he has profited——

D O R M E R.

I promise you he has faithfully followed your counsels; he has shewn a turn for ob-

101 THE TRAVELLER,

servation on his travels, which has surprised every body. — The Venetian ambassador, speaking of him one day, said, that young man adds to the French vivacity, all the solid qualities of the English : — It was his character finely hit off.

MARQUIS.

I never heard of that stroke, it was charming. There is discernment, there is delicacy in that touch — I pray you mention it to the Baron.

DORMER.

O, I can tell him of a thousand more — But, my Lord, do you imagine, that the Baron can very well relish them ?

MARQUIS.

The Baron is a worthy man ; he has even a kind of good sense, a natural genius, but no force of mind, no *philosophy*, no knowledge of the human heart ; full of prejudices, with a cold imagination ; such is his picture in a few words.

DORMER.

And executed with the pencil of a Master.

MARQUIS.

Sometimes I can hit off a likeness —

A C O M E D Y. 105

Mr. Dormer, *a sound head*, which has been making observations these forty years, should be capable of some little penetration.—— But, to return to the Baron, I find that he has not that sagacity which is necessary to see all the merits of my son; real genius, however, never fails to enchant and captivate, even those who are the least capable of judging; and I am certain the Baron cannot withstand that irresistible attraction.

D O R M E R.

Yes, but I am afraid that his son, Sir John, may endeavour to hurt the Viscount.

M A R Q U I S.

That is very possible. The young man, seeing himself so terribly obscured by the superior merit of my son, it is to be suspected, that his vanity, being humbled, may provoke him to jealousy and aversion.

D O R M E R

Has he any influence with his father?

G iij

104 THE TRAVELLER,

MARQUIS.

A great deal : That little boy will never turn out any thing extraordinary ; he is gentle, pleasing in his manners, but he has nothing brilliant ; in a word, he is calculated to remain eternally rivetted among a set of obscure people, of whom the world neither speak good or ill. So much for calculating his nativity. However, the blindness of the Baron, respecting him, is incredible. I own to you the prejudices of fathers are inconceivable to me ; they always astonish me ; and of all ridiculous things, it is one of the most curious to be regarded philosophically. — But what does Russel want ?

RUSSEL, *to the Marquis.*

The Baron desires to know, if it is agreeable to your Lordship to play a game at billiards before dinner ?

MARQUIS.

With all my heart. Come, my dear Dormer. (*They go out.*)

RUSSEL, *alone.*

The Baron seems to me, to be a little disgusted with his intended son-in-law. Upon my faith I am not sorry for it; for after Philip's account of him, and according to every appearance, the intended son-in-law is but a coxcomb—Somebody is coming; O, it is Sir John.

S C E N E V.

SIR JOHN, RUSSEL.

SIR JOHN.

Ruffel, I want to speak with you a moment,

RUSSEL.

What about, pray Sir?

SIR JOHN.

My father has recounted to me all that you told him of the Viscount, and he is much struck with it, so that you have prejudiced him against this young man, whose follies have perhaps been exaggerated by his valet.

186 THE TRAVELLER,

In my opinion, Russel, you should have shewn more discretion in the account you gave.

RUSSEL.

Zooks, Sir, I said nothing but the truth.

SIR JOHN.

I am sorry you are so ready to believe what is bad, but more so that you should repeat it. My Father has desired that you will still question Philip; I beg of you, my dear Russel, from the friendship you have for me, not to sour my father by any more reports; he is more clear-sighted than we are, so let us avoid giving him prejudices, leave him to judge soundly, and from his own observation.

RUSSEL.

You have conceived a friendship, then, for the Viscount?

SIR JOHN.

No, by no means; but, notwithstanding his apparent faults, he may have a good heart.

A C O M E D Y. 107

RUSSEL.

Do you know, Sir, what he says of you?

SIR JOHN.

No, I don't know, and I forbid you to tell me.

RUSSEL.

I own to you, I am quite beside myself, when I see you take the part of a man, who considers you as a simpleton.

SIR JOHN.

A simpleton?

RUSSEL.

Yes, Sir, a simpleton, since I must tell you so.

SIR JOHN, *laughing*.

And is that all?—Very well, what harm has he done me? He accuses me of what is very common at my age.

RUSSEL.

At your age? He is but one year older than you.

108 THE TRAVELLER,

SIR JOHN.

Well, I am seventeen, and if I am simple, it is very excusable at my age; it is the slightest reproach that can be made to me, since it is only a disgrace of youth, which wears off as we grow up; and is often the consequence of qualities which a young man should have, that is timidity, and a want of confidence in himself.

RUSSEL.

With all my heart; he has pronounced an excellent panegyric upon you; if you find it so, I have no reason to be offended.

SIR JOHN.

No, I don't think it is; but I think I have proved to you, that he has said nothing at which I should take offence.

RUSSEL.

Perhaps you are the only young man that it would not pierce to the quick.

SIR JOHN.

Provided that neither my honour nor my heart be attacked, and that I am not accused

of being either a pedant, or a coxcomb, I do not care.

RUSSEL.

Well thought of—My God, I had like to have forgot to tell it you—Your friend, the Viscount told us a fine fib this morning, about his writing letters to Italy.

SIR JOHN.

How is that ?

RUSSEL.

O, it is excellent — he gave orders to his servants to say, that he was shut up in his chamber, because he had twenty letters to write, to go by the post to-morrow to Rome; but, instead of that, he laid himself down between a pair of sheets, because, notwithstanding the English trot, about which he makes such a fuss, he was mortally fatigued with the chace this morning.

SIR JOHN.

And how do you know that he trots in the English manner ?

RUSSEL.

Upon my life, for these five hours, since

110 THE TRAVELLER,

my return from Paris, I have heard of nothing else. I have seen Robin the huntsman, who has told me all the particulars of the chase. There is not a servant about the house, who does not make game of the Traveller, as they call him. I was a little impatient to see him; and, in quality of house-steward, I went to know his orders, and I found him dressing; he desired me to acquaint the Baron, that his dispatches were finished, and that he would come down presently.

SIR JOHN.

Well, how do you know that he did not write, and that he laid himself upon the bed?

RUSSEL.

Because he neglected to forbid Philip to mention it; and while he was asleep, I was in the antichamber, chatting with Philip, and we heard him snoring.

SIR JOHN.

But, perhaps, he has been writing since?

RUSSEL.

Not a line—Philip told me so this instant.

A COMEDY, 111

SIR JOHN,

To tell lyes thus, in downright wanton-
ness, is incredible! — Does my father
know it?

RUSSEL,

O, my God, no; I forgot to tell him.

SIR JOHN.

Well, my dear Russel, I pray you do not
mention it to him; at least have patience; let
us not be precipitate, nor hasten to injure a
young man, whose levity and giddiness is,
perhaps, his greatest crime. Certainly, if he
is not a man of honour, he is not worthy of
my sister; but let us take time to become
acquainted with his character, and be careful
not to sours my father against him unnecessa-
rily.

RUSSEL.

Well, I will do whatever you please, for
your goodness of heart is such, as to fill even
me with some of your scruples. But, Sir,
it is two o'clock, the family are going to
dinner.

112 THE TRAVELLER,

SIR JOHN.

Very true. Farewell, Ruffel; remember
your promise.

RUSSEL.

Yes, Sir, I will, you may depend upon it.
——What an excellent disposition !
(*He goes out.*)

End of the First Act.

ACT II.

SCENE FIRST.

PHILIP, *alone.*

I Thought to have found the Viscount here ;
for absolutely I must speak with him. O, here
he comes.

SCENE II.

PHILIP, THE VISCOUNT.

THE VISCOUNT.

WELL, Philip, I am very glad to meet
you ;—what story is this you have told Mr.
Dormer, that I was gone to sleep, and—?

PHILIP.

A story do you call it, Sir ! Did you not
undress, and go to bed ? Did I not shut your
Vol. III. H

114 THE TRAVELLER,

window shutters? Did you not sleep for two hours?

VISCOUNT.

Once for all; I would have you know, that when I shut myself up in my chamber, you must say, that I am writing, or reading, or employed some way or other.

PHILIP.

Very well, my Lord, now I know your mind, I shall not fail; but in future, I hope your Lordship will not forget to give me my lesson, as you did when we were in Italy; then, I believe, I was no bad second. I desire no better than to tell lies; but I am no conjurer.

VISCOUNT.

Well, enough of that.—Tell me, do you know Ruffel? He seems to me to be in the Baron's confidence; I wish you could learn from him, whether I have the happiness to be agreeable to his master?

PHILIP.

That is just what I wanted to talk to you about. While you was at dinner, Ruffel and

I had a good deal of chat; and he told me, the Baron was desirous of having a long conversation with you this day, that he may be able to judge from his own observation, whether you really possess those talents of which he has heard so much.

VISCOUNT, *with a sneering laugh.*

The worthy soul!—that is charming!

PHILIP.

So, my Lord, I would have you prepare yourself.

VISCOUNT.

To astonish, to affect such an insensible being, were a triumph worth the pursuit.—Come, I will make the attempt—I will stoop to it.

PHILIP.

Ruffel has likewise informed me, that Sir John too proposes to have a particular conversation with you.

VISCOUNT.

How is this, must I submit to be examined by the whole family? That is really presuming too far.

H ij

116 THE TRAVELLER.

PHILIP.

It is generally reported, that the young gentleman has made great progress in science, and every valuable accomplishment.

VISCOUNT.

Yes, indeed, by what I find, he has gained a most brilliant reputation over all Piccardy.

PHILIP.

One thing is certain, he knows a number of languages for his age ; the Latin, German, Italian, English.

VISCOUNT.

Yes, and speaks them with great elegance.

PHILIP.

I know nothing of these things ; but I can say, it would have been well for us upon our travels, if we had known as much.—There is somebody coming ; 'tis Sir John himself,——

VISCOUNT.

Leave us.

(Philip goes out.)

SCENE III.

THE VISCOUNT, SIR JOHN.

SIR JOHN.

AH, my Lord, I am happy to find you alone: I have been seeking an opportunity ever since you returned from the chase. I would have waited upon you, but I knew you was asleep.

VISCOUNT, *laughing*.

That I was a sleep!—It has been my Valet-de-chambre, then, who said so?

SIR JOHN.

Yes, my Lord, it was.

VISCOUNT.

I will honestly tell you the truth—My servants have orders to say, that I am gone to sleep, every time that I shut myself up to be busy—if it was not for that, I should be interrupted every instant.

SIR JOHN.

You did not go to bed, then?

H ij

118 THE TRAVELLER,

VISCOUNT.

Not a minute.

SIR JOHN.

But your window-shutters were shut !

VISCOUNT.

Always, when I am employed ; 'tis a custom I have ; the light distracts me so ; I cannot engage in any thing serious, but in that manner. 'Tis a custom I took to in Italy, and the rather, as the great heat makes it necessary to shut all close ; by which means the apartments are excessively dark. My whim of writing by candle-light was very well known at Rome and Naples : it even became a proverb ; for, to express that a work was written with care, it was said, that it certainly must have been done by candle-light. It was my discourse at my admission into the Academy of Arcades, which brought this droll saying into fashion.

SIR JOHN.

After all, I believed you was in bed this morning, and—

VISCOUNT.

In bed!——Be assured I never sleep. I speak not this figuratively ; I have an antipathy to sleep ; that state of *stupor* and moral death, in which all the faculties of the soul are annihilated, seems to me the most humiliating degradation of human nature ; for which reason, I have accustomed myself never to sleep of a night, more than two or three hours at most.

SIR JOHN.

I congratulate you——But I came with an intention of having some conversation with you about my sister : I received a letter from her this morning.——

VISCOUNT.

Well, does she know that I am in France ?

SIR JOHN.

Yes, she speaks a great deal about you ; she asks me questions, and desires me to let her know as soon as you come here, what I think of your disposition, and——

H iij

VISCOUNT.

In your answer, you may tell her, that I am not quite an idiot ; and that I have derived some advantage from travelling.

SIR JOHN.

Angelica is sixteen, and has all the happy simplicity of that age ; she believes, that the merit of early youth consists in modesty, gentleness, a desire of instruction, and, above all, to acquire virtuous habits. Were I to draw a more splendid picture of you, and to tell her, that at eighteen, you are all that you will be at thirty ; she would be frightened, instead of captivated ! She is so perfectly persuaded, that youth is incapable of acquiring the perfections of riper age, that it would be impossible for me to make her give up that prejudice ; and should I tell her, that you possess superior talents, with a great stock of knowledge, she would think that I imposed upon myself, and mistook assurance, presumption, and ridiculous pretensions, for merit and instruction.

VISCOUNT.

I am not at all surpris'd at what you tell me ; the fruit of a Convent education, is to have a head fill'd with prejudices.—

SIR JOHN.

She has been better educated than is common in a Convent ; my Aunt, who was very capable of forming her mind, was particularly attentive to give her no ideas but what were just.—

VISCOUNT.

Has she great sensibility ?——

SIR JOHN.

She has an excellent heart.

VISCOUNT.

So much the better ; nothing attaches so much as a *loving* soul, and it must be acknowledged, that in that respect, the women outstrip us greatly——The English women especially : when they love, it is with such

122 THE TRAVELLER,

violence!——I knew one of them, very surprising in that way——beautiful as an angel, excessively captivating, very much in the fashionable world. Well, this woman (whose name is perfectly known, even here) is susceptible of an excess of passion, surpassing every thing to be met with in the most improbable romances——an impetuosity of imagination, a fire, a warmth, a delicacy——and a manner of writing, so full of captivating energy!——This English Lady, and a little Spanish girl, with whose father I lodged at Madrid, are, in that way perhaps, the two most extraordinary beings in the world.

SIR JOHN, *aside*.

What ridiculous folly!

VISCOUNT.

The Italian ladies likewise, have very violent passions; but with such insupportable jealousy.——I had a proof of this at Venice; it was a cruel affair——An unfortunate woman ruined herself by breaking forth into such extravagances!——this ad-

venture made a dreadful noise ; and truly I was very much affected with it. Were I to tell you all that happened to me on my travels, I should run a risk of being frequently suspected of exaggeration ; but really it seems as if I was born to do extraordinary things, of every sort.—But pray, Sir John, when do you intend to travel ?

SIR JOHN.

I own to you, that I have no great passion for travelling—and the longer I live, the greater is my reluctance.

VISCOUNT.

But that is a childish reluctance.—

SIR JOHN.

However, you won't be able to overcome it.

VISCOUNT.

How odd that is !—Well, I will have you go with me next year into the North.

SIR JOHN.

What, into the north ?

VISCOUNT.

Yes, indeed, I propose to make a tour to the north. I shall go first to Russia, because I propose to write some spirited observations on the rapid progress which the Russians have made both in arts and politics. I have already laid my plan.—I should then wish to make an acquaintance with Sweden and Denmark.—

SIR JOHN.

But if you marry, do you propose to carry your wife with you ?

VISCOUNT.

O, that is impossible.—I shall carry nobody with me, but a draughtsman and a botanist. Do you love natural history ? I am distractedly fond of it. I was born with happy talents. The most insipid dry study, is mere amusement to me ; I learn whatever I please, without pain or trouble. It is allowable to boast of this facility of acquiring knowledge ; it has nothing in common with genius ; it

depends solely upon the memory—— I certainly have a prodigious memory.——And as to the sciences, I love them all alike.——My passion for knowledge extends to all kinds of objects.——A droll enough remark was made on that subject, a few days before I left Rome : It was alledged, that in one evening I solved a problem, filled up a dozen rhymes, maintained a lively contest on politics, translated a passage of Danté into French, and danced six country dances. For my part I do not recollect the circumstances, I will not be answerable for the exactitude of this recapitulation ; but it is very possible that it may be true——very possible.——

SIR JOHN.

Pray, my Lord, what passage of Danté was it ?

VISCOUNT.

It was——O, it is admirable——I cannot recollect it at present.——All that I remember is, that it is the most difficult in the whole poem, because it was chosen on purpose to puzzle me.——I certainly have this translation some where, among my papers ; I will shew it you.

126 THE TRAVELLER,

SIR JOHN.

I believe that is my father coming.—
(*Aside*) Ah! I greatly wanted somebody to
come to my assistance; I could hold it no
longer.—

VISCOUNT, (*aside*.)

The young man seems to be a little asto-
nished at this conversation.—Now the son
is petrified; let us subdue the father.

SCENE IV.

THE BARON, VISCOUNT, SIR JOHN.

BARON.

SIR John, the Marquis waits for you in
the saloon, to go and take a walk with him.
——(*To the Viscount*) Will you give me leave
to speak a word with him before he goes?

VISCOUNT.

I shall retire.—

BARON.

No, no, my Lord ! ' we shall have done in a moment.——

VISCOUNT.

Very well ; in the mean time, I will examine the paintings of the apartment, which I did not observe before. (*He moves to a distance, to consider the pictures, affecting the manner of a connoisseur.*)

BARON, *to Sir John, in a low voice.*

Well, what sort of a conversation have you had ?

SIR JOHN.

Ah, Sir !——you find me in a surprise !——

VISCOUNT, *considering a picture.*

Is not that head after Raphael ?

BARON, *turning round.*

No, my Lord, it is after my Grandmother.——An excellent picture !——

VISCOUNT.

The execution is not amiss, not at all

128 THE TRAVELLER.

amiss.—Ah, there is a charming landscape, what *warmth of colouring*.

BARON, *in a low voice, to his Son.*

Is he not a fool, an egregious coxcomb?—But as well as you can judge from so short a conversation, tell me, don't you think he has had some instruction? Speak ingenuously.

SIR JOHN.

He is a fool; they have turned his head, that is all I can discover.

VISCOUNT, *still considering the pictures and speaking to himself, but very loud.*

In the manner of Rosalba.

BARON, *to his Son.*

And if his heart is spoiled, there is no resource.

SIR JOHN.

Ah, Sir, speak to him, give him your best advice; perhaps you may be able to correct him.

BARON.

Enough at present, we shall resume the subject another time. Come, my Lord, and

A C O M E D Y. 129

you my son, go find the Marquis and take him to the little garden; stop a moment, here is the key. (*Sir John goes out.*)

S C E N E V.

THE BARON, THE VISCOUNT.

VISCOUNT.

YOURS is a charming garden—the *site* is truly agreeable—that view from the side of the wood is *wild*, but exceedingly *picturesque*. At the approach of the evening, the setting sun throws immense *masses of light* upon the mountain which produces a *very fine effect*. That landscape calls to my mind, those of Swisserland; it has all their beauties, but without the *severity*. *Nature is more majestic, and impresses the mind with more awful ideas* in Swisserland and Italy; but it is a beauty; if I may hazard the expression, whose rugged austerity approaches to harshness. Here indeed she is less sublime, but more simple; much more affecting.

VOL. III.

I

BARON, *aside*.

What an harangue!—I believe, this is what is called an *impromptu*; but it is not in our language, for I neither understand the words nor the phrases.

VISCOUNT, *aside*.

I have him—he is already confounded.

BARON, *aside*.

Let us see to what lengths he will go. (*aloud*) Why truly my Lord, you astonish me. —You are exceedingly *eloquent*. —All this fine language, which has been displayed to express that I have a fine garden—

VISCOUNT.

It is because I am passionately fond of the country. A fine prospect affects me in a very extraordinary manner: how happy I was when travelling over the Appennines! Those lofty mountains, rugged with rocks, and surrounded with tremendous precipices; that noble wild *aspect*, elevated my imagination, extended and exalted my ideas; hurried on by an irresistible enthusiasm, I got out of

A C O M E D Y.

131

my carriage, I reflected, I made a drawing, I composed verses.—What a country is Italy for a lively imagination, a *thinking* head ! On considering, that I was in the country of Cicero, Virgil, and Horace, *I felt an impression* which it is impossible for me to describe : having all their works by heart, I found a new pleasure in reading them on the very spot where they were composed — and Rome, Rome ! what transporting raptures did I feel on entering Rome ! —

B A R O N.

But tell me a little of the people, the manners and different governments ; have you not studied these things with attention ?

V I S C O U N T.

In Italy, my observation ran chiefly on external objects ; there nothing is wanted but eyes and memory ; there reflexion can only employ itself on the past ; but it is in Switzerland and in England, that *thinking beings* and well *organised* heads are to be found ; such a

I ij

131 THE TRAVELLER.

stretch of ideas.—We have grace, *an agreeable varnish*, a *great glow of colour*; we are skilled in the art of *shading*; but they have the advantage of us in *geometric* and *methodical* reasoning, nor can we compare our *logic* with theirs.

BARON.

So, you rank the Swifts and the English in the same class? They have no varnish, no glow of colouring, nor art of shading; but they have method, logic, and geometry?

VISCOUNT.

Yes, in their manners and their way of thinking, there is a great similitude; the natural qualities of both are much the same.

BARON, *aside*.

The natural qualities!—(*aloud*) I am told you have written a very minute journal of your travels?

VISCOUNT.

Yes, I have fix volumes of my scrawlings; it is an *unformed* work, as you may conceive a work must be, when written with such rapidity.—However, it don't want for fire, nor a spirit of originality. While I was in London, I was persecuted to print it; but I am so far from having any vanity of that sort!—I have brought some *valuable* drawings from Italy, and so *highly finished*!—

BARON.

I suppose, then, that you are a great connoisseur in painting?

VISCOUNT.

Yes, I have a tolerable good eye, and such a passionate love of the Arts!—All the time I could spare while I was at Rome, was most deliciously dedicated to music and painting; I composed a little treatise on music, in which I prove, that the Italians are the only people who have known *the great effects*.

134 THE TRAVELLER.

of harmony ; that their style is in general more pure, their ideas newer, and in short, even in their most trifling airs, are to be found pretty intentions, grace, elegance, and motives, well sustained,

BARON.

So then, our music is ill intentioned ; I am very sorry for it, because I loved Rameau. —But let us return to painting ; and since you are a real lover of the art, I will shew you a miniature which is said to be done by the hand of a master ; you will give me your opinion freely, because, in consequence, I shall either purchase it or send it back. There it is. (*He gives him the box with Angelica's picture in the lid. He says aside*) Let us hear what this pedant will say to the figure of Angelica.

VISCOUNT, *after a moment's attention,*
I cannot advise you to purchase it.

BARON.

Why so ? — The face is pretty.

VISCOUNT, *looking at the picture.*

No——no character——bad attitude, no expression——a detestable piece, truly !

BARON, *nettled.*

It is well I hear this.

VISCOUNT, *still looking at the picture.*

Detestable !——no taste in the colouring ; a sneaking look——a pitiful manner, excessively hard——wretched drapery.——(*Giving back the box.*) It is worth nothing——absolutely good for nothing.

BARON, *in a passion.*

Well, Mr. Connoisseur, some other person perhaps may not be so hard to please.

VISCOUNT.

How is this ; what is the matter ?

BARON.

O, here comes your father very a-propos.

I iij

SCENE VI.

BARON, MARQUIS, VISCOUNT,
SIR JOHN.

BARON.

COME hither, my Lord ; come.—

MARQUIS.

My God, what is the matter ? you seem
disturbed ?——

BARON.

I have been just now shewing Angelica's
picture to your Son.

VISCOUNT, *aside*.

Ah, ha ! there's the plot !——

BARON.

And it has not the happiness to please him,
He says, that she is *hard*, that she has a *pitiful*
manner, a *sneaking look*——and a hundred
other impertinences of the same kind.——

MARQUIS.

How, is this my Son ?——

VISCOUNT, *in a low voice to the Marquis.*

O, Sir, I can explain all this——nothing can be more simple ; but these people have not common sense.

B A R O N.

Indeed, my dear Marquis, the Viscount Melville, is much too great a wonder for me ; his genius soars so high above mine, that really I don't understand his long speeches, no more than if he was speaking High Dutch. His language is composed of a number of words totally unknown to me ; and he places those which I do know, in such a manner, that I am quite at a loss to understand their meaning.——As for me, I should wish to be able to converse with my Son-in-law, so that you see plainly——

M A R Q U I S.

There is no more to be said ; I release you from your promise ; come my Son.——

S I R J O H N, *aside.*

I foresaw how things would end.

138 THE TRAVELLER.

VISCOUNT, *to the Baron.*

Sir, I know but six languages, and have not the least tincture of the *Picard* ; I own it to my shame ; and this ignorance has cost me too dear not to lament it sincerely.——

MARQUIS.

Come my Son, let us be gone.

BARON.

I hope, at least, my dear Marquis, that I shall not have the misfortune to lose your friendship.——I ought to have spoken with more caution, but you know my free way and quick temper ; and truly the young man wore out my patience.——You likewise know, that when you proposed this marriage to me, I informed you, that it could not take place unless the disposition and character of your Son should prove agreeable to me, and——

MARQUIS.

Let us spare useless explanations ; we must bid you adieu ; come, my Son, let us depart.

A C O M E D Y. 139

VISCOUNT, *ironically.*

Come along, then, and let us support this reverse of fortune with courage; the Muses, glory, and the Arts, will perhaps come to console me in my misfortunes.—Farewell, Sir John.—(*As he goes out, laughing*) A very pleasant adventure, truly. Ha, ha, ha!

(*They go out.*)

SCENE VII.

THE BARON, SIR JOHN.

BARON.

THE coxcomb!—upon my life I don't know where I am.—My head is still filled with all the extravagance which he has been pouring forth upon me, and to which I have attended with great patience for a whole hour.—Foolish jargon!—upon my faith I had made a fine choice indeed, for my poor Angelica!—But tell me, my Son, could you have conceived such an excess of folly, conceit, and stupidity?—

SIR JOHN.

I see, Sir, what you have frequently told me, that presumption in a young man, must equally injure both his heart and understanding.

BARON.

My dear Boy, never forget this lesson ; you

will meet with coxcombs more polished, and with superior understandings ; but lay it down for a rule, that at the bottom of their hearts they are all alike ; slaves of the most despicable and foolish vanity, unprincipled, fighting the other sex, indiscreet, false and arrogant ; such are the horrid vices which mark them all, and which are equally the portion of the most expert, as of the most awkward and ridiculous amongst them. Finally, be forever persuaded, that at your age, notwithstanding the best education, things are known only by halves ; that nothing but time and experience can ripen the understanding ; that a philosopher of eighteen, is but a blockhead ; and that without a sound heart, modest reserve, and docility, no good can be expected in a young man.

SIR JOHN.

Ah, Sir, I receive such salutary counsels with too much pleasure not to profit by them in time. I beg you will condescend to believe, that at least by my sentiments I shall be worthy of you.

142 THE TRAVELLER.

BARON.

I do not doubt it ; and upon that hope is founded the happiness of my life.—But come, let us find the Marquis, and if possible appease him before his departure ; for notwithstanding the impertinence of the Son, I should be sorry to break off an intimacy which has been of twenty years standing.—Come, let us go in quest of him.

THE END.

V A T H E K,

A C O M E D Y

I N T W O A C T S.

THE

OF

THE

ADVERTISEMENT.

IN the history of the Arabs, we find there was a Caliph of the name of Vathek, the Son of Motasssem. This Motasssem, was a Prince of high reputation, and the eighth Caliph of Abbaside. In the notes of this little piece, the anecdotes taken from that history, are particularly mentioned. If the fictions of a feeling heart, have a claim to awake the tender passions, certainly they must be more sensibly affected by the language of truth; and the pleasure of reciting one good action, is worth a million of fictions.

THE PERSONS.

MOTASSEM, *the Caliph.*

VATHEK, *Son of Motassem.*

ALMANZOR, *Vatbek's Governor.*

THE VIZIER.

OSMIN, *Son of the Vizier.*

NASSER, *friend of the Vizier.*

JAFFIER, *friend of Almanzor.*

Scene in the Caliph's Palace.

V A T H E K,
A C O M E D Y.

A disinterested and generous man, is born a ruler; and he is, at the same time, the greatest of politicians, were policy only to be considered.

Sir C. Grandison, vol. vi.

A C T I.

S C E N E F I R S T.

The Stage represents the inside of one of the apartments in the Palace.

T H E V I Z I E R, N A S S E R.

N A S S E R.

LET us stop here; the young Prince is not yet come from hunting; and while we expect his return, let us converse with free-

K ij

dom. I have an important secret to communicate to you : I believe, that fortune at last presents us a certain means of destroying our common enemy ; that austere, unsociable man, whose credit with the Caliph has destroyed mine, and is equal to yours.——

THE VIZIER.

Almanzor ?——

NASSER.

Yes, the same ?——

THE VIZIER.

Ha, let me hear !——

NASSER.

I have discovered the name of the author of those abusive verses, written against you and the Caliph.——

THE VIZIER.

Well, what then ?——

NASSER.

That infamous libel, which presumes to affront our Sovereign and his Vizier with such

daring insolence, is the work of Boulaski, the relation and friend of Almanzor;—I have certain proof.

THE VIZIER.

This discovery may be useful; and the rather, as Almanzor has for some time been earnestly soliciting a place for Boulaski, which he has just obtained.

NASSER.

Shew the verses to the Caliph; tell him the particulars; make him sensible, that the interest of Almanzor was not employed in favour of Boulaski, till these verses made their appearance; and let him know, that you are not ignorant of his hatred against you.—

THE VIZIER.

I am sorry the character of the Caliph has been abused in these verses along with mine; —it will seem unnatural to him, that Almanzor, the Governor of his Son, can have any desire to tarnish his glory!—

NASSER.

Let us not attempt to persuade him that

they were made by Almanzor, but let us try to prove, that it was with his knowledge, and that he approved of them because of the insult offered to the Vizier. You may likewise add, that Almanzor, from the bottom of his soul, has been dissatisfied with the Caliph for more than a year : when the place of Vizier was vacant, it is alledged, he preferred it to that of being Governor to the young Prince ; and will never pardon you for having obtained it. In short, you must collect all these circumstances with art, and when you have infused some slight suspicions into the mind of the Caliph, you will have made a great progress ; for Princes very soon from distrust proceed to aversion.

THE VIZIER.

The Caliph is just and sagacious ; he esteems Almanzor, and even I, sometimes, in the bottom of my heart, must approve the friendship he shews him. Almanzor, for these ten years employed in the education of Vathek, seems to have no other ambition than that of discharging his duty ; intermeddling in no public affairs ; shewing the most ex-

traordinary disinterestedness; despising intrigue, and disdaining flattery; if it were not to be suspected that his designs are deep and secret, we might be tempted to regard him as a singular model of philosophy, prudence, and virtue.

N A S S E R.

You may take my word for it, that such a model is not to be found in a Court;—if it does exist, let us not look for it in a Courtier. Depend upon it, this seeming moderation in Almanzor, conceals a boundless ambition; has it not already served him effectually? He asks for nothing; but favour comes in quest of him; and without seeming to desire it, he often obtains what we in vain solicit. It is true, he does not enter into intrigues; but has he not the art to insinuate himself more and more every day, into the confidence of the Caliph? And is he not perpetually secure of that of his successor? With what address has he gained the affection of the young Prince! I do not know the secret motives of Almanzor's policy, but I judge of their depth by his success; and undoubtedly

it has the advantage of ours : take care then, you do not become the victim.——

THE VIZIER.

I think as you do, my dear Nasser ; I see in Almanzor, a rival only the more dangerous, as he is more capable of concealing his ambitious purposes ; and to reply to that confidence you have placed in me, I must own to you I have discovered a secret, which I hope may put it in my power to open the eyes of the Caliph, and expose the conduct of Almanzor.

N A S S E R.

I burn with impatience to hear it.——

THE VIZIER.

The young Prince is in love with Zulica.——

N A S S E R.

The daughter of Almanzor ?——

THE VIZIER.

Yes, I am certain of it ; my Son has had the address to wrest that important secret from Vathek.

NASSER.

And you have the particulars from Osmin himself?—

THE VIZIER.

Yes; and only since yesterday.—

NASSER.

We cannot doubt then, that Almanzor has secretly favoured the young Prince's passion, and from thence has formed some project of ambition.

THE VIZIER.

Every thing conspires to prove it.]

NASSER.

But how had Vathek an opportunity to see, and become acquainted with Zulica?—

THE VIZIER.

With the Princess, the Caliph's Mother.—

NASSER.

O, that is the reason then of Almanzor's extraordinary attachment to the Princess? Different accidents had estranged the Caliph

from his Mother, but it was only Almanzor who could reconcile and unite them.——

THE VIZIER.

And in reward for such service, the Princess has almost adopted Zulica as her daughter; she cannot bear to be absent from her one instant. She is undoubtedly acquainted with Vathek's love, and seduced by her favourite, perhaps conceives the foolish hope of gaining the approbation of the Caliph.——What confirms me in this opinion, is, the Caliph's having been for some months past desirous of fixing on a wife for the Prince; and the choice he had made might be a very advantageous connexion for the kingdom, but the Princess's his Mother, and Almanzor, dissuaded him, on different pretences, which were more specious than solid; alledging, among other reasons, the extreme youth of the Prince.——

N A S S E R.

How will the Caliph be provoked, when he discovers this criminal intrigue!——Do not delay one moment to acquaint him with it; it is your most important duty.

THE VIZIER.

I shall certainly discharge it——and I am persuaded, that Almanzor cannot escape the artful snare which I have laid for him.——I this morning, intreated the Caliph to demand his daughter Zulica for my son; and if he refuses, of which I have no doubt, he is ruined.——

NASSER.

Come to my arms, my dear Vizier, you transport me with admiration!——I am less animated by the hatred I bear Almanzor, than from the joy I ought to feel at the important service you are about to render to the state, by overturning the audacious projects of an ambitious man, who, I find is capable of every thing. We shall at last, then, be witnesses of the downfall of this pretended philosopher, that haughty man, against whom hatred and conspiracies, seemed only to inspire him with indifference and disdain——Now he will lose that unjust superiority, which he has maintained over us: how provoking his affected moderation!——Our ears will no long-

er be fatigued with the tiresome repetition of his praises ! ——By his hypocritical conduct, he has obliged his enemies, these fifteen years, either to join in his praise or to be silent : but, thanks to your zeal and abilities, we shall now be revenged.

THE VIZIER.

Yes, yes, we shall indeed ; but let us conduct ourselves with prudence, and by dissimulation, conceal our just resentment. Being obliged for some time past, to yield to the torrent, or rather to the will of the Caliph, I have affected to be reconciled to Almanzor, and we must still keep him in that persuasion ; but this very day I would wish you to have a conversation with that intimate friend of Almanzor, that gloomy misanthrope, Jaffier ; a severe man, who lives at court only to condemn its honours, to slight its customs and manners, and who seems to be virtuous, with no other view but to have a right of censuring others. See him, and converse with him ; and endeavour to persuade him, that I sincerely wish for the friendship of Almanzor.——

N A S S E R.

I have little hope of any good from such a conversation. Jaffier is so distrustful, so filled with pride and contempt for us !——He has all the savage austerity of Almanzor, without his affected gentleness, his politeness or address.——In short, the rusticity and bluntness of Jaffier, are so disgusting——

T H E V I Z I E R.

Hush——I hear a noise; certainly it is the Prince returned from hunting; let us go and present ourselves.——

N A S S E R.

Here he comes.——

SCENE II.

THE VIZIER, NASSER, VATHEK,
ALMANZOR, OSMIN, JAFFIER.

VATHEK.

I Thought my father had been here.—

THE VIZIER.

My Lord, he will be here very soon ; he commanded me to desire you would wait his coming.

OSMIN, *to the Vizier.*

O, Sir, if you knew what an action the Prince has done while we were hunting this morning——

THE VIZIER.

Some benevolent action undoubtedly ?

OSMIN.

'Tis a charming story !——If the Prince will give leave, Almanzor can acquaint you with the particulars.

ALMANZOR.

With all my heart.—The Prince, not-

A C O M E D Y. 159

withstanding my intreaty, took the lead, and left us a considerable way behind him.——

THE VIZIER.

He has so much vivacity.——

NASSER.

And it becomes him so well!——

O S M I N.

And he mounts his horse with so much courage.——

JAFFIER, *aside*.

Contemptible flatterers!——

O S M I N.

Nobody could keep up with him.——

ALMANZOR.

That is true ; he cannot manage his horse ; who always runs away with him, and by that means he goes faster than any of us.

THE VIZIER.

Raillery is charming.——

VATHEK.

No, no, Almanzor is not thinking of rail-
lery ; he tells me truth ; and what is still bet-
ter, he has taught me to hear it with pleasure.

ALMANZOR.

But let us return to our history. The
Prince met an old man, * whose little cart had
been overturned in a ditch, and the poor pea-
sant was employing every effort in vain, to
disengage it.——

VATHEK.

Tell, likewise, that this good old man had
the most venerable engaging figure, beautiful
grey locks hung waving on his shoulders, and
the sweat run down his face ; leaning against
a tree, oppressed with fatigue and grief, he
lifted his eyes filled with tears, and his trem-
bling hands to heaven ; when I approached

* This anecdote is taken entirely from the history of
the Arabs, and happened to the Caliph Motassem, the
father of Vathek, when he was very young.

See the history of the Arabs, by Marigny:

A C O M E D Y, 161

him, I found him in that affecting situation.—Poor good man! I think I see him still.—

A L M A N Z O R.

You may guess the rest. The Prince dismounted from his horse, and lent a helping hand to the old man; he drew the cart out of the ditch, and gave his purse to the peasant; who, being transported with joy and gratitude, was in tears thanking and blessing his benefactor, when we arrived on the spot where it happened. The old man, when he was informed that the young person to whose charitable assistance he was so much indebted, was the Son of his Sovereign, remained for some time motionless, then joining his hands, and raising them towards Heaven, exclaimed, “O God, for his reward, do thou preserve to him that compassionate, generous heart!”——

J A F F I E R.

The best wish, undoubtedly, which gratitude and virtue could offer up for a Prince! —Better than all the pompous penegyrics, of all the courtiers in the world.—

V A T H E K.

Yes, Jaffier, I am sensible of its full value; the good old man's prayer will be heard; yes, I am certain of it, my heart will never change.

T H E V I Z I E R.

I know nothing so truly affecting as this story. This, my Lord, is the fruit of the lessons of Almanzor.—

A L M A N Z O R.

This action of the Prince was so simple and so natural, that I can assume no share in the merit.

J A F F I E R.

Yes, Almanzor, it is unquestionably very natural to assist a wretched old man, reduced to despair, and who so easily can be made happy; but nevertheless, you may expect tomorrow, to see verses and poems composed to celebrate this same action which you think so simple.

T H E V I Z I E R.

Enthusiasm, inspired by benevolence, is always excusable.

A COMEDY. 163

JAFFIER.

No, exaggeration never can be excusable; I even think it offensive to whomsoever it is offered. What do all the encomiums lavished upon a common transaction signify, if it is not, that the author is surprized and confounded at finding that he who did it, is capable of it, and that he was very far from expecting even a simple instance of humanity?—

NASSER, *aside*.

Detestable misanthrope!—

THE VIZIER.

For my part, I own to you that the action of the Prince is deserving of praise.—

VATHEK.

No, no! Jaffier is right; I only discharged an indispensable duty; and, as a proof, if I had conducted myself differently, Almanzor would certainly have reproved me.

ALMANZOR.

Undoubtedly, my Lord; but however, at your age, when virtue and good principles

L ij

cannot as yet be arrived at perfection ; there is a merit in doing our duty ; and what heightens yours upon the present occasion, is, your love of the chase, and your ardour in the pursuit of it, which you, without hesitation, sacrificed to the pleasure of being useful to the poor old man.

N A S S E R.

Indeed, the Prince's love of hunting adds a high value to the sacrifice !

J A F F I E R.

So, it is very naturally to be expected, that *a love of hunting* should prevail over compassion and humanity ; and the desire of killing an innocent animal, exceed that of assisting an unfortunate old man ?——

A L M A N Z O R.

Jaffier, you forget that the Prince is but sixteen years old : I believe that circumstance will give weight to our side of the argument.

J A F F I E R.

Since you join the rest, it is time for me to

yield.—(*To Vatbek*) Well, my Lord, since Almanzor himself, says so, you may be persuaded that you have performed an admirable, sublime, unexampled action, which surpasses the united exploits of all the heroes of antiquity.—What is the matter, Almanzor? Do I say any thing that deserves to be laughed at? Is it not quite conformable to your own language?—Am I the only person that must appear ridiculous in flattering?

A L M A N Z O R.

You rally, and we laugh; there is no better way of replying to raillery.—

J A F F I E R.

I rally!—Who? I! You know that I do not rally—it is not my disposition to rally.—All that I see, and all that I hear, can excite no degree of mirth in me: but I do not wish to disturb yours; amuse yourself without constraint; I leave you in perfect freedom. (*He goes out hastily.*)

L iij

S C E N E III.

V A T H E K, A L M A N Z O R, T H E
V I Z I E R, O S M I N, N A S S E R,

A L M A N Z O R.

THIS is one of his usual rudenesses.

T H E V I Z I E R.

His valuable qualities amply atone for them all?—

V A T H E K.

His ill-humour is only the effect of an uncommon degree of candour.

A L M A N Z O R.

My Lord, a man may be candid without being rude. It is absurd to imagine, that the possession of one good quality can be an excuse for a fault which is insupportable in society: on the contrary, my Lord, the most virtuous man is in general the most indulgent, the most gentle, and the most moderate; he is not ostentatious, he is no de-

claimer; and is too much in love with truth, not to endeavour to make it amiable, or to run the hazard of making it hated, without any necessity, by a harsh disobliging austerity.

V A T H E K.

There is the picture of a truly worthy man, for it is the picture of Almanzor.

A L M A N Z O R.

Depend upon it, however, my Lord, that Jaffier, notwithstanding his continual declamations, and his want of indulgence, possesses the most singular and brilliant qualities. The probity of those people who make no allowances for the world, is in general to be distrusted; but I would not have you imagine that none of them can be virtuous: if we admit of no exceptions in our rules of judging of mankind, we become unjust, and give ourselves up to all the errors of prejudice and infatuation.

T H E V I Z I E R.

Such precepts are equally worthy of the pupil and the teacher——but I must go and see

if the Caliph is informed of the Prince's return : come Osmin, come Nasser.——

N A S S E R.

We follow you.

(*The Vizier, Osmin, and Nasser, go out.*)

S C E N E IV.

A L M A N Z O R, V A T H E K.

A L M A N Z O R, *after a short silence.*

MY Lord, you seem to be lost in thought?——

V A T H E K.

'Tis true.——I was making some melancholy reflections.

A L M A N Z O R.

Upon what subject?

V A T H E K.

Upon flattery; I detest it, yet I frequently observe that I am deceived by it.——If it

were not for you, Almanzor, how often must I have been misled by it !——

A L M A N Z O R.

Detest it always, and you will have no cause of apprehension; it will never be able to mislead you.

V A T H E R.

But when it assumes the tone of friendship, it is so persuasive, so dangerous !——

A L M A N Z O R.

One certain means of avoiding the snares of flattery, is to learn to know ourselves, to consider our faults, and reflect upon our conduct; in short, to judge of them with severity: and if we find the praises which are offered, exceed the opinion we have of our own merit; we may be assured they are dictated by flattery:——but I repeat it to you, that to make such means effectual, you must examine yourself with care, and judge with rigour. Another method of disconcerting flattery, is, to seem insensible to it, and to hear it with coldness. Happy the Prince, who knows how to awe it into silence ! Your au-

guft Father offers you an example of this; no one dare praife him to his face, and the moft hardy courtier will not presume to address his flattery to him directly.

V A T H E K.

So I perceive; they are obliged to attempt it by oblique hints, and I faw an instance of this a few days ago. It was Naffer, who was praifing him, tho' ftanding only about four paces diftant; my Father turned round, and Naffer feemed furprised and embarrassed; but that was all a pretence, for he fpoke on purpofe to be heard. I plainly obferved it, for you had taught me to fee their mean arts. What is very extraordinary, I am no longer deceived where my Father is concerned, but am ftill fo at times in my own cafe. For example, there is Ofmin, tho' he is but eighteen, knows already how to flatter, and very artfully.—He feemed to love me, he is nearly of my age, and if you had not warned me, I fhould have thought him fincere.—He cannot love me, fince he attempts to deceive me. What, muft a Prince forego the happinefs of having friends?

ALMANZOR.

When they condemn flatterers, when they cherish the language of truth, and reward real abilities and merit, instead of intrigue and assiduity, they will find sincere and virtuous friends.

VATHEK.

But, Almanzor, you know how much I loved the Son of Jaffier; I preferred him to all who came near me; he is beloved by you, and was educated by you along with me; I esteemed his character; his person was agreeable to me; he possessed my entire confidence; and yet, I am persuaded, he had not a sincere friendship for me: I easily perceived, that he did not find the same pleasing satisfaction in our conversation that I did; he was frequently lost in thought.

ALMANZOR.

Perhaps, he had some secret reason.——

VATHEK.

But wherefore conceal it from me?——

ALMANZOR.

Undoubtedly it must have been your fault.——Princes in general look upon those

whom they honour with the name of friends, only as confidants ; they think that none but their secrets are truly important; the little interests which affect us, appear to them too trifling to merit much attention ; in short, their sole pleasure is in speaking of themselves ; they condescend to place confidence in individuals, but the confidence which is shewn in return, is tiresome, or at least what they do not desire ; they cannot then inspire it, and are only beloved by halves; for friendship cannot subsist without mutual and entire confidence.

V A T H E K.

I am sensible of that ; but, however, I believe I was not guilty of that fault with Nadir : When I observed his attention engaged, I questioned him, I intreated him to let me know if he wished for any thing, or if I could be useful to him, and did not desist from pressing him, till he assured me that he had nothing to desire.

A L M A N Z O R.

And must a favour be asked to procure

the attention of a friend ?——With a delicate, feeling mind, could not you desire a less interested confidence ? Surely you cannot but know that from the heart alone must proceed the purest comforts which friendship can receive ; and that to partake of griefs with which we have been intrusted, is the surest means to soften and diminish them.

VATHEK.

O Almanzor ! this is a new subject of instruction to me ; and I own I feel an inward shame at the thought of such a lesson being necessary ; it is the first I have received from you which has made me blush.——What ! the heart then as well as the understanding has need of instruction !——Ah, why has Nadir been these six months absent ? Now that I am informed of the duties of friendship, the hope of meriting his, makes me wish for his return more anxiously than ever.——When is he expected ?

ALMANZOR.

I do not know——But are you certain you will always continue to love him ?——

V A T H E K.

Yes, next to you, Nadir shall be my dearest friend.

A L M A N Z O R.

I wish it, because I believe him worthy.

V A T H E K.

Can I ever change the friend who has been the object of your choice?—

A L M A N Z O R.

I wish you to love him while he prefers your glory to your favour; while he continues sincere and disinterested; but if he ceases to be moderate in his desires, if he meddles in state intrigues, if he takes indirect methods of speaking useful truths, withdraw from him without hesitation; he will then no longer be the friend chosen for you by Almanzor. If you continue to be attached to him, no doubt great efforts will be employed to ruin him; you should let him know the accusations that are laid against him. Do not judge of him, without giving him a hearing; and especially be careful to distrust any informer, let him be who he will, who desires to be concealed, and

dreads having his name mentioned to the person accused.—But, my Lord, while we are alone, I want to give you another piece of advice. I have frequently observed that Osmin presumes to give himself up to his natural turn for raillery and ridicule, even in your presence.—

VATHEK.

Tho' I may sometimes listen to his humour,
I never take any share in it.—

ALMANZOR.

That is not sufficient, you ought not to suffer it; the people who are the subjects of Osmin's mockeries, seeing that you are entertained with the ridicule to which he exposes them, must think that you approve of the unworthy courtier, who endeavours to please you by such contemptible methods. Mockery is always faulty, but in a Prince it is cruel; think, my Lord, that you pierce the man to the soul whom you ridicule. 'Tis true, you attack him only with raillery; but can he retort? Or, if he had the boldness, would you suffer it? He is defenceless, yet you oppress him! —and still you call this inhuman injustice

by the names of gaiety and pleasantry. Ah, my Lord, the Prince who forgets what is due to his own rank, debases and destroys his dignity ! Grandeur, if it is not accompanied with generosity, obtains only vain exterior homage; and that which is the effect of sentiment, and what alone is desirable, will always be withheld.

V A T H E K.

Ah ! Almanzor, the greatest happiness a Prince can know, is that of being beloved ; I swear it is the greatest of my ambition !——

A L M A N Z O R.

See then, my Lord, whether you ought to depend upon the attachment of Osmin, since, to divert you for a few moments, he runs the hazard of making you hated !——

V A T H E K, *sighing*.

Divert me !——it would be difficult to divert me !——for a long time, especially these three months.——

A L M A N Z O R.

Well, my Lord ?

V A T H E K.

Nothing can amuse me; nothing can command my attention.——

A L M A N Z O R.

And——what is the reason?

V A T H E K.

You know it, I am certain you do.

A L M A N Z O R.

I would rather owe your secrets to your confidence, than to my own penetration.

V A T H E K.

You must have discovered them; and if they are agreeable to you, you will spare me the pain of a confession which I dare not make.——You do not reply!

A L M A N Z O R.

My Lord, I have nothing to say.——

V A T H E K.

Very well, then let us talk no more! (*He sinks into a reverie.*)

A L M A N Z O R.

I am ready to offer you my advice, if you
VOL. III. M

desire it——But if you expect a criminal indulgence, it were much better, my Lord, that you should be silent.——

V A T H E K.

Why so severe ? Is sensibility a crime ?——

A L M A N Z O R.

Surely it is a crime to forget what is reasonable and becoming, and above all, to be mastered by our passions. But the door opens ; 'tis the Caliph.——

V A T H E K.

Almanzor, my dear Almanzor, how you distress me !——

A L M A N Z O R.

My Lord, the Caliph approaches.

SCENE V.

THE CALIPH, VATHEK,
ALMANZOR.

THE CALIPH, *to his attendants.*

LEAVE us.—Almanzor, I want to talk with you. I have a proposal to make to you, which I hope you will not think disagreeable.

ALMANZOR.

Upon what subject, my Lord?

THE CALIPH.

I believe that your reconciliation with the Vizier is sincere.

ALMANZOR.

Yes, my Lord, I can answer, that it is on my part.

THE CALIPH.

He has given me a proof that it is likewise so on his. He asks Zulica in marriage for his Son.

VATHEK, *aside.*

O heavens!—

M ij

ALMANZOR.

My Lord, Zulica is not sufficiently rich to be a match for Osmin ; the fortune of the Vizier's only Son, must make him aspire to the most advantageous alliance.

THE CALIPH.

And is not Zulica the Daughter of my friend?—Are you not certain that I shall give her a fortune equal to that of the husband, whom you make the object of your choice?—

ALMANZOR.

My Lord, mine is sufficient for my desires ; it is moderate, and I am happy.—

THE CALIPH.

In a word, the Vizier asks Zulica for his Son ; he goes farther, he desires you will keep the fortune you propose to give her, and only wishes to form an alliance which shall unite you for ever.—

ALMANZOR.

My Lord, I cannot give him my Daughter.

V A T H E K, *aside*.

Ah, I recover !—

THE CALIPH.

I have always declared to you, that I would leave you at liberty to dispose of her, even without my consent, so I shall not insist any farther; but I own the refusal astonishes me.

V A T H E K.

But, my Lord, perhaps the person of Osmin is not agreeable to Almanzor: Osmin has faults, which may displease him; he is a flatterer, a dissembler.—

A L M A N Z O R.

He is but eighteen, he may correct himself. I have no aversion to him.—

V A T H E K.

But, Almanzor——perhaps you know that he is not agreeable to Zulica?——

A L M A N Z O R.

My Daughter can have no will but mine.
(*To the Caliph*) My Lord, you have deigned to promise me, that you would leave me entire master of the fate of Zulica; it is the

only favour I have presumed to ask ; permit me to recall it to your memory.—

THE CALIPH.

That is sufficient ; let us think no more of it. I shall not even desire to know the cause of your refusal ; but I repeat to you, that I am much surprised.—Neither did I know that my Son was so estranged from Osmin.—

V A T H E K.

I, my Lord ! I do not hate him, but I know him, and——

THE CALIPH.

Let us change the subject.—I have been told, my Son, that you have some favour to ask me.

V A T H E K.

Yes, my Lord, it is for Omar and Hadi.—

THE CALIPH.

Do you know them well ? Do you love them ?——

V A T H E K.

No, my Lord ; but they frequently follow

A C O M E D Y. 183

me to the chace; and for these three months, have so earnestly intreated me to speak to you in their favour, that to get rid of them——

A L M A N Z O R.

So, my Lord, you grant to indiscretion and importunity, what you undoubtedly would have refused to modest, reserved merit?

T H E C A L I P H.

And because Omar and Hadi teased you, I must reward them?——Another time, my Son, before you apply to me, there are two things I would have you consider; whether the favour which is begged of you, will not occasion some injustice; and, if he who solicits, is worthy of obtaining it.——But somebody comes; certainly it is the Vizier: I shall let him know your answer, Almanzor; retire.——

V A T H E K, *aside in going out.*

O Zulica! to what happy mortal art thou destined! (*They go out.*)

M iij

S C E N E VI.

THE CALIPH, *alone.*

WHAT can this refusal of Almanzor mean, and the interest which my Son seems to take in it?—Both of them blushed, and Vathek especially seemed embarrassed.—It was but yesterday, that Almanzor earnestly dissuaded me from marrying my Son.—A thousand confused suspicions involuntarily present themselves to my imagination.—What, can I suspect Almanzor!—I am afraid either to be deficient in prudence, or to insult friendship.—No, I cannot doubt Almanzor. What man will venture to depend upon the confidence of his Prince, if he cannot obtain it by fifteen years faithful service?—Is it not better to run the risk of being credulous, than ungrateful?—

SCENE VII.

THE CALIPH, THE VIZIER.

THE VIZIER, *stopping. (Aside)*

HE seems thoughtful and disturbed!—
Almanzor has refused his consent.

THE CALIPH.

Draw near, Vizier,

THE VIZIER.

Well, my Lord, may I presume to ask what
has been the answer of Almanzor?—

THE CALIPH,

He is sensible of this proof of your esteem;
but undoubtedly he has other engagements
—he cannot give you his Daughter.

THE VIZIER.

What do I hear!—My surprize is ex-
cessive. For whom then is Zulica reserved?
—Ah! can he?—

THE CALIPH.

What?—What was you going to say?

THE VIZIER.

I beg, my Lord, you will allow me to be silent; that word escaped me,—I find that Almanzor is always my enemy; but I am no longer his: it was your desire, my Lord; and I hope I have proved my sincerity.—

THE CALIPH.

But what is it you intended to say just now?

THE VIZIER.

Intended to say!—Ah, my Lord, do not suspect me to be guilty of such mean art; I flattered myself with the hope, that my candour and sincerity were better known to you. When I hated Almanzor, I did not conceal it; and you will recollect, my Lord, that I spoke to you with the most perfect freedom of his injustice, and my resentment.

THE CALIPH.

I remember it; but do you imagine, Vizier,

A COMEDY. 187

that reviling an enemy is a certain proof of candour?——

THE VIZIER.

My Lord, the artful man can conceal the violence of his resentment, that he may more surely accomplish his purpose; but the man of sincerity and truth, yields to his feelings without disguise, and disdains a revenge which would cost him a moment of dissimulation.

THE CALIPH.

Let us return to the question I asked you; what do you think of Almanzor's refusal?

THE VIZIER.

My Lord, it confounds me, and in the first emotions of surprise, a folly——an extravagance, with which the enemies of Almanzor have presumed to accuse him, I confess, occurred to my imagination.

THE CALIPH.

What?——What folly?——Explain your-

self.—But, no, I will not hear it ; I am certain of the fidelity of Almanzor.

THE VIZIER.

It is with pleasure I remain silent on a subject which can only deserve the most perfect contempt. Almanzor disdains my offers, and has refused my Son; but whatever his proceedings may be with regard to me, I shall never be persuaded to believe, that the degree of favour he enjoys, can render him the most rash and infatuated of men. I always believed, that he was not without ambition; but he has too much experience, and too good an understanding, to let him form projects that are absolutely chimerical. I beg, my Lord, you will give me leave to talk upon another subject. For some days, an infamous libel against your sacred person, has been in the hands of the public: I am likewise mentioned in it with indignity; but that is not the motive of my being affected.—

THE CALIPH.

I am libelled, say you?

THE VIZIER.

My Lord, in a most terrible manner.—

A COMEDY.

189

THE CALIPH.

Is this writing in your possession ?

THE VIZIER.

Yes, my Lord, here it is.

THE CALIPH.

Let me see it: hatred may sometimes communicate useful advice.—(*reads to himself.*)

THE VIZIER.

I know the name of the guilty author of these verses; the person who was employed to copy them, betrayed him; and, either from remorse, or the hope of reward, was induced to bring me the original, written in the author's own hand.

THE CALIPH, *after having read it.*

It is plain * that you and I are both cruelly abused in this piece; I am hurt as well as you, and I desire, that you will partake

* This answer is almost word for word as it is in the history, and was given, on a similar occasion, by Agis, the Caliph of Egypt, to his Vizier.

with me in the merit of granting pardon to the offender.

THE VIZIER.

My Lord!—

THE CALIPH.

Since you can prove from what hand the vile calumny comes——tell me who is the author ; I desire he should know that I am informed of his name, which is the only revenge I can take.

THE VIZIER.

But, my Lord, may not this excess of indulgence prove dangerous ? A private individual should be sensible to calumny, and ought to prosecute the calumniator ; why then should the Sovereign have more generosity ?

THE CALIPH.

A private person prosecutes the calumniator, to oblige him to retract ; and he applies to the law to punish him, not to obtain revenge, but for his own justification.—A Sovereign is above all reparation ; and there-

fore ought to be equally above being offended. — Besides, tho' his person may be insulted, his reputation cannot suffer. Is it not a duty in him, to learn to pardon who can offend with impunity? And shall the obscure insult of a madman provoke his anger? — It is so noble, so pleasing, to abash hatred by clemency and generosity, and to change the rage and insolence of an impotent enemy into remorse and admiration! Ah, * if all those that have offended me, knew how much I delight in granting pardon, induced by repentance and affection, perhaps they would come to me without hesitation, to acknowledge their offences!

THE VIZIER.

My Lord, you will no doubt be much surpris'd to hear the name of the author of these infamous verses. —

* This stroke is taken from the history. The Caliph Mamom, eldest brother of this Caliph Motassem, spoke these charming words, after having pardoned his uncle, who had conspired against his life.

THE CALIPH.

Who is he ?

THE VIZIER.

A man to whom you have been pleased to grant an important favour within these few days.——In short, it is Boulaski.——

THE CALIPH.

Boulaski !——

THE VIZIER.

Yes, my Lord, even he ; I pity Almanzor ; he certainly will be much afflicted, notwithstanding the ties of blood which unite him to Boulaski, for having solicited you in his favour.

THE CALIPH.

You are in a mistake ; Almanzor did not solicit me in favour of Boulaski.

THE VIZIER.

How, my Lord !——

THE CALIPH.

The Vizier whom you succeeded, was the enemy of Boulaski ; he abused him to me ;

he deceived me, and occasioned my being guilty of an act of injustice to him:—This is a kind of crime, which a Prince can never pardon, and which he ought to punish with the greatest severity. In short, I stript Boulaski of his employments ; I refused to hearken to his justification, and he quitted the court, leaving his interests in the hands of Almanzor, and continuing, for a long time, in the hope of being recalled. Almanzor fruitlessly attempted his defence; he could not obtain an explanation from me; and thus innocence continued to suffer for three years. —Truth, however, which sooner or later makes its way even at court, came at last to enlighten and confound me. You know the rest; I recalled Boulaski; I loaded him with favours:—it is believed, that he is indebted for them to the credit of Almanzor, while he owes them solely to the reproaches of my own conscience.

THE VIZIER, *aside*.

I could not have suspected this!—

THE CALIPH.

In short, sowered by misfortune and op-
VOL. III. N

pression, Boulaski thought to be revenged by slandering me ; so much the greater must be my remorse. He was virtuous, and I have been the cause of his guilt ; the only bad action with which his life has been stained, is the effect of my injustice.—How long have these verses been in the hands of the public ?

THE VIZIER.

A few days preceding the recalling of Boulaski.

THE CALIPH.

Wretched man ! how he must have blushed at receiving my gifts ; and in seeing my sorrow for having oppressed him ?——

THE VIZIER.

Well, my Lord, will you continue him in his employments ?——

THE CALIPH.

No ; the author of an anonymous libel, is not worthy of holding any employment ; he has been guilty, of a base unworthy action ; from henceforth no part of administration can be entrusted to him : but I was unjust ; I owe him a recompence ; let him enjoy his liberty ;

let him be assured of my pardon, of my pity, and of my regret, that it is not in my power to repair the injury I have done him, by any other means than giving him money. I know his writing; bring the original of the verses written in his own hand, and then I will give you my final orders upon the subject. (*He goes out.*)

S C E N E VIII.

VIZIER, *alone.*

ALMANZOR had no share in restoring Boulaski to favour!—who could have imagined it?—But, however, he has refused my Son, and I can no longer doubt, that Zulica is reserved for the love of Vathek.—I observed the Caliph was uneasy and vexed; now is the time to inform him of every particular; I will go find Nasser and my Son, that we may concert what measures are to be taken to hasten the fall of this haughty favourite. (*He goes out.*)

End of the First Act.

N ij

A C T II.

SCENE FIRST.**ALMANZOR, JAFFIER.****JAFFIER.**

YES, I am certain of it; they are scheming some new intrigue against you. Nasser courts and flatters me, and tells me of the sincere friendship which the Vizier entertains for you: all this is intended to conceal some treachery; you will find it so, you may be assured.

ALMANZOR.

Well, let us wait till time makes the discovery, and not add to the vexation of being its object, the pain of foreseeing it.

JAFFIER.

This is your common prudence; you imagine you are a Philosopher, while in fact, you are only the most indolent of all mankind.

A C O M E D Y.

197

ALMANZOR.

You see only the dark side of things ; you are perpetually suspecting ambushes, snares, and conspiracies ; yet you know you have been a thousand times deceived in forming such conjectures, and still you will persevere.

JAFFIER.

Very well, the Vizier is delighted to see you so much in favour ; he is happy at your having refused his Son ; you are beloved by all the courtiers, nobody envies you !—in God's name have it so ;—my fears are void of common sense.

ALMANZOR.

I am very sensible I have enemies, but I do not believe they are so bad nor so dangerous as you represent them. To hearken to you, it would seem as if the hatred with which I inspire them, is the only sentiment they feel ; and the sole business of their lives, is, to find the means of doing me an injury —while I see nothing in such ideas, but folly and exaggeration.

N iij

JAFFIER.

The Vizier is not a wicked man?—A man capable of going all lengths?—

ALMANZOR.

No.—

JAFFIER.

No?—

ALMANZOR.

I believe him to be distrustful and jealous, but by no means decisively wicked. He even possesses some eminent qualities; he is a man of good understanding and spirit, and discharges the duties of his employment with ability; in short, he is a good servant to the Caliph.

JAFFIER.

And you think he does not detest you?

ALMANZOR.

But do you know why he detests me? It is because he does not know me. He reasons and judges like a courtier, and looks upon me as an ambitious hypocrite. Why should his hatred provoke me, since if I really were what he supposes me to be, that hatred would be well founded?

A C O M E D Y. 199

J A F F I E R.

And you imagine, that if he knew your real character, he would do you justice?

A L M A N Z O R.

Yes, because he would cease to fear me.

J A F F I E R.

At this rate, virtue will never excite jealousy?

A L M A N Z O R.

Let her be gentle and indulgent, let her seem divested of ambition and of pride, we will end in forgiving her the pre-eminence she obtains.

J A F F I E R.

In the mean time, they have mistaken your character, hated and abused you these ten years.

A L M A N Z O R.

It must be owned, that at court, the worthy man does not obtain the justice that is due to him, till after a time; but in the end, he must destroy prejudices, and confound im-

posture ; when, undoubtedly, the long expected triumph will be more pleasing, and more sensibly felt.

J A F F I E R.

Never, no, never can a triumph over the aversion of the wicked be expected : it is with regret I foresee that you will one day become the victim of your own security, and the depravity of courtiers.

A L M A N Z O R.

Depravity !——what an expression !

J A F F I E R.

Yes, I maintain it, they are all depraved, all corrupted.——

A L M A N Z O R.

Undoubtedly, they have in general great and marked defects ; but have they not likewise powerful excuses ? The dissipated life of a courtier, scarcely leaves him a moment for reflexion ; and our principles and virtues can only be secured by reflexion. Besides, to what kinds of seduction is not a man in office exposed ? He must at once gratify the

avidity of his relations, friends, and followers. This mercenary crowd, by whom he is constantly beset, are earnestly employed to corrupt him by the meanest adulation ; he never receives disinterested advice ; the sole conversation which he hears, is about schemes of aggrandisement ; they endeavour to direct his whole attention to honours and fortune ; and, what is worse, every one about him is earnestly employed in representing his particular enemies in the most odious colours ; so that this unfortunate man never hears any thing applauded in a Minister, but pomp and magnificence, and favours profusely scattered on his followers. Nobody will shew a sufficient spirit to tell him, that in a high rank of life, the only sign of true greatness is moderation, and the only enviable glory, the public esteem. In short, he is exposed to more dangers than a sovereign ; like him, he has all the snares of flattery to dread, and, what is more, all the temptations of wealth and honours, and cannot have (especially in the beginning of his administration) the love of the people, that paternal sentiment which acts so powerfully in the heart of a good

Prince. . However, notwithstanding so many hazards, for all that you say, Jaffier, the ten years that I have lived at court, I have not seen one favourite who could with justice be called a bad man ; I have seen much injustice and inconsistency ; yet, generally, rather to be ascribed to blindness and imbecility, than to wickedness. In a word, I have witnessed many noble deeds, and generous proceedings, but never one base action.

J A F F I E R.

Yes, in the morning they will do a noble action, and in the evening a mean one. They have neither character nor steadiness in their ideas.

A L M A N Z O R.

I grant you, they are not Philosophers ; every man who has not studied and reformed himself, and laid down an invariable rule for his conduct, must be weak and inconsistent. Do you imagine, Jaffier, that if you and I had not spent a part of our lives in solitude and meditation, we should be what we now

are? Undoubtedly we should not. Let us therefore excuse the faults of those who, by being thrown into the vortex of a court in their early days, have been prevented from making those reflexions to which we owe the solidity of our principles. Perhaps we ought rather to be surpris'd at their having so many good qualities!—However, I am persuaded that there are some souls of a superior cast, who, without the help of education, and notwithstanding they are expos'd to the influence of bad example, can exalt themselves above every thing with which they are beset; and you may depend upon it, Jaffier, that among those courtiers, the objects of your contempt, there are some truly estimable; and their good qualities are the more worthy of admiration, as they are indebted for them solely to the excellence of their natural disposition.

J A F F I E R.

You will at least allow, that virtue is rarely to be met with in a court, and is there surrounded with shoals and dangers; yet, in this accursed residence you have consented to educate the young Prince!

ALMANZOR.

What, would you have me educate him in a desert? he who must one day guide and govern men, a knowledge of whom is of course the most important lesson he can be taught!—

JAFFIER.

In your place, I would not have undertaken such a charge, or I would have had leave to instruct him at a distance from intrigue and flattery.

ALMANZOR.

In solitude, must not I have been obliged to warn him against the dangers that are to be found at court? and what information can be of equal value with a single observation? With an attentive, vigilant, and upright governor, a Prince can be no where so well educated as at court: It is there alone, that all the arts of courtiers can be exposed, where their little artifices may be so easily penetrated; it is there that he may be instructed, so as to prevent his becoming a dupe to designing men; to detest vice when exposed to his

view, and still more, by the means of contrast, to cherish virtue, when he sees the example set before his eyes.

J A F F I E R.

I allow that you have discharged your duty as well as you could in such a situation; but your work is still imperfect, and it is doubtful whether you will be permitted to finish it.—

A L M A N Z O R.

How can I be prevented?—If no longer permitted to remain the Prince's governor, I shall not, on that account, cease to be his friend; he will always consult me; I shall give him my advice, and must ever preserve that influence over his mind, which cannot fail to secure his confidence, esteem and gratitude.

J A F F I E R.

So, Almanzor, you propose then never to forsake the court? What, will you abandon for ever all hopes of a peaceful retreat; that precious reward of the toils of man; a happiness which has been often preferred even to glory, and is the ultimate wish of the phi-

Philosopher? After having dedicated fifteen years to the service of our country, is it not reasonable to live at last for ourselves, and, breaking those honourable but heavy chains, retire in solitude to find liberty and peace, the only real good this world affords?—

ALMANZOR.

Who, I, Jaffier? shall I prefer repose to the happiness of being useful in the cause of humanity? With the power of serving my country to the end of my course, shall I meanly abandon its interests? No, no! that sacred debt, which I contracted with my country at my birth, cannot be discharged but by dedicating my whole life to its service; this is the station allotted me by Heaven, that has deigned to preserve to me an uncorrupted mind, even in this place, where undoubtedly I ought to remain. Doth not Providence, in bestowing the friendship of a Sovereign upon a man of truth and honour, seem to impose upon him the obligation of cultivating it to the last, for his own glory and the happiness of the human race? And are ten years of the most agreeable repose, to be compared with the delicious satisfaction of preventing even

one act of injustice? O, Jaffier, for a noble and a feeling heart, how glorious and important is the place which I at present occupy! What an exalted employment is that of forming the principles and character of a Sovereign, who is one day to reign over a whole people! Every just idea which I communicate to my pupil; every virtue which I impress upon his young heart, are so many benefits which I diffuse over my country; it is my country that must reap the happy fruit of all my cares and vigilance. What must my transports be, if in my old age, I can say to myself, "Vathek is good and just; 'tis to him his people owe their happiness; and his success, his glory, and his virtues, are the work of my hands!——"

J A F F I E R.

Well, my dear Almanzor, for the happiness of that country which is so dear to you, let me advise you to fear; lest envy should wrest from you the favour and credit which you at present enjoy. Do not despise my advice; but be assured, that some black conspiracy is meditating against you.——

ALMANZOR.

Being certain that it is always in my power to justify myself, what accusation have I to dread?

JAFFIER.

At least let me beg of you to be more prudent: for example, why do you allow Osmin to converse with the young Prince in private? Osmin is the Son of the Vizier; you have just refused Zulica to him, and you may expect that he will use every effort to injure you in the mind of the Prince.——

ALMANZOR.

That will be a vain attempt.——I can depend upon the heart of Vathek. I think as you do, that Osmin, guided by his father, is attempting to make a tool of Vathek; I observed that he was desirous to have a conversation with him in secret.——

JAFFIER.

And you have left them together!

ALMANZOR.

Yes, that I may discover this mystery; for certainly Vathek will inform me.

J A F F I E R.

You depend too much upon your own virtue, Almanzor; this confidence will prove your ruin.

A L M A N Z O R.

No, never let a man of honour defend himself against intrigue, by intrigues.—And, after all, if they should supplant me, I shall have the testimony of my own conscience, and the recollection of what I have done, for my consolation. With such a recompense no disgrace can be oppressive, and no banishment rigorous.—But I hear somebody coming; O, it is the Prince.

J A F F I E R.

Observe, Osmin still follows him.—

A L M A N Z O R.

Let us give him time to explain himself, come along.

SCENE II.

VATHEK, ALMANZOR, OSMIN,
JAFFIER.

VATHEK, *stopping Almanzor.*

WHY do you go away, Almanzor?

ALMANZOR.

My Lord, I have observed, ever since morning, that Osmin has been desirous to talk with you in private, and I want to give him an opportunity.

VATHEK.

Where are you going?

ALMANZOR.

Into the great gallery, my Lord.

VATHEK.

I shall very soon join you.

(Almanzor and Jaffier go out.)

SCENE III.

VATHEK, OSMIN.

OSMIN.

YES, my Lord, I protest to you that my Father demanded Zulica, without acquainting me. When he informed me of Almanzor's refusal, I concluded that Zulica was reserved for you; and knowing the excess of your passion, I betrayed your secret, on purpose to serve you. My Father is in your interest, my Lord, and will employ all his credit with the Caliph to favour your love; so that you may conceive the justest hopes. Why then, my Lord, this dull, melancholy look?

VATHEK.

It is because the confidence you have obtained from me, is not altogether voluntary. Yesterday you wrested from me the secret of my passion for Zulica; this day, being per-

O ij

suaded that you was my rival, and guilty of the blackest perfidy, rage and resentment made me desirous of an explanation; you have satisfied me, Osmin; you are justified; I have acknowledged my injustice towards you, but I am chiefly sorry for having accused you of dissimulation in the presence of my Father; the injury I have done you, gives you a particular title to my friendship; but still, Osmin, it is against my inclination that you know all my secrets; and I own to you, I feel some remorse for having entrusted you with what I was afraid to tell Almanzor. It is to him alone I owe an intire confidence, since 'tis he only who can instruct and guide me.

O S M I N.

This delicacy, my Lord, is worthy of you; but you have no occasion to reproach yourself, for you may depend upon it, Almanzor has read it in your heart.

V A T H E K.

I believe so too——And do you think it possible that he should favour me?

A C O M E D Y.

213

O S M I N.

Does not his conduct prove it ?

V A T H E K.

That is true.——With what steadiness he rejected the Vizier's offer, notwithstanding the dissatisfaction so visible in my Father, and without assigning any reason for so extraordinary a refusal !——I even recollect that his manner was constrained and embarrassed.——O Zulica, can it be possible !——Alas, the idea of what I must suffer, if I am to sacrifice this pleasing error, that cruel apprehension, deprives me of all the charms which hope can give ! Ah, I must see Almanzor ; I will advise with him.——

O S M I N.

Take care how you do that, my Lord; you will lose Zulica irrecoverably.

V A T H E K.

And why so ?

O S M I N.

Almanzor cannot act agreeably to your wishes ; he has plainly shewn that he approves

O H j

your passion; the Father of Zulica favours it in secret, but the governor of the Prince must condemn it; he avoids being in your confidence, because he must be obliged to advise you contrary to your passion.

V A T H E K.

Very true; else why should he always so carefully decline speaking to me of Zulica?— Yet I cannot think that Almanzor has so much indulgence for a weakness.—Osmin, if you suspect him of ambition, you do him great injustice.

O S M I N.

I suspect Almanzor of ambition! My Lord, I know his character well, and my Father has often extolled to me, that austere virtue by which it is distinguished.—

V A T H E K.

Is the Vizier very sincere?

O S M I N.

Yes, my Lord, he admires, he loves Almanzor.

A COMEDY.

215

VATHEK.

He was formerly his enemy.

OSMIN.

But, my Lord, he this day demanded Zulica in marriage; and this evening he has given me his promise to serve you.—

VATHEK.

Almanzor will not consent.

OSMIN.

My Lord, Almanzor is a philosopher, superior to vulgar prejudices; and sees in Zulica, all those qualities which can render you happy. It is not from ambition that he wishes her to be your wife, but to secure the happiness of your life; it is not his Daughter that he wishes to raise to that high rank, but it is the Person who, in his estimation, as well as ours, seems the most deserving of that honour.

VATHEK.

If Almanzor does not blame my passion, certainly these must be his motives, and his

O iii

Sentiments. Well, my dear Osmin, what shall I do, what part shall I take?

OSMIN.

My Lord, you must declare your love to the Caliph.—

V A T H E K.

To my Father? I never shall have courage.

OSMIN.

The Princess, his Mother, loves Zulica; convinced, that she must always preserve the best founded claim to her gratitude, she earnestly wishes her to be your wife; and the Caliph will consult nobody but her and my Father, so that—

V A T H E K.

But are you certain that I may depend upon the Vizier?

OSMIN.

If you cannot trust his promise, my Lord, you may depend upon its being his interest to serve you; and by this single obligation,

A C O M E D Y. 217

he will secure not only your favour, but likewise the favour of your Wife, and the friendship of Almanzor.

V A T H E K.

You convince me——but however, I cannot resolve to take such an important step, without the knowledge of Almanzor.——

O S M I N.

My Lord, he cannot give his consent to it.——

V A T H E K.

And if I excite my Father's anger against him?——

O S M I N.

If you act in concert with Almanzor, you may indeed provoke the Caliph ; but he will see nothing in your conduct, but the natural effect of an insurmountable passion.——

V A T H E K.

Well, I am resolved ; I will speak to him.——

O S M I N.

You may, my Lord, with the greater

confidence, as he already suspects your love, and does not seem surpris'd at it.—

V A T H E K.

How!

O S M I N.

It is not without design that I led you hither, my Lord; the Caliph is coming here.

V A T H E K.

O heavens, Osmim! how have you involved me!—Ah, let me consult Almanzor.—

O S M I N.

Well, go then my Lord, I no longer desire to oppose you; perhaps, in fact, it is more prudent to renounce Zulica; if that is your design, I am very far from dissuading you.

V A T H E K.

Renounce her!—no, I cannot.—My Father coming; and will the Vizier be with him?

O S M I N.

Yes, my Lord; and I intreated my Father

A C O M E D Y. 219

to employ all his address to sound the Caliph, and to bring him hither.——

V A T H E K.

Oh, my God!——

O S M I N.

In short, my Lord, I have agreed upon a signal with my Father, by which he can inform me of the disposition of the Caliph, on purpose either to encourage you to speak, or to dissuade you from it.——

V A T H E K.

So then, I find I am entirely under your guidance!——

O S M I N.

My Lord, I see you are in tears.—— You have only to abandon a project which perhaps is a rash one, and pardon the excess of a zeal, which undoubtedly was indiscreet.——

V A T H E K.

Almanzor!—— Alas! it seems to me, that I am going to betray him, and ruin myself!——

O S M I N.

Come, my Lord, let us go to him.——

V A T H E K.

It is now too late.——

O S M I N.

I hear a noise.——

V A T H E K.

O heavens ! it is my Father !——

O S M I N.

My Lord, how are you determined ?

V A T H E K.

O Zulica !——Osmin, I shall follow your advice.

O S M I N.

Here comes the Caliph.

V A T H E K.

Osmin, watch your Father's motions attentively.

O S M I N.

Yes, my Lord.

SCENE IV.

THE CALIPH, THE VIZIER,
VATHEK, OSMIN.

VATHEK, *aside*.

I Tremble!

THE CALIPH, *at the bottom of the stage, aside, to the Vizier.*

Yes, I will restrain myself, I promise you.

OSMIN, *low, to the Prince.*

My Lord, my Father, by his signal, says you may speak. Farewell, summon up all your courage. — (*He goes out.*)

VATHEK, *aside*.

What shall I say? — How shall I conduct myself? — Ah! without Almanzor I cannot step with safety! —

THE CALIPH, *advancing*.

Osmin has just left you, my Son; I observe, that in company you are enraged against

him, and immediately after, you hold a long conversation together.

V A T H E K.

It is true, my Lord.

T H E C A L I P H.

From whence then, does your anger against Ofmin proceed ?

V A T H E K.

My Lord, it is dispelled ; I have acknowledged my injustice.

T H E C A L I P H.

But what was the occasion ?

T H E V I Z I E R.

Speak, my Lord ; speak with confidence, to the best of Fathers.——

V A T H E K, *throwing himself at the feet
of the Caliph.*

Ah, my Lord, I implore your indulgence, your pity!——It is true, O my Father, that I have presumed to yield to a passion which you undoubtedly will disapprove.

A COMEDY.

223

THE CALIPH.

You love Zulica?

VATHEK.

Yes, my Lord, I own it.

THE CALIPH, *coldly*.

Rise up.

VATHEK, *aside*.

What severity in his looks!——

THE VIZIER, *aside*.

At last the blow is struck! my project succeeds.——

THE CALIPH.

You love Zulica!——And how long have you loved her?

THE VIZIER.

Probably, from his infancy?

VATHEK, *aside*.

Undoubtedly the Vizier advises me to give that answer.——Alas, I do not know what to say!——

THE CALIPH.

Why don't you answer?

V A T H E K.

My Lord—I have loved her ever since
I knew myself.

T H E V I Z I E R, *to the Caliph.*

It must be owned, my Lord, that Zulica, by her charms, her virtues and accomplishments, fully justifies the passion of the Prince : it is said; that Almanzor has taken peculiar pains to form her understanding and her manners ; the Prince found in her, all the instruction which he himself received ; for beauty alone could not have seduced him ; that triumph was reserved for the assemblage of all those extraordinary qualities which shine in Zulica.

T H E C A L I P H.

Go, my Son, go and find Almanzor ; bring him hither ; I will explain my sentiments to you in his presence ; but I enjoin you to say nothing of my purpose.

V A T H E K.

My Lord, I will obey.—But can I hope for pardon ?——

A C O M E D Y, 225

The CALIPH.

I have neither anger nor resentment against you.

V A T H E K.

Alas, my Lord, may I speak it? your anger would perhaps less affect me than this distant and severe reserve.

The CALIPH.

'Tis enough. Go and find Almanzor.

V A T H E K, *aside*.

Ah, I am ruined.—O my dear Almanzor, what have I done!——(*He goes out.*)

S C E N E V.

The CALIPH, The VIZIER.

The VIZIER.

Well, my Lord, you see I am not deceived in my conjectures.—Notwithstanding my esteem for Almanzor, when my son informed me of the manner in which the young Prince behaved to him in his first

emotions, I plainly perceived that love alone was the cause, and that this love was the work of Almanzor. You have heard the Prince declare he has loved Zulica from his infancy ; Almanzor is too penetrating not to have observed it in a young heart which has been formed by himself ; he has not opposed this growing passion, but, on the contrary, seems to have employed his whole attention to give it strength, and then with disdain rejects my alliance, without assigning any reason for his refusal ; upon which, the Prince, guided solely by him, acquaints you with his passion !—Is it possible after this to doubt of the ambition and rash projects of Almanzor ?

The C A L I P H.

Spare yourself the trouble of collecting all these circumstances, they present themselves unsought for to my mind. I expect Almanzor, and I will not judge him without a hearing.

The V I Z I E R.

What can he say, my Lord, in his vindication ?

A C O M E D Y.

227

The C A L I P H.

Whatever appearances may be, we ought to hear before we condemn; that is undoubtedly the first duty of him who has the power to punish. Did I not just now see Boulaski; did I not hear what he had to say? Though I had seen the proof of his perfidy written with his own hand, yet the thought of its being possible that the character might be forged, made me resolve to hear him; and now that I have heard the confession of his guilt from his own mouth, my mind is at ease.—Shall I do less for Almanzor, for a friend whom I have loved so long?—I, who would not slightly condemn only in my own mind, the meanest of my subjects?—

The V I Z I E R.

My Lord, I see that the excess of my zeal has only served to lead me astray. I imagined such information might be useful; but I have attended less to prudence than to my duty.—Almanzor will deny that he knew of the Prince's passion, and——

P ij

The CALIPH.

And you think it will be easy for him to impose upon me ? You attack only my understanding, and have no apprehensions but from the goodness of my heart : I pardon you without hesitation. But you may depend upon it, that if his defence rests only upon the pretended ignorance of my son's sentiments, I will not believe him, for I am certain he must have known them.

The VIZIER.

Well, and what other reason can he give ?

The CALIPH.

I do not know ; but, in one word, I wish him to defend himself.—Here he comes.]

The VIZIER.

Shall I retire, my Lord ?

The CALIPH.

No, remain here.—It is he, (*aside.*)—O God, if I am worthy of having a friend, may Almanzor be able to justify himself !

The V I Z I E R, *afide.*

In spite of me, I am uneasy at this explanation.

The C A L I P H.

Here he comes, I am exceedingly disturbed.—

S C E N E VI.

The C A L I P H, The V I Z I E R, A L M A N Z O R, V A T H E K.

V A T H E K, *afide.*

Alas, I can scarcely breathe !

The C A L I P H.

Come Almanzor.—Has my son said any thing to you ?

A L M A N Z O R.

No, my Lord ; but I observe distress in his countenance, the cause of which I hope you will deign to explain.

The C A L I P H.

Almanzor !—Is it certain that you are without disquiet ?

ALMANZOR.

My Lord, you are agitated—the Prince trembles; I see he is in tears. I can plainly perceive that some attempt has been made to injure me with you, and perhaps I can guess the whole truth.—But, my Lord, before I offer to justify myself by facts, permit me to remind you, that for ten years Almanzor has been honoured with the title of your friend; has not your own great soul, my Lord, justified me in secret? Do you think it possible that an ambitious hypocrite could feign sincerity, moderation, and disinterestedness for ten years together?—No, my Lord, I am not intimidated; I shall only be surprised and afflicted if you can doubt my fidelity.

The CALIPH.

No, I do not doubt; no, my dear Almanzor.—I am not afraid to own to you, that I have been uneasy several times this day by a number of concurring circumstances, which

A C O M E D Y. 238

seemed to depose against you; but still friendship overcame distrust, and at this moment, convinced of your innocence, I only desire an explanation, that I may see you triumph in the eyes of the world.

The VIZIER, *aside*,

I can scarce restrain myself,—

V A T H E K,

O my father!—

The C A L I P H.

Speak then, my dear Almanzor.—My son loves Zulica; he has acknowledged it to me.—

A L M A N Z O R,

My Lord, I pray you pardon this imprudence, which has not originated with himself; it is certainly the effect of bad counsels.—

The C A L I P H.

But was his love unknown to you?

A L M A N Z O R.

No, my Lord; I have known it from the beginning.—

The VIZIER, *aside*.

After this what can he possibly say to vindicate himself?——

The CALIPH.

And you have refused Zulica to the son of the Vizier.—Almanzor, you may have your choice in my court, of a husband for Zulica, and I desire her hand for whomsoever you think most deserving; but I insist upon your choice being declared this day.

V A T H E K, *aside*.

Ah! my God!——

A L M A N Z O R,

My Lord, it is impossible for me to obey you.

V A T H E K, *aside*.

What do I hear!——

The VIZIER, *low to the Caliph*.

Well, my Lord, does not this excessive presumption open your eyes?

The CALIPH, *after a short silence*.

Yes, friendship informs me—Almanzor

A C O M E D Y. 233

has discharged his duty ; Zulica is no longer free.——

ALMANZOR, *throwing himself at the Caliph's feet.*

O thou best of princes ; when every appearance was against me, you alone have the penetration to see into the truth which justifies me !——

The VIZIER.

How is this !——

VATH EK.

What ? Zulica.——

ALMANZOR.

Zulica, has been privately married to Nadir, the son of Jaffier, these two months.

VATH EK.

O heavens !——

The CALIPH.

Dear Almanzor !——

The VIZIER, *aside.*

What an unexpected stroke !

The CALIPH.

Ah ! my son !——he turns pale, he staggers.——

ALMANZOR, *supporting him in his arms.*

Ah, my Lord!

V A T H E K, *to Almanzor.*

Cruel man, leave me!

ALMANZOR, *to Vathek.*

What, my Lord, would you by a shameful weakness disappoint the hopes I have conceived from your growing virtues?—Can that which justifies me, occasion despair in you? Is love stronger in your heart than friendship, than gratitude? Yes, gratitude, my Lord, I dare repeat it, 'tis what you owe me: a boundless attachment should inspire such a sentiment,

V A T H E K.

Almanzor, if I can acquit myself by loving you, you will have no cause to reproach me; but give me leave at least, to shed those tears I can no longer restrain.

The V I Z I E R.

To conclude all; Almanzor, know your

A C O M E D Y. 235

accuser ; it was I who believed you guilty—
it was I who impeached you.—

V A T H E K, *aside*,

What perfidy !

A L M A N Z O R, *to the Vizier*.

You did your duty.

The C A L I P H.

And I will do mine.—But Almanzor, proceed and satisfy my curiosity ; why did you conceal from me the marriage of Zulica ?

A L M A N Z O R.

My Lord, the Princess, your mother, desired I would spare you the vexation of making you acquainted with the Prince's weakness ; you left me absolute master of the destiny of my daughter ; for a long time I was resolved to give her to Nadir, and as he has but little fortune, I own I was afraid that your kindness to me would make you disapprove of the match ; but so soon as I perceived the error of the Prince, I caused Nadir to return privately ; he married Zulica, and immediately departed. Regard for the

Prince, made me think it would be proper to conceal the marriage for some time. Zulica was soon to have followed her husband, but her departure was delayed by the illness of the Princess your mother; however, a day was at last fixed, we had found a pretence for her journey, and I proposed, after some months absence, to declare the truth.

The C A L I P H.

But my son, you told me that you loved Zulica from your infancy?

V A T H E K.

My Lord, I will no longer conceal any thing from you; I thought the Vizier was in my interest, but he exasperated you, and deceived me.—

The V I Z I E R.

My Lord!—

V A T H E K, *to the Vizier.*

At least spare your interruption.—I only mean that you should be known; I might perhaps have been desirous of another kind of vengeance, but you have nothing to fear;

Almanzor has taught me to pardon treachery, and nothing was wanting to his glory but to see me generous. You may be easy; that single idea has the most powerful effect upon me, and shall guard me from anger and resentment.

The VIZIER, *aside*.

This is too much, I cannot endure such contempt!—(*He moves some steps to go away.*)

The CALIPH; to the Vizier.

Stop and hear him; you shall answer afterwards.

The VIZIER, *aside*.

What terrible constraint!

VATHER.

Deceived by an artful question from the Vizier, which I imagined was intended as advice, I told you, my Lord, that I had loved Zulica from my infancy; and, without knowing it, I by this answer, made Almanzor appear more guilty in your eyes; but this unhappy passion is only of three months standing, and it was Osmin, the son of the Vizier, who first made me know it; if it had not been for

him, perhaps I should never have ventured to own it to myself. Osmin always praising Zulica; speaking of nothing but her charms and her virtues, let me know that he suspected my sentiments. I heard him at first with indifference, then with perplexity, but afterwards his discourse gave me inexpressible disquiet. He taught me to know that I was in love; he did still more, he extorted from me the confession of it. Yesterday, being overcome by his importunity, I entrusted him with that unhappy secret, which he was anxious to obtain for no purpose but immediately to reveal it. In short, this very day, my Lord, he pressed me most earnestly, to declare my sentiments to you, persuading me to conceal this proceeding from Almanzor, and at the same time, promising that the Vizier should support me with all his credit. This, my Lord, is the exact truth.

THE CALIPH.

I observe, my son, that the insinuations of Osmin have been the principal cause of your weakness. It is in this manner that courtiers frequently flatter the passions of Princes, and

even are the cause of them, that they may either become their confidants, or secure their own success in some secret intrigue.

The VIZIER, *to the Caliph.*

My Lord, I plainly foresee my disgrace; deign to declare your pleasure; I am prepared to meet my fate, and hope at least to suffer with courage.

ALMANZOR, *to the Caliph.*

Ah, my Lord, think of the services of the Vizier; recollect that his valour has more than once been useful to the state; he has shed his blood for you; he has discharged the duties of the employment with which you have honoured him, most nobly; shall his particular dislike of one man, annihilate the merit of so many illustrious actions in your eyes? What is it to the state, that the Vizier hates Almanzor?—Besides, his hatred was only founded in error; he thought me capable of mad ambition, but in time he will know, my Lord, that the reputation of being a man of honour, and the friendship of such a Prince as you, is sufficient to gratify the ambition of

an elevated mind. But my zeal transports and misleads me ; it has made me for a moment forget that I am speaking to the most equitable and enlightened of Princes, and that to him such counsels are unnecessary.

The CALIPH, to the Vizier.

Such has ever been the language of Almanzor in your favour, and even at the very time when you was giving vent to your hatred against him ! His honour and his generosity procure him sufficient vengeance against his enemies—I owe gratitude for your services ; continue your employment, and if you still wish for the friendship of your sovereign, imitate Almanzor ; he has set you an example of those virtues by which it is to be obtained. And you, my son, follow me to my mother ; shew her that you have courage which she could not have expected at your age, yet might have been hoped for from the cares of Almanzor. Come and see Zulica for the last time, bid her farewell, and promise to love the valuable husband whom she has chosen ; in short, come and prove

A C O M E D Y. 241

by a generous command of your own passions,
that you will one day be worthy to reign.

V A T H E K.

Yes, my Lord, you revive my soul.—How
mean should I be, if, between my father and
Almanzor, I should be found deficient in
courage and generosity. They inspire me
with those virtues which they teach!—Yes,
I will see Zulica without weakness; I will
love the husband of Zulica!—Can I envy
the happiness of Nadir!—Nadir, who was so
dear to me!—Nadir, who never spoke to me
but the language of truth.—Come, my Lord,
I burn with impatience to follow you.—

The C A L I P H.

Come, my son; come, my dear Almanzor.—

V A T H E K, *aside, in going out.*

O Zulica! I will at least prove to you that I
was not unworthy of your love! (*They go out.*)

S C E N E VII.

The V I Z I E R, *alone after a short silence.*

So then, the fruit of all my politics and intrigues, hath been a splendid triumph for Almanzor!—He has overturned all my ideas.—Must plain and steady probity always defeat the deepest plots of art?—and is there no way of being happy but by being upright?—My son!—I have ruined him with the Prince, and for some time must move him to a distance from court.—Let me go and find him.—May this sad proof strike him as it has me, and convince him that the man of virtue and rectitude cannot fail to disconcert and defeat evasion, intrigue, envy, and hatred.

(He goes out.)

T H E E N D.

THE
FALSE FRIENDS,
A COMEDY.
IN TWO ACTS.

Qij

THE PERSONS.

Earl FAULKLAND.

Lord WINFORD, *his son.*

Marquis of WALWORTH.

DORSET, }
WILMORE, } *Friends of Lord Winford.*

DANIEL, *Lord Winford's valet de chambre.*

PETER, *Lord Winford's running-footman.*

Scene is in the Earl's house, in Paris.



THE
FALSE FRIENDS,
A COMEDY.

—The friendships of the world are oft'
Confederacies in vice, or leagues of pleasure.

CATO.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

The Stage represents a Saloon.

DANIEL, PETER.

DANIEL, *holding a paper.*

SO Peter, this is your accompt which you were so unwilling to give me ; you were afraid that I would examine it too closely, and no doubt would have been much better pleased to have settled it with my Lord,

Q iij

PETER.

To be sure, it is best to have only to do with our masters.—

DANIEL.

Yes, no doubt, especially when they happen to be only just of age ; they don't look quite so narrowly into their affairs as an old affectionate valet de chambre : is it not so ?— But let us see this accompt.—

PETER.

You will please to take notice, Mr. Daniel, that it is the expence of two months.—

DANIEL. (*He puts on his Spectacles.*)

Yes, yes.—(*He reads aloud*) For a nosegay of artificial roses, nine shillings.—The twelfth, for two branches of hyacinth, three shillings.—The twentieth, for six anemonies.—By heavens you have a great love for flowers !

PETER.

Yet for all that they do not exceed five guineas.—

D A N I E L.

To be sure, that is but a trifle.—Come, come, we must have patience. *He continues to read.*) *For six pair of silk stockings, two pounds fourteen shillings.—For eight pair of shoes embroidered with spangles, three pounds twelve shillings.—For a rose-coloured feather—for a white feather—for a black and blue plume, four guineas.*—What the devil is all this ! the keeping a fine girl would not be more expensive, than keeping you at this rate ! What folly !—

P E T E R.

I assure you, however, that I am a very great œconomist ; only ask Mr. Wilmore what Roseville, his running-footman, costs him, and you will see the difference.

D A N I E L.

Well, I should think that he might do without a running-footman.—

P E T E R.

That is easily said, but happily all the world don't think as you do ; I would have

Q iij

you to know, Mr. Daniel, that a young Lord, now a days, without a huntsman and a running-footman, is a body without a soul.—Mr. Wilmore, that he might keep Roseville, parted with the best cook in all Paris. I am sure of that.

DANIEL.

I suppose his guests will not approve of the sacrifice. But hush, I hear the Earl's voice.—Go and wait for me in my chamber, I will be with you presently.—(*Peter goes out.*) What pleasure can there be in spending two hundred pounds a year upon such an useless animal as that fellow !—

S C E N E II.

Earl FAULKLAND, the MARQUIS,
DANIEL.

Earl FAULKLAND.

Daniel, go and see how my son is employed, and learn from him what his purposes are for the day.

DANIEL.

Yes, my Lord. (*He goes out.*)

The MARQUIS.

I beg of you, my dear Lord, that you will be discreet; do not speak to him of the signing the articles; I propose to myself a very singular pleasure in enjoying his surprize.—

Earl FAULKLAND.

Certainly his joy will be equal to your's. His love for your charming daughter is inexpressible.—

The MARQUIS.

And Eugenia, for her part, prefers him to all the world.

Earl FAULKLAND.

I am persuaded she will never repent of having condescended to make him the object of her choice. My son is not without his faults, and I have not concealed them from you : the excessive gentleness of his temper makes him sometimes too easily led away, and the goodness of his heart, often exposes him to dangerous credulity. His matchless candour and sincerity lead him to judge of others from himself ; he not only suspects no one of dishonesty, but scarcely thinks that such a mean vice exists. Such a degree of candour no doubt exposes him to great inconveniences ; but this valuable quality is so estimable and engaging, that it is only with the most delicate caution that any attempt should be made to moderate its excess. Nothing is so disgusting to the youthful mind as distrust, and he who at twenty sees mankind what they really are, will be a determined misanthrope at forty. However, as the most important lesson is to be ingenuous, I have been at pains to inculcate it ; yet, at the same time, I have not concealed from him,

that there are perverse corrupted minds to be met with in the world; but considering the purity of his heart, I have but slightly glanced at those cruel and horrid pictures, those afflicting and frequently exaggerated details, which only serve to blacken the ideas, and contaminate the mind of the young man for whose instruction they are intended.

The MARQUIS.

I think as you do, and the conformity of our sentiments on education, was the first motive which determined me to make you the offer of my daughter. You dealt so honourably with me as to acquaint me with your son's faults, and particularly the growing passion he seemed to have for play, which occasioned our imposing an eighteen months test of his forbearance. A year of this agreement has already elapsed, and I am so affected with the punctuality with which he has kept his word, his attachment to Eugenia, and the friendship he testifies for me, that I am resolved no longer to defer his happiness; besides, you have assured me that he never had a real passion for play.—

Earl FAULKLAND.

Yes, he played only from fashion and from foible. He is well informed, and can employ his time rationally; he has a good understanding, and elevated sentiments, and with such qualities people rarely become professed gamesters. But at his entering into the world, he found the taste for play so general, he saw so many people plume themselves on the reputation of playing deep, and in fact, without any other merit, being well received and courted in the best company, that want of reflection, so common at his age, bad example, and a childish vanity, easily got the better of his own reason and my counsels.

The MARQUIS.

Truly, they must have but very little reflection, who can be seduced by the supposed estimation which gamesters conceive themselves to hold in society. Their company is desired, not for their agreeable talents, or the charms of their conversation; but to place them round a table, to win their money, and if possible, to

ruin them; these are the only motives for their being courted. Their vanity must be very ingenious who can be proud of a success which is only the effect of such a cause.

Earl FAULKLAND.

In short, my son, at present, thinks on that subject as we do; I am certain, that for a whole year he has not played once; but it is likewise true, that he has had few opportunities of being tempted. He was upon his travels last winter; he then passed four months with his regiment in a garrison, where play did not prevail: he has been only two months returned to Paris; therefore, to confirm his conversion, perhaps it will be right to wait the return of spring, and let him pass the winter.—

The MARQUIS.

My dear Lord, I perfectly understand your delicacy, and that exact and scrupulous probity, which always inspires you with a dread of abusing the confidence that is placed in you: for my part, I am without the least apprehension, and will no longer defer a union from which I expect all the happiness of my

life. Your son is become as dear to me as he can be to you ; I find but one thing blameable in his conduct, and I intended to consult you upon that head ; it is the intimate connection he keeps up with two giddy young people, who don't appear to me to deserve his friendship.

Earl F A U L K L A N D.

You mean Wilmore and Dorset ?

The M A R Q U I S.

The same ; especially the first, who is a professed gamester ; but they are both so silly and self-sufficient !——

Earl F A U L K L A N D.

I own it ; but my son is now of age ; he has been used to company from four years old, I cannot hinder him from living with young people of his own age ; he has been much sought after by Dorset and Wilmore, who, at least by their birth, make a part of what is called *good company* ; besides, my son is persuaded that in them he has two sincere friends. It would be a vain attempt to dissuade him,

and therefore I resolved to encourage both of them to come to my house, that my son may gradually observe the striking follies which so abound in them, and I hope by this method imperceptibly to open his eyes.

The M A R Q U I S.

Well, I trust entirely to you, and persist in my design for this evening.

Earl F A U L K L A N D.

Have you reflected sufficiently ?

The M A R Q U I S.

Yes, yes, I am absolutely determined, and I am now going to my lawyer.—

Earl F A U L K L A N D.

I am overjoyed I own.—

The M A R Q U I S.

I look upon this day as the most pleasing of my life.—

Earl F A U L K L A N D.

And my son !—what must his transports be !—

The M A R Q U I S.

But I pray you, let us be cautious.—

Earl F A U L K L A N D.

Don't be uneasy? I warrant you.—

The M A R Q U I S.

You will call upon me precisely at eight o'clock, to bring me—here?

Earl F A U L K L A N D.

What, will not the explanation be made in the presence of Eugenia?

The M A R Q U I S.

By no means; her modest timidity is not unknown to you; it is her desire that the secret may be revealed to your son at your house; undoubtedly she is afraid lest she should appear too much affected upon the occasion; let us spare her delicacy.—

Earl F A U L K L A N D.

Ah! my Lord, the source is too pure not to be respected!—this amiable bashfulness is the most captivating grace with which a woman can be embellished; it is the certain

pledge of virtue and innocence. Coquetry, in attempting to please or seduce, is frequently obliged to assume its appearance, and the most refined art chiefly consists in being able to counterfeit it.

The M A R Q U I S.

Well, I will go and let my daughter know that every thing is settled according to her desire.—But did I shew you the nuptial present I have destined for your son ?

Earl F A U L K L A N D.

No, my Lord.

The M A R Q U I S.

'Tis the picture of Eugenia; it is finely executed, but before I give it him, I want to know if he will be pleased with the likeness. But we will talk of that by and by; farewell till the evening.—

Earl F A U L K L A N D.

I will certainly be with you before eight o'clock.

(The Marquis goes out.)

VOL. III.

R

Earl FAULKLAND, *alone.*

Worthy man!—What a happiness for me to obtain such a father-in-law, and such a charming wife for my son!

SCENE III.

Earl FAULKLAND, DANIEL.

Earl FAULKLAND.

Well, Daniel, what does my son say are his engagements for the day?

DANIEL.

By my faith, my Lord, it was no easy matter to come at the knowledge of that; there is Mr. Dorset, and Mr. Wilmore with him, who make such a rout in his chamber.—

Earl FAULKLAND,

Well, is he preparing to go abroad?

DANIEL.

Yes, my Lord, they are going to the Little Dunkirk to buy buckles and buttons; and then to Boulogne-wood, and then to tennis,

where they are to dine and dress; after that they go to the Italian Comedy, from thence to the Colisée, from that to the Rope-Dancers, then sup at the Palais Royal, and conclude the day at the Opera.

Earl FAULKLAND.

Upon my word, there seems to be complete employment for one day!—

DANIEL.

Yes, indeed; but there were so many particulars that I have forgot two or three—they talked of having a reveillon * after the ball.—

Earl FAULKLAND.

Go, and desire my son to come to me.—

DANIEL.

He told me, that before he goes out he will wait upon your Lordship.—O here he comes.

Earl FAULKLAND.

Leave us. *(Daniel goes out.)*

* A Reveillon, is a diversion common in France after midnight mas.

SCENE IV.

Earl FAULKLAND, Lord WINFORD.

Earl FAULKLAND.

Come hither, my son.—(*He looks at his watch.*) It is now mid-day, and Daniel tells me you are going out, and not to return till fix to-morrow morning. —

Lord WINFORD.

It is true, I have promised.—

Earl FAULKLAND.

And have you formed to yourself a very pleasing idea of a day to be so spent?—

Lord WINFORD.

Ah, by no means my Lord, I assure you.—

Earl FAULKLAND.

Why then employ it in such a trifling manner, if you have not even the expectation of some transient amusement?—It is, because it has been proposed to you, and you have

not resolution to resist ; is not that the case ? —Complaisance is undoubtedly one of those qualities which every man should carry into society ; but at the same time he should know its proper bounds, for really it is pushing attention and politeness to a very great length, to sacrifice four and twenty hours together to the whims of other people.—Besides, my son, to dedicate a whole day to idle dissipation, without reserving at least two or three hours for your own instruction, is not keeping your promise with me. By embracing such a way of life, how can you hope to cultivate your understanding, improve your knowledge, learn your profession, or become a valuable member of society, and a distinguished officer ?

Lord W I N F O R D.

I do not propose to get into such a habit, for I naturally love to be reasonably employed.—

Earl F A U L K L A N D.

Yes; but that desire is speedily extinguished

if it is not kept up with the greatest care ;
and to maintain it, one invariable rule should
be laid down, never to lose a whole day.

Lord WINFORD.

Well, my Lord, it will give me no pain
to renounce this engagement ; I will dine at
home, and only go to meet them for a few
minutes at tennis.—

Earl FAULKLAND.

No, no ; go with them, and don't break
your appointment ; but be here by half an
hour after seven, and I will carry you with
me to the Marquis of Walworth's.

Lord WINFORD.

What ! shall I be admitted there this
evening ? I thought that Eugenia was gone
to see her aunt at St. Germain's.—

Earl FAULKLAND.

But instead of that her aunt is here.—

Lord WINFORD.

Ah, my God ! and with a chance of

seeing Eugenia, I had disposed of my whole day!—What do I not owe you, my dear father, for having told me?—

Earl FAULKLAND.

You still love her then with the same ardour?

Lord WINFORD.

Love her!—Ah, my whole happiness is in the hope of obtaining her, and rendering myself worthy of her.—Alas! I must still wait six months, six long months.—Do you imagine, my dear father, that the Marquis of Walworth will not abridge this long, cruel proof?—

Earl FAULKLAND.

No, no; do not flatter yourself with such a hope; you will find him inflexible on that head. You know the fixed aversion he has against gamesters; you formerly loved play, you have promised to renounce it; he only required a proof of eighteen months, to which you consented, and ought to submit without murmuring. Besides, the Marquis of Walworth, while he dreads that you still retain a

passion for play, entertains no sort of doubt of your probity; he does not watch your conduct, employs no spies to observe your proceedings, but places an entire confidence in your honour.

Lord WINFORD.

Indeed, my dear father, he only does me justice, I am incapable of deceiving him; if I had the misfortune to play and lose more than the covenanted sum, I should at least have the candour to own it;—but I am certain that my sincerity will never be put to that severe proof.—The sacrifice which he requires of me costs so little.—yet what sacrifice could be a hardship, with such a promised recompence?—I protest, that without pain, or without any effort, I never play but when complaisance to society makes it a duty, and for a whole year I have not lost the moderate sum to which you have limited me.

Earl FAULKLAND.

Persevere in that conduct, my son; it will

be the more estimable in you, as you have two professed gamesters for your friends.—

Lord W I N F O R D.

Dorset is not a gamester.—

Earl F A U L K L A N D.

He is too much so for his fortune; and Wilmore?—

Lord W I N F O R D.

It is true, he loves play, but I have seen him oftener than once lay down a resolution to renounce it.

Earl F A U L K L A N D.

Yes, when he has had a run of bad luck.—Besides, how can he employ his time if he does not play? He has neither instruction, conversation, attachment, nor a fortune to lose; for it is said that he is totally ruined; so that if I was his friend, I should look upon his playing with as much indifference as I should feel real vexation to see an amiable, worthy, sensible man, give himself up to such a fatal passion; often the effect of idleness, but strengthened by avarice, kept up by

foolish hopes, and which in the end opens the heart to admit the violent mean desires of covetousness, that neither respects friendship, nor any other ties, and seeking success in the misfortunes of others, by a just punishment, finds nothing at last after all his misconduct, but ruin and repentance.

Lord WINFORD.

I hope, Wilmore will escape such a dreadful destiny; it is true that he has no instruction, but he has an excellent heart; he has such captivating gaiety and simplicity of character.—

Earl FAULKLAND.

That is to say, he is giddy and inconsiderate; speaks without reflection whatever comes in his head, and is very noisy and unpolite: this is what you call simplicity, which is precisely *the simplicity* of which he should get rid. It is common enough to see that the just aversion which is inspired by pedantry, occasions the falling into the opposite extreme, and leads weak minds to praise ignorance and rusticity; but good taste should

preserve us from either excess, and teach us not to esteem instruction but in proportion as it is stript of parade and affectation; and not to love a simplicity which does not make its appearance under an agreeable form.

Lord W I N F O R D.

I am sorry, my dear father, to see you have such strong prejudices against Wilmore and Dorset; especially the last; I am sure if you knew him you would love him; he has such sensibility, such a warmth of friendship!—

Earl F A U L K L A N D.

Yes, *warmth, force, enthusiasm*, these are his expressions, and you let yourself be taken with such balderdash! you will one day know that that pompous language is not the language of the heart. Sentiment frequently gives sublime ideas, but they are always expressed with simplicity!—In short, I must own to you, that your two friends have a horrid vice, which must make them always insupportable in my eyes.—

Lord WINFORD.

What is it my Lord?

Earl FAULKLAND.

'Tis foppery.—

Lord WINFORD.

Dorset is too much in love to be a coxcomb,
my Lord!—

Earl FAULKLAND.

Why truly, you are right, one cannot be
in love and at the same time a coxcomb;
but your friend is not capable of feeling a
true passion.

Lord WINFORD.

Dear Sir, I assure you—

Earl FAULKLAND.

You are his confidant, and I am not; but
what will you say, if I tell you I know all his
pretended secrets as well as you?

Lord WINFORD.

I own I can scarce believe it.—

Earl FAULKLAND.

He always carries about with him two pictures of the same person; the one in a ring, the other in a pocket-book; he has hair and a cypher hangs at his watch; the hair is black—and to give you a more particular detail, the picture in the ring is drawn in profile, and the one in the pocket-book, represents the person in a masquerade dress. Now do you think I am well informed?—

Lord WINFORD.

I am astonished! how is this possible?—

Earl FAULKLAND.

Now, my son, I appeal to yourself, whether the man who is capable of such indiscretion, and who, to gratify a contemptible vanity, divulges a secret which he has promised to keep, who betrays at once both honour and confidence; judge, I say, if such a man has either worth or sensibility, or deserves to be esteemed!

Lord WINFORD.

I am confounded ; but however I cannot persuade myself that Dorset has a bad heart —there must be something in this which I cannot comprehend, but he will explain it.

Earl FAULKLAND.

I very much question his being able to justify himself.—But I hear a noise, somebody is coming.—

Lord WINFORD.

Certainly it is Dorset and Wilmore coming to find me.—My Lord, I will dine at home ; at what o'clock shall we go to the Marquis's ?

Earl FAULKLAND.

At eight ; I shall go out, but will return to take you with me. Farewell, I see your friends ; I leave you. *(He goes out.)*

Lord WINFORD.

I am impatient to have an explanation with Dorset.—I shall be excessively grieved to forego the esteem I have for him.—

S C E N E V.

Lord WINFORD, DORSET, WILMORE.

W I L M O R E.

What have you been doing my Lord ? It is past one o'clock, let us go.—but I have something to tell you first. I have made a rare discovery, Dorset is a *Gluckist* ; we have just now had a dispute about music, a dispute even to quarreling.—Your prudent valet, Daniel, quite terrified at our noise, ran to part us ; he really thought we were going to fight.—

L O R D W I N F O R D.

What folly !—But how could you fettle such a discussion ; neither of you know any thing of music ?

D O R S E T.

No matter for that. We can bawl and exclaim : *O that is detestable*, or *that is admirable*.

That is all that is wanted to maintain such kind of disputes.

WILMORE.

You think, perhaps, that to speak properly, and judge rationally of music, one must be a musician?—What prejudices!—I don't know a single note, yet ask Dorset how I can reason and converse upon the subject. —I should not even fear you, my Lord, though you are a good musician, I can tell you that.—

LORD WINFORD.

I already beg for mercy, and own myself vanquished; I am so tired of this kind of conversation.—

DORSET.

Besides, Wilmore, my Lord, is of your opinion, he is for *Piccini*.

LORD WINFORD.

Who, I? by no means.

W I L M O R E.

How is this; another defterter!—My Lord,
you are not sincere; it was but the other
day you seemed delighted with Roland.

Lord W I N F O R D.

I allow I was so.

W I L M O R E.

Of course then Gluck is a *barbarian*.

Lord W I N F O R D.

There is a charming conclusion!

W I L M O R E.

I did not contrive it; the idea is not mine;
but however it is received.

D O R S E T.

But we must know those with whom we
live; explain yourself my Lord; are you a
Gluckist?

Lord W I N F O R D.

No.

W I L M O R E.

What are you then?

LORD WINFORD.

No party-man either for Gluck, or Piccini; that is to say, I am reasonable.

WILMORE.

What! without rank, without character, a mere nobody.—Alas, this is poor indeed!

LORD WINFORD.

But do you know why I am of no party? it is because I have a real love for music, and that this taste, founded on some little knowledge, saves me from those wretched prejudices to which both of you give yourselves up, and is the cause of your losing a great deal of pleasure.

DORSET.

But, however, you will allow, that it is impossible to admire two composers equally.—

LORD WINFORD.

Why not? Though their talents differ, may they not be equally admirable in their way?

W I L M O R E.

So, my Lord, you find that we party-leaders have not common sense ; that we are ignorant simpletons ?

Lord W I N F O R D.

I shall never make use of such expressions ; that is the language of passion and enthusiasm, which but too often forgets what is due to politeness and common decency. But reason is always indulgent in her decisions, and moderate in her criticisms.

W I L M O R E.

Perhaps, all the fruit that you will reap from your pretended prudence is the aversion of both parties.

Lord W I N F O R D.

The dread of being treated with injustice, shall not debar me from speaking the truth.

D O R S E T.

For my part, I own I am too passionate

S ij

to have such moderation ; my temper is too fiery, and runs away with me.

WILMORE.

I know very well Dorset, the reason of your having become a Gluckist ; it is a love affair ; it has been required of you.—Come, come, confess ; besides it is no matter to be ashamed of.

DORSET.

What extravagance !—don't you speak of feeling, you know nothing of it.

WILMORE.

Can you say so, after what I told you in confidence yesterday !—When I am desperately in love—I shall tell this story to my Lord one of these days ; he will be much surprised—for the present, I am smitten and most seriously.—But what o'clock is it ? we forget ourselves, let us go to the Little Dunkirk. My Lord, I am impatient to shew you the buckles I bespoke. By-the-bye, have you seen my watch-chain ? (*He gives it him.*) Is it not very elegant ?

Lord W I N F O R D.

That hair is of a most beautiful colour !—

W I L M O R E, *with excessive affectation.*

That hair—is indeed so beautiful, it is almost an indiscretion to carry it about me, for I am afraid it will be known—that hair has no small reputation !—You admired it yesterday in the Park, my Lord.

Lord W I N F O R D, *surprised.*

How !

W I L M O R E.

For heaven's sake, my Lord, let it never pass your lips.

D O R S E T.

O, my Lord is discreet, I promise you. But pray, Wilmore, have you been invited to Madam Saint-Ange's ball.

W I L M O R E.

Yes, but I shan't go.

S iij

DORSET.

Why so?

WILMORE.

Because Madam Saint-Ange and I have had a sad falling out, and I must be obliged to hear her upbraidings.—However, I shall be prepared to give her her own; she is so whimsical, and such a coquet—

DORSET.

I saw you engaged with her for a moment.—

WILMORE.

Certainly; every coquet has a right to expect our attention, but as you say, it was only for a moment.—Besides, it is a subject sufficiently curious to observe, that a coquet—

DORSET.

But the enquiry is very soon made, and then they are all so much alike, that it is a constant repetition of the same thing.

WILMORE.

That is true; however it is very enter-

taining to make them believe that one is the dupe of their artifices, and all their little well known tricks, of which every individual of them imagines herself to have the honour of being the first contriver.—

D O R S E T.

For my part, I am quite tired of coquets.—

W I L M O R E.

They are so insipid in the long run, that is certain——

D O R S E T.

There is Hortensia, for example; did you ever know any thing so tiresome?

W I L M O R E.

She is very handsome, however.—

D O R S E T.

But all these airs; that perpetual attention to her dress?——

W I L M O R E.

You are an ungrateful fellow: does not all that affectation proceed from her desire to please us?

D O R S E T.

Very well ; and, in gratitude, I should be glad she were a little better instructed in her choice of the means.—

W I L M O R E.

But it requires abilities to choose, and she has not even common sense.—For my part, I love Hortensia very much ; I look at her, but I don't hearken to what she says, which is the more easy, as she speaks with such heedlessness she never hears any answer that is made her ; from time to time, however, I wake her attention by some encomium on her figure, or by criticising that of some other fine woman ; then she bursts into loud forced laughs : I admire her unaffected gaiety, and tell her that she is excessively captivating, and by this means we are very good friends.

D O R S E T.

But, my Lord, do you mind what Wilmore says—to tell Hortensia that she is captivating, and unaffected !—truly, the like was never heard.—

Lord W I N F O R D.

I can't say I think her entitled to that sort of praise.—

W I L M O R E.

But what would you have? I conform to the taste of the times. Every woman pretends to be *captivating, unaffected, and gay*. I know very well, that in former times, the way to please was by praising their modesty and reserve; but now a-days, timidity is only a disgrace, and mildness a proof of stupidity. In short, assurance, a bold decisive manner, loud and redoubled peals of laughter, are the only qualities by which a young and beautiful woman can be distinguished at present.

Lord W I N F O R D.

Why confound the whole sex with five or six of your acquaintance, who may resemble the picture you have drawn? For my part, I see many who have none of these ridiculous ways; it even seems to me that the general

education of the other sex is infinitely better attended to than that of the men. We are only taught Greek and Latin, which we forget; they acquire agreeable talents, which they retain; they are instructed to ~~express~~ themselves gracefully in their own language; they speak more pure, and certainly write much better than we *. They likewise have a better taste, more knowledge, they read more; in short, I think they are amply revenged for our criticisms, our insipid railleries, and dull declamations, by the remarkable superiority they have over us.

WILMORE.

So my Lord, you seem to be the zealous advocate of the ladies—but that is quite natural when a man is *deeply enamoured*.

LORD WINFORD.

Yes, that is true; when a man sincerely loves one woman, he respects the whole sex;

* The women are not compared here with the men as authors; it is meant only of people of fashion, and the epistolary style of writing.

F R I E N D S.

263

you turn them into ridicule, and I defend them; this is natural.

W I L M O R E.

I tell you, I am *in love* too; you won't believe me, but that is not my fault.—
Come let us be gone.—

Lord- W I N F O R D.

I am mighty sorry for it Wilmore, but I can't dine with you.—

D O R S E T.

How so?

W I L M O R E.

You let yourself be governed like a child;
I'll lay a wager your father has forbidden you to go with us?

Lord W I N F O R D.

He has certainly a right to command me, and undoubtedly I should conform to his orders; but on this occasion he has left me entirely to myself, and the truth is, I have some business.—

DORSET.

A love affair, I suppose?—

Lord WINFORD.

In short, it is impossible for me to go.

WILMORE.

At this rate, there is no depending on you.
—Where do you dine then?

Lord WINFORD,

At home.—

DORSET, to *Wilmore*.

I have a great mind to stay with him.—

WILMORE.

Come, with all my heart—as to tennis?—

DORSET.

We shall meet you there; shan't we, my
Lord?

Lord WINFORD.

Most willingly. You don't dine till three?

WILMORE.

No.—This is your final resolution?

Lord W I N F O R D.

Yes, indeed, as far as regards myself,

D O R S E T.

And I too.

W I L M O R E.

At what o'clock will you come to us?

Lord W I N F O R D.

At four.

W I L M O R E.

Very well.—Adieu.

D O R S E T, to *Wilmore*.

Hearkee—if you meet with Lady Harriot in the Park, tell her from me—

W I L M O R E.

What shall I tell her?—

D O R S E T.

Nothing, nothing—for now I think on't, I shall see her this evening at the ball.—

W I L M O R E.

How's this—a rendezvous at a ball?—is

it come to that ?—If this is known, you will get embroiled with a certain person.—

DORSET.

No raillery upon that head, Wilmore, I beg of you.

WILMORE.

O, I love that grave face to be sure !—well you are the greatest hypocrite !—You have no other commissions to give me ? Farewell, gentlemen, I wish you very happy. Reason, philosophize quite at your ease—but, my Lord, take care of Dorset ; I give you warning, he will certainly pervert you ; he is an admirable speaker, but however, I assure you his heart is no better than my own.—Adieu, till the evening.

(He goes out.)

S C E N E VI.

Lord WINFORD, DORSET.

D O R S E T.

What a sad head is that of Wilmore's.—

Lord WINFORD.

My dear Dorset, let us take the advantage of the present moment now we are alone.—

D O R S E T.

What have you to tell me?

Lord WINFORD.

What no doubt will very much distress you.—

D O R S E T.

You alarm me.—

Lord WINFORD.

The secrets you entrusted me with eight days ago, are known to every body; only think of my father being informed of even the most minute particular.—

DORSET.

What ! is that all ?

Lord WINFORD.

This indifference astonishes me.—

DORSET.

The indiscretion does not proceed from me, assure you. My heart, filled with a passion which has totally engrossed my thoughts, wanted to disclose its cares into the bosom of a friend, but I never spoke of the affair to any mortal except yourself, and was quite confounded and astonished on hearing some days ago, that it is known to all the world. From whence do you think the particulars have come ? from the very person who had the greatest reason to conceal them.—O, we have had such a scene upon that subject ?—Women are so imprudent !—I am quite enraged.—But is it my fault ?

Lord WINFORD.

It is very extraordinary that a woman should be so absurd !

D O R S E T.

They are all so.—The little vanity of fixing a man who has had some success in the world turns their heads.—Confidences take place; friends, either from levity or jealousy, cannot be silent, and every thing is known.—It is quite detestable, for me especially, who have been always passionately fond of mystery. But let us talk of your affairs, my dear Lord; when are you to be married?

L O R D W I N F O R D.

Alas! not these six months.

D O R S E T.

Lady Eugenia Walworth is a charming woman.—But her father is an original, whatever you may say to the contrary: as for example, his having restricted you at play is such a singular tyranny—and so absurd—For after all, when once you are married, you will be your own master.—

L O R D W I N F O R D.

But I shall never be my own master so as

to play; since I only am to have his daughter, on condition that I renounce play for life.

DORSET.

Then this Lady Eugenia Walworth must be an excellent match ?

LORD WINFORD.

Yes, for me, since I love her.—

DANIEL, *entering*.

My Lord, dinner is upon table.

DORSET.

Come then, let us go—but Daniel, will you tell my footman to go home and see if there are any letters for me.—(To Lord Winford.) You will allow me to write one after dinner, won't you ?—

LORD WINFORD.

Yes, yes, come let us go. *(They go out.)*

DANIEL, *alone*.

He would have it believed that he intends to write a line to his mistress, but I'd lay a

F R I E N D S. 291

wager it is only a letter to one of his creditors.

—By Jove, if I was a woman, such cox-combs should never please me!—I wish to heaven these idle sparks may not spoil my young master.—

(He goes out.)

End of the First Act.

T ij

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Earl FAULKLAND, DANIEL.

Earl FAULKLAND.

Yes, Daniel, I know your sincerity.—So you really don't see any alteration in the disposition of my son?—

DANIEL.

No; my Lord, he is still the same, honourable, good, and ingenuous, and loves Lady Eugenia more than he loves himself.—But he has two friends of a very different complexion;—and I am afraid that in time—

Earl FAULKLAND.

Hearkee, Daniel, I am obliged to go out, and certainly my son will be here before I can return;—let him see this picture.—(*He gives him a miniature.*) Tell him it has

been sent to me, to have my opinion of the likeness.—

DANIEL, *taking the picture.*
My God ! how striking !

Earl FAULKLAND.

And if my son does not return by seven o'clock, send to enquire for him at the Tennis-court; do you hear ?—

DANIEL.

Yes, my Lord. (*Earl Faulkland goes out.*)

S C E N E II.

DANIEL, *alone, looking at the picture.*

Ay, there she is !—with her shy little air,—and her large black brilliant eyes—but there is at once a look of malice and goodness.—upon my faith it is a charming picture—the setting too is so magnificent : God forgive me, it looks so like a wedding present !

However, I am told the marriage won't be till summer.—(*He looks at his watch.*) It is half an hour past five, and my Lord said he would be back by fix.—O, here he comes, I believe, for I hear his footman.

SCENE III.

DANIEL, PETER.

DANIEL.

Is my Lord coming, Peter?

PETER.

O, no, not so soon.—

DANIEL.

He is always at tennis.

PETER.

No, no, they played at tennis only a few minutes, and then went to Baron Albain's, who lives just by the Tennis-court, and who gives a grand dinner to-day.

DANIEL.

A dinner for play, I'll lay my life!—

PETER.

Yes; I am told, a grand company.—

DANIEL.

And is my Lord gone there?

PETER.

He did not like it; but when he went to the Tennis-court, he found a card of invitation to go there, and Mr. Dorset dragged him along against his inclination.

DANIEL.

And what brought you home?

PETER.

My Lord sent me to tell the coachman, not to come for him, because Mr. Wilmore will bring him home. But I can't find the coachman.

DANIEL.

He is above in the outer-room.—

PETER.

Very well, I'll find him.—(*He goes out.*)

SCENE IV.

DANIEL, *alone.*

This gambling dinner gives me a great deal of uneasiness!—Why did he suffer himself to be led there?—Surely, he will not play; but what folly to go and expose himself thus in gaiety of heart to temptation.—Somebody comes—how's this, 'tis he!—

SCENE V.

Lord WINFORD, WILMORE, DORSET,

DANIEL.

Lord WINFORD.

Daniel, give me the key of my closet.

DANIEL, *aside.*

How melancholy he looks!—(*He gives him the key.*) There it is, my Lord.

Lord WINFORD, *to Wilmore and Dorset.*

Wait here, I will be with you immediately.

(*He goes out.*)DANIEL, *aside.*I don't like this. (*He goes out.*)

S C E N E VI.

WILMORE, DORSET.

WILMORE.

Poor Lord Winford is sadly afflicted—he is afraid of his father!—But, Dorset, did you ever see such a run of bad luck as mine? At the very time that I won two thousand guineas from my intimate friend, I lost five thousand to that blockhead Albain!—a fellow I detest—that cursed *trente et quarante*, I never will play at it again!

DORSET.

You will be at it again to-morrow.

WILMORE.

No, not I.—What do you mean; I am ruined.—

DORSET.

The best reason in the world for playing.

WILMORE.

No, I am determined.—When I set out

in life, I had three thousand a year—and if you knew how little remains—Ah, if I could recover what I have lost, I swear I would give up play as long as I live!—It has cost me my fortune, ruined my health, and destroyed my peace of mind; in short, at a dear rate I am undeceived, disgusted, and tired out.—To lose five thousand guineas, to the Baron Albain!—an animal who has ten thousand a year.—the worst player—and who has given us a horrid bad dinner.—I am provoked I must own.—And you, Dorset, what have you done?

DORSET.

Nothing. I lost five hundred guineas, and won as many from Lord Winford.

WILMORE.

He owes you five hundred guineas?

DORSET.

Yes, indeed; and I am very much vexed at it, I assure you—yet it is better he should lose to me than another; at least I shall not press him for payment.

W I L M O R E.

That I suppose; united as we are, such conduct is no more than our duty. But however, when on the other hand one has debts, and these debts are debts of honour, such as those of play, honour must in that case take place of friendship.—

D O R S E T.

Certainly; and on that head I have the most scrupulous delicacy.—But Lord Winford is going to be married.—

W I L M O R E.

What fortune is he to get with his wife?

D O R S E T.

A thousand a year at most, I believe.—

W I L M O R E.

That is not much—he will have fifteen hundred himself!

D O R S E T.

Yes—and very great expectations, besides—

WILMORE.

He certainly might have made a more advantageous match.

DORSET.

But he is in love.—

WILMORE.

And naturally of a romantic turn—besides, his head is filled with prejudices.—

DORSET.

His talents are but indifferent.

WILMORE.

Yes, and I believe we shall find it a difficult matter to mould him—what do you think?

DORSET.

Hush—here he comes.

S C E N E VII.

Lord WINFORD, DORSET, WILMORE.

Lord WINFORD, *to Dorset.*

There are three hundred guineas, and to-morrow I shall pay the remainder.

DORSET, *taking the money.*

I assure you, my friend, I receive this money with more vexation than you could have in losing it.——

Lord WINFORD, *to Wilmore.*

Depend upon it; Wilmore, you shall be paid to-morrow.

WILMORE.

My God! I very well know your scrupulous delicacy.—Truly, I shall never forgive myself for having engaged you to play; I was in hopes you would have been a winner; I was desirous that you should win back your loss.—Ask Dorset what I have been just now saying upon that head.——

DORSET.

He is truly grieved.—

LORD WINFORD.

I don't know for what ; it is of so little importance.—

DORSET.

Certainly the loss is very considerable for one that never plays ; but as to the thing itself it is not of sufficient consequence to make a noise ; so that you have no reason to be afraid, my Lord, that your friends will be informed of it : you are very certain that Wilmore and I may be depended on.

WILMORE.

And I am sure of all who were present. To lose two thousand guineas is certainly no great misfortune ; but it would be a real one, if such a trivial cause should retard your marriage, upon which score I have no apprehension.

DORSET.

Nobody will mention it I promise you ;

it is so common an accident, that it is impossible any one can be tempted to speak of it.

W I L M O R E.

In fact, one must have had much greater losses at play to make it talked of now a-days : it is not at a trifling expence that people can become noted in that way. The day before yesterday, I lost six thousand guineas, and to-day five thousand; and I can scarcely flatter myself that I shall have the honour to have it mentioned. Well, my Lord, we will leave you at present; but we shall dine to-morrow again with that confounded Baron, and if you will come, I will give you your revenge; you have only to say the word.

Lord W I N F O R D.

I thank you—I have no desire for it.—

D O R S E T.

You should certainly go there; I have favourable forebodings; I am persuaded that we shall all three win, and Albain be ruined.—

W I L M O R E.

I believe Dorset is inspired; he persuades me.—

THE FALSE

Lord WINFORD.

For my part, I will ruin no man.—

WILMORE.

Farewell, my Lord; we only leave you because we know you have business.—

Lord WINFORD.

Yes, I expect my father.

DORSET.

If you have occasion for me, you may command me.

Lord WINFORD.

No, I must go out.

WILMORE.

Come, Dorset; adieu till to-morrow, my Lord.
(*They go out.*)

SCENE VIII.

Lord WINFORD; *alone*.Two thousand five hundred guineas.—
Thus have I kept my word!—O, heavens,
that I could in one instant forget my promise,

my honour and my love.—Dorset, Wilmore !
 — I thought they were my friends !—one
 single day has carried off all.—I must abjure
 a treacherous friendship, renounce an amiable
 woman, to whom I am no longer worthy to
 pretend, and undeceive a virtuous father,
 whose hopes I have shamefully disappointed !
 Oh, my God !——(*He sinks into a chair quite
 oppressed.*)

S C E N E. IX.

Lord WINFORD, DANIEL

DANIEL, *holding the picture. (aside.)*

He is alone.—I must now obey my in-
 structions.

Lord WINFORD, *raising himself.*

O, it is you, Daniel ?—What do you
 want ?

DANIEL.

To shew you a very pretty jewel, my Lord,
 which has been just brought here.—

LORD WINFORD.

That is enough ; leave me, Daniel.

DANIEL.

Here is a miniature picture inclosed, which is sent to have your opinion of the likeness ; see here my Lord.

LORD WINFORD.

O, heaven's !—it is Eugenia.—

DANIEL.

As like as two drops of water, is it not ?

LORD WINFORD.

To whom does it belong ?

DANIEL.

To the Marquis of Walworth ; I leave it with you, my Lord, he is coming here, and you will return it to him. But, my Lord, I beg leave to ask one question ; you seem melancholy ; thank God, you are incapable of any extravagance ; so I have no uneasiness on that head ; but I suspect Mr. Dorset or Mr. Wilmore, have been gaming and playing some slippery trick.

F R I E N D S. 207

L O R D W I N F O R D.

No, Daniel—don't be uneasy.—Leave me,
I want to be alone.—

D A N I E L, *aside, as he goes out.*

Alas! I am more uneasy than before.

(He goes out.)

S C E N E. X.

L O R D W I N F O R D, *alone, holding the picture
of Eugenia, and looking at it.*

O Eugenia!—I now for the first time look
upon your lovely image without being trans-
ported! Alas, what do I say! at this instant
I could not even see yourself without a pain-
ful sensation of dread and confusion.—You
had a value for me—you deceived your-
self—but now you will despise and hate me.
—Eugenia despise me!—and can I live! No,
no.—But why should she despise me?—I
can conceal my weakness; by remaining
silent I can preserve my hopes; but, however,

U ij

I would rather renounce my happiness, than be guilty of deceit for one moment.—(*He looks at the picture.*) These are her eyes!—there is that sweet look which so happily expresses the purity of her mind!—When she was determined in my favour, I thought I could frequently discover in that look an ingenuous expression of innocent tenderness!—Wretch that I am—and from henceforth, I shall see in it nothing but anger and indignation!—I cannot support the sight of this picture, it pierces me to the heart.—Nowwithstanding all the charms of that enchanting countenance, it only presents to my distressed imagination, the face of an implacable judge, whose just and cruel decree, must irrecoverably deprive me of all the happiness of my life!—(*He lays it upon the table.*) No, I shall never see her more. How could I endure her reproaches, or her disdain?—I will withdraw; I must fly from hence—She will perhaps, pity me.—Alas, I cannot flatter myself with such a hope!—A happier choice will undoubtedly blot me out of her memory. Of all the thoughts with which I am oppressed, that is the most insupportable!—

She will forget me, I have lost her.—I saw her yesterday for the last time!—(*He takes up the picture.*) O, heavens, is it possible, Eugenia, that when I bid you adieu yesterday, that it was an eternal adieu!—In six months I was to have been the happiest of men, and you gave your consent.—You required only a trifling sacrifice, and you could not obtain it!—and shall I presume to complain?—How mean and contemptible do I appear in my own eyes!—I detest myself; every idea, every reflection, adds to my shame and my despair.—My father will be here presently; what shall I say to him; how shall I dare to appear before him.—Ah! let me fly!—let me fly to Eugenia, and falling at her feet, implore her pity.—But will she deign to hear me? Can I say to her, here is the man who has broken his oath, who no longer deserves you? No, no, it is impossible that I can support her contempt and resentment.—Where then shall I find comfort?—Comfort! Alas! sorrow such as mine can know no comfort?
(*He falls back into a chair.*)

~~THE FALSE~~

SCENE XI.

Earl FAULKLAND, MARQUIS of
WALWORTH, Lord WINFORD.

The MARQUIS, *at the bottom of the Stage
to the Earl.*

Very well; I undertake the explanation,
leave it to me, I pray you.

Lord WINFORD, *rising.*

Somebody comes—gracious heaven, it is
my father!—

Earl FAULKLAND, *still at the bottom
of the Stage.*

He has the picture of Eugenia in his
hand!—

The MARQUIS.

Come, let us go up to him, I burn with
impatience to declare our purpose. I am
already delighted at the thoughts of his joy
and transports.

Lord WINFORD, *aside.*

Great God! where shall I hide myself?—

The M A R Q U I S, *approaching.*

What have you got there, my Lord?—
But, what do I see, you are in tears!

Earl F A U L K L A N D.

It is in consequence of his looking at the picture.—

Lord W I N F O R D.

It is true, I own it.—

The M A R Q U I S.

That is charming.—He is vexed at our coming upon him unexpectedly in the affecting moment; but, my dear Lord, you may yield without constraint to such tender emotions; you will have a wife and a father-in-law, to whom this amiable sensibility will prove a source of great happiness.

Lord W I N F O R D, *aside.*

He pierces me to the soul!—

Earl F A U L K L A N D.

I'll lay a wager, my son, that Eugenia's picture has occasioned your making some melancholy reflections, I see it in your countenance.

Lord WINFORD.

Ah, I own it—most cruel reflections.—(*He lays it down upon the table.*)

The MARQUIS.

Yes, yes; he was thinking of the six months trial, which still remain.

Earl FAULKLAND.

Softly, you renew his grief, did I not foresee it?

The MARQUIS.

Come, come, this is love indeed.—My Lord, if you knew how happy you make me!—

Lord WINFORD, *aside*.

Ah, what torture!—

Earl FAULKLAND, *to the Marquis*.

If he durst, he would this moment throw himself at your feet.—

Lord WINFORD.

Yes, I ought to be at his feet.—(*To his father.*) At your's, Sir,

The MARQUIS.

To beg for favour?—

Lord WINFORD.

No,—I cannot hope for it.—

The MARQUIS.

You suppose then, I am inflexible.—

Lord WINFORD.

You will, you ought to be so.

Earl FAULKLAND, *softly to the Marquis.*

Don't keep him longer in suspense.—

The MARQUIS.

My Lord, come and embrace your second father.—*(He embraces him.)*

Lord WINFORD.

You!—alas!—

Earl FAULKLAND, *to the Marquis.*

Speak plainly to him; I assure you he does not comprehend your meaning.

Lord WINFORD.

How!—

THE FALSE

The MARQUIS.

But first, my Lord, take up that picture of Eugenia.—

Lord WINFORD.

No—it kills me.

The MARQUIS.

Then let me restore you to life.—That picture is your's—

Lord WINFORD.

Mine!—

Earl FAULKLAND.

See how he trembles.—

The MARQUIS.

He becomes every instant more dear to me.—Come then, and enjoy the utmost of your wishes. Now that I am convinced of your prudence and your love, I abridge the cruel proof.—

Lord WINFORD.

I can hardly breathe.—

The MARQUIS.

I give you my daughter, you shall sign

F R I E N D S.

315

the articles this evening, and to-morrow, to-morrow morning you shall marry Eugenia,—

Lord WINFORD.

O, heavens, what do I hear! (*He leans against the table.*)

Earl FAULKLAND.

He is astonished——he is quite beside himself!——

The MARQUIS.

And that nothing may be wanting to your happiness, know that Eugenia loves you with all the tenderness of which her heart is capable.——

Lord WINFORD.

Ah! is it possible!—

The MARQUIS.

She never durst avow it to you; but she has just now confessed it to me. In praising your virtues and the laudable sacrifice you have made to love and reason, she could not restrain her tears. “In short, (said she) if he had yielded to the dangerous advice of the false friends, by whom he

316 THE FALSE

“ is furrounded, and continued the odious
“ passion he had for play, I should undoubt-
“ edly have easily got the better of the in-
“ clination I have for him; but he deserves
“ to be loved, and I may now avow those
“ sentiments he so well justifies, and which
“ are to be the happiness of my life.”—

Lord WINFORD.

Where am I!—Eugenia!—O, give me a
moment's respite.—

Earl FAULKLAND.

Come, come, my son.—

The MARQUIS.

The lawyer waits us, let us no longer
delay—come.—

Lord WINFORD.

Stop.—

Earl FAULKLAND.

How pale!—what distraction in his
looks.—

The MARQUIS.

What can be the cause of this dreadful
disorder? My Lord, my son.—

Lord WINFORD.
Who I ! I your son !—

The MARQUIS.
You are to be,—

Lord WINFORD.
No, never.—

Earl FAULKLAND.
What say you !

The MARQUIS.
I am astonished !—

Lord WINFORD,
Abandon a wretch, who no longer knows
himself—you have killed me—leave me.—

The MARQUIS.
Gracious heaven !—

Earl FAULKLAND;
Good God, what mean these wild tran-
sports ?

Lord WINFORD.
My integrity however still remains ; it

requires the sacrifice of my happiness, perhaps my life.—No matter; I ought to be deaf to every thing else.—*(He throws himself at the Marquis's feet.)* I am unworthy of your goodness, I have broken my promise; I foresee my sentence, and submit; but do not let your hatred be added to oppress a heart already weighed down with despair.

The MARQUIS, *raising him up.*

Ah! what is this you tell me?

Earl FAULKLAND.

Wretch!—you have played?

Lord WINFORD.

I have this day, indeed, but just now lost two thousand five hundred guineas.—I have broken my resolutions, even my oaths, and at the very instant every thing was preparing for my approaching happiness. I have betrayed Eugenia in the very moment, when for the first time she ventured to avow her sentiments without constraint.—I was beloved.—Alas, yesterday, nay even this morning, with what transports would not the

F R I E N D S. 319

certainty of this have inspired me ! But now, it only serves to hurry me to despair.— Yet, if I had had the inexpressible pleasure of hearing the avowal from her own mouth ! —But, no, I do not deserve to enjoy one instant of pure happiness, and I was reserved for eternal sorrows.

The M A R Q U I S.

Your fate was in your own power, you therefore have only yourself to accuse.

Lord W I N F O R D.

Alas ! I lament my fate ; I die, but I seek not to excuse myself.—O, my father, what are the fruits you have reaped in return for all those cares you have lavished upon mine. Your happiness was founded upon me—and I knew it.—Ah ! I am a monster in my own eyes.—But can this be possible ; is it not all illusion ? Have I been capable in one instant to forget the most sacred duties, and which were so deeply engraven on my heart ?

Earl F A U L K L A N D.

Yes, you have destroyed my peace of mind,

put an end to my dearest hopes; you have lost the object of your love; and all these misfortunes are the effect of one moment's weakness.—The man of honour is invariable in his resolutions, because he is so in his principles; the sacrifice which he promises to make to reason, is a sacred engagement which nothing can make him dispense with; if he had only made the promise in his own mind, 'tis sufficient, he is for ever bound. Where is the merit in forming virtuous resolutions if they are not kept? The most depraved mind, has a thousand times abjured its errors; struck with the lustre of reason, and fatigued with vice, it has at least attempted to rescue itself from its shameful chains!—Yes, my son, one fatal instance has proved to you, that he who can break the laws which he has prescribed to himself, and voluntarily sworn to observe, owes his virtue only to circumstances, and his happiness to chance.

Lord W I N F O R D.

Alas! I know to what a degree my fault is inexcusable; I suffer for it sufficiently to know

its full extent.—In a quarter of an hour, Eugenia will be undeceived!—she will hate me!

—At this moment she expects me, and the lawyer is ready.—Eugenia thinks of me with pleasure; she fancies in her own mind what must be my joy and happiness; perhaps, at this instant, I am the subject of her conversation.—She believes that she is going

to sign a sacred engagement which is to unite us for life!—and yet, this very night, I shall be detested, proscribed, and condemned by her, never to see her more!—(*Turning to the*

Marquis.) Tell her at least, in what moment I had the courage to acknowledge my guilt; when you came to find me; when you came to declare that Eugenia should be mine!—

Deign to describe to her my penitence and my despair; prevail with her to pity me, and save me from her contempt; if it be possible.

Do not provoke her resentment, I conjure you by all the affection you have hitherto shewn for an unhappy wretch, who to his last breath will preserve the remembrance of your kindnesses, and the dreadful remorse of

having deserved to forfeit them.—Farewell!—
(He turns to go away.)

The MARQUIS.

This is too much—Stop, my Lord.

Lord WINFORD.

What would you?

The MARQUIS.

Eugenia will ask some questions, I wish to be able to answer her. You have told me no particulars.—

Lord WINFORD.

Whatever they are they cannot plead in my vindication.

The MARQUIS.

No matter, I wish to know them.

Lord WINFORD.

What a recital do you ask!—and how severely humiliating!—But since it is your desire, I ought to obey. I was dragged to the Baron Albain's, where the company were engaged at *trente & quarante*. I refused to play, but Dorset persecuted me, because he who held the hand passed six times running :

seduced by the idea that he must at last lose, I played and won; at that moment, Wilmore, who was out of the room, returned, and I was told, that he went halves with him that held the hand, and as I did not choose to play against him, I was desirous to quit; but he laughed at my delicacy, and demanded revenge. I played, he passed seven times, and on pretence of letting me recover my loss, availed himself of the agitation I was in for having passed the bounds prescribed to me, and persuaded me to continue: I then took the hand, and played for half an hour, without knowing where I was, or what I did, having absolutely lost my senses. At last I retired, two thousand guineas in debt to Wilmore, and five hundred to Dorset, who had taken advantage of my confusion to play against me.

Earl FAULKLAND.

And these are the two men whom you called your friends!

The MARQUIS.

This day will be worth ten years experience.

Until this unfortunate accident, he had only the virtue of a young man, that of flying from imminent dangers; but from henceforth he will triumph over them. A good heart cannot run astray but once; its fault even contributes to confirm it in virtue, by the torments, remorse, and reflexions, which are the melancholy but useful advantages of a first offence. From hence, my Lord, you may always look upon me as a feeling indulgent father; I cannot forego so pleasing a title.

Lord WINFORD.

What! can you still interest yourself in the fate of an unhappy wretch?

The MARQUIS.

Dare you not to hope for something more from such a heart as mine?

Lord WINFORD.

I fear, lest I deceive myself.—No, it cannot be possible.

The M A R Q U I S.

Come, this noble confession of your fault, only serves to redouble my affection.—(*He opens his arms to receive him.*)

Lord W I N F O R D, *running to him.*

Ah! you restore me to life!—

Earl F A U L K L A N D, *embracing the Marquis.*

O, my friend!—

Lord W I N F O R D, *embracing his Father.*

My father!—

The M A R Q U I S, *pressing Lord Windford's hand.*

Amiable and worthy young man!—such candour and probity are certain pledges of your future conduct. Before I explained myself, I wished to see the different emotions of your soul, and I observed, that notwithstanding your grief, you did not one moment repent of the ingenuous confession which deprived you of every hope. Yes, you are more than ever deserving of Eugenia.

Lord WINFORD.

What unlooked for happiness!—What obligations does this excess of kind indulgence lay me under! Ah, how dear shall they be to me; how pleasing to discharge them!—What, give me Eugenia? Can I believe it?—But alas, will Eugenia herself pardon me?—That dreadful doubt poisons all my joy!—

The MARQUIS.

I know her heart; I will answer for her—

Lord WINFORD.

If I must submit to new proofs, I yield with transport.—After what I have just now suffered, shall I not be too happy if she gives me even but leave to hope?

The MARQUIS.

No, no; true generosity does not pardon by halves: come let us not make the lawyer wait.

Lord WINFORD.

The lawyer!—Good God! this evening!—

Earl FAULKLAND, *to the Marquis.*

Is it possible to find language to express the gratitude?—

The MARQUIS.

Let us talk of nothing but our happiness.
—(*He takes the picture of Eugenia off the table.*)
My Lord, I take back this picture which has made you shed so many tears; Eugenia shall restore it to you; come and receive it from her own hand.——

Lord WINFORD.

What! shall I see her again.—I tremble—joy and fear by turns have possession of my heart.—

The MARQUIS.

Come, come.—

Lord WINFORD.

Well, then, conduct me to her, that I may throw myself at her feet.—

The M A R Q U I S.

Come, my dear Lord—but let us give him hold of our arms, for he totters and cannot support himself.—(*The Earl and the Marquis give him hold of their arms.*)

Lord W I N F O R D , *in going out.*

Eugenia ! ah, how I long for, yet dread your presence !——(*They go out.*)

T H E E N D .

THE
J U D G E,

A C O M E D Y.

IN THREE ACTS.

THE PERSONS.

Judge BELMONT.

DORVAL, *his son.*

DURAND, *Secretary of the Judge.*

MELCOURT, *friend of Dorval.*

SINCLAIR, *a young Master of Requests.*

MORELL, *a young Counsellor.*

The Marquis of ROZELLE.

PETER, *a servant of Judge Belmont's.*

Scene at Paris, in the house of the Judge.

ADVERTISEMENT.

IT may be proper to inform the English Reader, that the Courts of France allow one of the Judges to examine the Cases, and hear Evidence apart; and the Decision is commonly founded on his Report. He is called the *Reporting Judge*.



THE
J U D G E,
A C O M E D Y.

Chi s'arma di virtù, vince ogni affetto.

GUARINI, PASTOR FIDO.

A C T I.
S C E N E I.

*The Stage represents a Study, in which is seen a
Desk with two Candles placed upon it.*

DORVAL, MELCOURT.

MELCOURT.

MY dear Dorval, restrain these violent
transports; you will certainly betray
your secret.

DORVAL.

Only think, Melcourt ! in a few hours, the fate, the existence, the fortune, and even the honour of Mr. St. Ives, the father of Arabella, must be irrevocably decided !—(*He looks at his watch.*) It is now seven in the evening, to-morrow before day the Judges will be assembled, and in twelve hours the sentence will be pronounced.

MELCOURT.

But is it not evident that Mr. St. Ives has justice on his side ? Your father is the Reporter ; you know the unchangeable equity of Judge Belmont ; you are well acquainted with the influence, which the high respect he enjoys, his acknowledged probity, and his extensive knowledge, gives to all his opinions ; without intrigue and without cabal, but by the sole ascendancy of worth and abilities, is he not sure of having his sentiments universally approved ? How comes it then, that these reflections do not moderate that

excessive disquiet with which you are oppressed ?

D O R V A L.

You speak of the virtues of my father ; ah, who can admire them more than I do ? I who see the particular austerities of his life, and the many sacrifices he is incessantly making to his duty ! Penetrated with a sense of the dignity of his station, he justly thinks there can be none more respectable, when the sacred obligations are faithfully discharged ; and the love of humanity, with a noble thirst for glory, have withheld him for fifteen years from relaxation, and from the pleasures of society. I am truly proud of being the son of such a father ; that affecting tenderness, that profound admiration with which he inspires me, you know, were the first sentiments of my heart ; and time and reason have only served to confirm them. My father is certainly the most just and virtuous of men ; but, after all, Melcourt, he is still a man ; he may be deceived ; in spite of the purest intentions may we not mislead ourselves ?—

Besides, the Marquis of Rozelle, who is the opponent of Mr. St. Ives, is so subtle and active. My father is not to be affected with solicitations; but intrigue has so many resources!—Ah, I can see a thousand causes for fear, and I have the most gloomy forebodings.

MELCOURT.

This is inconceivable; six weeks ago you had no doubt of Mr. St. Ives gaining his cause; even yesterday you seemed perfectly tranquil.

DORVAL.

That is true; but it will be judged to-morrow. I tremble, and I see every thing in dismal colours. What is said of it in the world?

MELCOURT.

What signifies it to you what the world say? With what troubles are you going to perplex yourself!

DORVAL.

It is believed that the Marquis of Rozelle will gain his cause.

MELCOURT.

From the commencement of this process,

the Marquis of Rozelle runs about every where, and passes half the day in making visits, which is a great means of gaining votes : on the other hand, Mr. St. Ives, employed in his business, keeps himself shut up at home, sees none but his own family, the Reporting Judge, and his Counsellor ; it is therefore no wonder if the world give a decision in favour of his enemy.

D O R V A L.

O heavens !—But they have not read the memorials !——

M E L C O U R T.

They have only read those of the Marquis of Rozelle, because they are filled with strokes of humour and malice ; those of Mr. St. Ives are very sensible and persuasive, and contain sound reasoning ; but now a-days, that is not what is looked for in a memorial ; personalities, insults, mockery, and keen biting irony, are the motives for their being read ; and the people of fashion are in general so giddy, so unemployed, so tired of them-

selves, that whoever makes them laugh for a minute, will be in the right with them.

DORVAL.

But should a memorial which treats of the most serious and important business be filled with pleasantry?—

MELCOURT.

What would you have, my friend; it is a new practice, almost universal, and unhappily too likely to continue; for it is much more easy to be a banterer and a buffoon, than to be eloquent, sublime, and pathetic.

DORVAL.

Well, then; Mr. St. Ives, will lose his cause; I expect it.

MELCOURT.

You have a very bad opinion of the Judges, if you think they attend to the superficial judgments that are formed in the world; what is it to them what is said there? Ought

not they to judge solely from the proofs and their own consciences ?

DORVAL.

Tell me Melcourt, as you are with my father every day, and this affair has been frequently mentioned to him in your presence, which side you think he inclines to in secret ?

MELCOURT.

You know him better than I.

DORVAL.

Alas ! when the name of Mr. St. Ives is mentioned, I dare scarce look up ; it seems to me at that instant as if my secret was written on my forehead ; and if my father should discover it, such is his scrupulous delicacy, that I am sure he would reject it — When I saw Miss St. Ives for the first time in Lorraine, about eighteen months ago, this cruel business was already begun ; from that time, I conceived the idea of getting her father to choose mine for the Reporter, and that reason

338 THE JUDGE,

alone induced me to conceal an unhappy passion, the violence of which, has been yet farther increased by restraint, anxiety and concealment. I dread my father's penetration, but I still more dread that vivacity which is so natural to me, and which has almost betrayed me twenty times already : therefore, far from having the temerity to examine his emotions, I am only solicitous to conceal mine from him ; but you Melcourt——

MELCOURT.

In business, Judge Belmont is impenetrable ; from attachment to you I have studied him attentively, but his prudence would defeat an observer of much more experience than I.

DORVAL.

He is against Mr. St. Ives, I am certain.

MELCOURT.

So, this is a new whim !——You have just made that discovery this instant.

DORVAL.

And Durand his secretary, Peter his ser-

vant, and all the family are for the Marquis of Rozelle, I do not doubt it.

MELCOURT.

You are raving surely. But if it really was so, would your father suffer himself to be governed by Durand? Does he leave to him entirely the care of examining the papers? Is he satisfied with simple extracts made by a secretary? Besides, is not that very Durand himself an honest man? He has lived here these six years; Judge Belmont before he took him, made the most minute enquiries into his conduct, and his whole life, and in attaching him to himself, secured to him a lot which is sufficient to place a man infinitely less worthy than Durand, above the temptation of being corrupted. "It is my desire said the judge, that my secretary should be in such easy circumstances, as never to be tempted by a secret despicable offer. What title can I have to prohibit him from receiving money, if I do not make his situation comfortable? In short, added

Y ij

“ he, the meanness of a secretary reflects
 “ upon his master, and is sufficient to tarnish
 “ his reputation ; and the judge who knows
 “ and suffers it, partakes in the infamy.”
 Such was the language of Judge Belmont, and
 such are his principles. You was too young
 at that time to be struck with it, but I was
 then sixteen, and every circumstance is fresh
 in my memory.

DORVAL.

I remember them perfectly, though I was
 but twelve years old. I have no doubt of the
 probity of Durand ; besides, my father watches
 him so narrowly, that it seems to me impos-
 sible that he could dare to betray his trust,
 even if he were less honest than he is ; he
 knows too well that my father would be in-
 flexible in that respect, and the first fault of
 that kind would cost him his place. But he
 has seen the Marquis of Rozelle several times,
 and may be prejudiced in his favour.—

MELCOURT.

A secretary who takes no money will not be
 prejudiced ; besides, if the Marquis of Ro-

A COMEDY. 341

zelle has gained the favour of Durand by his ingenuity and eloquence, you may be persuaded that Durand cannot seduce your father.

DORVAL.

Melcourt, you reason very coldly upon this subject.

MELCOURT.

Yes, I reason judiciously, and I plainly see that is not what you wish for at present. You only seek to distract yourself, and whatever should make you easy, is sure to displease.

DORVAL.

I own to you I am not myself. I expect the night, I expect the day, with inexpressible fears ! I have a beating at my heart which never leaves me, when I think of the enmities of Mr. St. Ives ; when I reflect that to-morrow, that day so much wished for, will perhaps be a day of triumph to them, I feel a weight at the bottom of my soul which oppresses and overwhelms me, and I experience emotions of rage and resentment, which drive

me almost to madness.——Certainly I am in a fever, I am not in my usual state; I have not my senses.——I am dissatisfied with every thing around me, even with you Melcourt, you do not give me the least consolation, on the contrary, this whole morning you have not spoken a word but what has distressed me.——I see that you have a foreboding of my misfortune, and want to prepare me for it.——You believe that Mr. St. Ives will lose his cause.——Tell me really what you think? Tell me the truth?

MELCOURT.

My God, must I always repeat the same thing; I am persuaded of the justice of Mr. St. Ives's cause; his affairs are in the hands of Judge Belmont, therefore it seems to me, we have every reason to hope.

DORVAL.

It seems to you!——You spoke much more positively yesterday.

MELCOURT.

You believe so ! But I assure you I have always held the same language.

DORVAL.

In short, you have changed your opinion !

MELCOURT.

What, would you have me say that I am sure Mr. St. Ives will gain his cause ? Could such folly comfort, or satisfy you ?

DORVAL.

I wish to have one to share my distresses, I wish not to have them exasperated still more by harsh and disgusting coldness ! In short, I would have less of reason perhaps, but more friendship.—Melcourt leave me ; I tire you, you distress me ; I am not in a state at present to bear impatience and contradiction ; leave me I pray you.—

MELCOURT.

You suffer, you are unhappy ; if I could offend you, my dear Dorval, I must certainly

344 THE JUDGE,

be in fault, a fault for which I never could forgive myself.——

DORVAL.

Dear Melcourt, excuse an unhappy wretch who is not himself!——Would to Heaven that your reason would recover mine. Educated together, the ties of blood, habit and friendship ought to unite us for ever. I am unjust and violent, but you know Melcourt whether or not you are dear to me!——I offend you, but however I would sacrifice my life for you.——

MELCOURT.

I am sure of it; your heart cannot love slightly; but if you do not learn to repress that excessive sensibility and impetuosity of temper, you will always be unhappy.——

DORVAL.

Ah, how I envy your prudence and tranquillity!

MELCOURT.

I am two and twenty, and you are but eighteen.——

DORVAL.

Your understanding was always superior to your age.—When I compare myself to you, Melcourt, I cannot conceive the friendship which attaches you to me. How I blush at my own weakness, when I think how little I have profited by the care and instructions of my father, and your counsels.—I have never received any examples but what were virtuous and noble; I was bred under the eye of my father in this house, where order, decency, and peace, reigned without interruption; in short, in this house, the august sanctuary of justice, disinterestedness, benevolence and all the virtues! And, though so young, my heart is already open to the most impetuous passions, and I am a perfect madman!—Alas! what humiliating reflexions!—However, I feel in my heart an ardent desire to distinguish myself, and in a future day to equal my father; the splendour of his reputation, the glory of his life inflame my soul, and warmly strike my imagination.—Yes, to attain the happiness of resembling him, I

346 THE JUDGE,

shall have fortitude, if it is necessary to make the greatest sacrifices.—Yes I will vanquish the violence of my temper, and master my passions.—Do you not hope, my dear Melcourt, that it will be possible for me to get the better of my faults?—

MELCOURT.

With your principles, and those noble sentiments by which you are distinguished, what is not to be expected from you? Besides, have you not heard that your father in his young days had very warm passions. He was agreeable, much sought after, and was fond of society: however, the desire of acquiring a great character, but particularly a love of virtue very soon triumphed over his other inclinations, and without hesitation he sacrificed all his desires to the duties of his office.—But somebody comes.—

DORVAL.

Ah Heavens! I recollect the voice of Sinclair; how unlucky!—

A C O M E D Y. 347

Here he comes, restrain yourself; only think how indiscreet and giddy he is.

DORVAL.

I had still a thousand things to say to you; this visit distracts me.

S C E N E II.

DORVAL, MELCOURT, SINCLAIR.

SINCLAIR.

Good day Dorval.—Cannot I see your father?

DORVAL.

No, he has been shut up in his closet ever since dinner.

SINCLAIR.

Very well.—But did not you say in his closet:—Is not this his closet, where we now are?

348 THE JUDGE,

DORVAL.

No, it is not here, that my father usually studies.

SINCLAIR.

I cannot conceive how Mr. Belmont can stand the dreadful fatigue of the incessant application he imposes on himself.——

MELCOURT.

By never sitting up, but going regularly to bed every night at half an hour after ten, he preserves his health, and never sleeps in court.

SINCLAIR.

Such a practice would kill me.——

MELCOURT.

That may be; to be sure it will not agree with every one.

SINCLAIR.

I do not think that Dorval will be tempted to embrace the profession of the robe, and for an evident reason: certainly the example set him by his father is excellent, but that

austerity is not calculated to tempt a young man; this house is a kind of convent—— To go to bed at ten o'clock, to renounce the world, and all public amusements, never to entertain his friends, to pass one's whole life shut up in a closet——it is truly heroic—— but for my part, I see no difference between the lot of a hermit, and that of Mr. Belmont.

DORVAL, *perceiving*.

We may however observe a *small one* which has escaped you; it is, that a hermit is not useful to any body. So you will allow that the comparison is not a happy one.

SINCLAIR.

I only joked——certainly the good of the public, and our own honour, are great incentives in our profession——

DORVAL, *low to Melcourt*.

Our profession said he; that expression disgusts me from his mouth.

352 THE JUDGE,

MELCOURT, *low to Dorval.*

Hush I pray you.

SINCLAIR.

Now I think on't, that famous cause of the Marquis of Rozelle is to be decided to-morrow—a very delicate—a very perplexed affair——

DORVAL *aside.*

Perplexed—I shall lose all patience.——

SINCLAIR.

I never heard till this day that Mr. St. Ives had a daughter, she is eighteen, and is said to be very engaging; she has only one brother; if her father gains his cause she will be rich—but the loss of this trial would overturn their whole fortune—It is a very dreadful situation, that of Mr. St. Ives; perhaps on the eve of being ruined and dishonoured.—Where are you going Dorval?

DORVAL *stepping.*

To avoid a conversation—in which I

ought not to partake—you forget that my father is the Reporter of Mr. St. Ives.

MELCOURT.

Certainly this is not a proper place for a conversation on that subject.

SINCLAIR *aside*.

Such pedantry!—(*aloud, looking at his watch*) How is this, it is eight o'clock, the rehearsal will be begun.

MELCOURT.

What rehearsal?

SINCLAIR.

Why faith, I am, much against my will, the first performer of a society who amuse themselves with acting plays.

MELCOURT.

So you have turned player.

SINCLAIR.

What would you have me do; I yielded to the persecution of three or four women,

of rank, who have obliged me to take half a dozen characters.

MELCOURT.

Of what cast are yours?

SINCLAIR.

I have played the Gamester, Darvianne Count Olban; in the last part particularly, I presume to think I had some success.—It is true our *Nancy* was charming; and besides, she plays like an angel; it is no exaggeration to say that she is infinitely superior to the best actresses on the stage.

MELCOURT.

I am not surprized at it; I have never yet seen a company of ladies and gentlemen who have not had the same opinion of two or three of their actors.—But however, I will lay a wager that this same great actress is always taking lessons.—

SINCLAIR.

O yes, that is necessary, to acquire the

A C O M E D Y. 353

the stage manner; but her abilities exceed those of her master, a thousand times.

MELCOURT.

The players must be exceedingly humbled! They dedicate their whole lives to the study of a very difficult art, and notwithstanding all their labour and pains, they have the daily mortification to see themselves equalled and even surpassed by people of fashion, who without practice, without trouble, turning comedians only by accident, and for their amusement, arrive at perfection however with so much facility.—That is provoking to the players, it must be allowed.—

SINCLAIR.

You may laugh, but I assure you our company is excellent.—Our last exhibition was received with transports.

MELCOURT.

I am persuaded that it deserved it—but applause proves very little.—In accepting

VOL. III. Z

354 T H E J U D G E,

a ticket of admiffion, do they not come under an engagement to applaud ?

S I N C L A I R,

But if people were tired with our entertainment would they come ?

M E L C O U R T.

Do you reckon idlenefs and curiofity for nothing ?

D O R V A L.

Good God Melcourt, why do you intermeddle ; don't you fee how you detain the gentleman and intrude upon his complaisance ?——*He is waited for*——

S I N C L A I R,

Certainly I fhall be cruelly fcolled.——
Adieu, I muft run ; farewell. (*He goes out.*)

S C E N E III.

DORVAL, MELCOURT.

DORVAL.

Ah, I recover again.—You seemed to be charmed with his conversation.

MELCOURT.

I could not resist the pleasure of laughing a little at his ridiculous vanity. Besides, could you imagine that a man of Sinclair's profession, would adopt a kind of amusement, undoubtedly very agreeable, but which must necessarily consume a great deal of time !

DORVAL.

Don't I hear my father ?

MELCOURT.

Yes, it is he.—I leave you ; I am obliged to go out, but I will return to sup with you.

Z ij

356 THE JUDGE,

DORVAL.

Do not fail ;——I pray you don't forsake me this evening in the state I am in.

MELCOURT.

I will be back in half an hour. (*He goes out.*)

DORVAL.

Is it impossible that I can be so unhappy, with such a friend, and the best of fathers !—

S C E N E IV.

JUDGE BELMONT, DORVAL.

JUDGE BELMONT, *holding a letter.*

I was enquiring for you my son.——I want to talk with you on business of importance.—

DORVAL.

Pray Sir what is it ?

JUDGE BELMONT.

Your education is finished, and I have

been advising you for this last year, to reflect seriously upon the choice of a profession for life; and now the time is come for you to determine.

DORVAL.

All my reflexions are already made, and the profession which appears to me Sir, the most useful and the most respectable, is yours.—

JUDGE BELMONT.

Attend, I pray you : I have just now received a letter from Melcourt's brother-in-law ; he offers me a very advantageous military employment for you——Here is his letter, read it. (*He gives it to him*)

DORVAL.

This favour, which I certainly owe to the friendship of Melcourt, cannot make me alter my resolution. (*He reads the letter to himself.*)

JUDGE BELMONT.

You love glory ; think then, my son, that the most splendid is that which may be acquired by a military man.

Z iij.

DORVAL:

The most solid is in my eyes the most splendid ; I honour and respect a military man who has distinguished himself by his courage and abilities, but in short, it is only on a transient occasion of misfortune and calamity that he can be useful to his country ; peace, which it is his duty to wish for as a good citizen, deprives him of every opportunity of signalizing himself, and he is again immersed in idleness and inactivity. For my part, I wish to dedicate my whole life to the service of the public, and I wish to be able to prove my love and zeal for my country at all times. Allow me then to enter that noble course which you have run with so much honour——You serve your country and your fellow citizens equally in times of peace or war ; nothing interrupts, nothing suspends your laborious toils ; every day adds to your glory, and death alone can limit that benevolent and generous activity——That is the profession I have chosen, and you are the respectable model I wish to imitate, I own,

Sir, I profess neither your virtues nor your genius, but I shall have your counsels and example.

J U D G E B E L M O N T.

I have for a long time known your sentiments on that head; your resolution seemed to me to be fixed and determined; however, my son, I still think it my duty to combat it; remember, that to distinguish yourself in the line of life you now prefer, you must renounce pleasures, the world, and the agreeable charms of society. No profession prescribes duties so rigorous, or so difficult to discharge.

D O R V A L.

It is therefore the more honourable.

J U D G E B E L M O N T.

Your sentiments are elevated; your soul is noble and pure, but your passions are violent——

D O R V A L.

I shall conquer them.

J U D G E B E L M O N T.

Can you give up reading agreeable subjects,

Z iij

350 THE JUDGE,

my son, and cease to employ yourself in pursuits of learning and the arts, to dedicate your life entirely to the study of the law; a dry, abstract, perplexed study, which requires all the discernment of the soundest reason, and the most constant and assiduous attention.

DORVAL.

The desire of rendering his name illustrious, enables him, with pleasure, to go through a fatiguing employment, and to surmount the disgust of an unvaried occupation.

JUDGE BELMONT.

But you have great sensibility; will you have courage to resist the emotions of a pity which is often dangerous; will you be able, when your duty requires it, to sacrifice compassion and your secret feelings, to justice which is sometimes afflicting and severe. Are you sure of never suffering yourself to be blinded by the prejudices of friendship, or the seduction of love?—You blush, my son, you cast down your eyes; the austerity of this picture disturbs and surprises you, and cools your zeal!

DORVAL.

No sir, nothing can abate it. I knew the duties of a judge before this conversation. Do not you faithfully discharge them all? You possess those austere qualities which you describe; you have made all those sacrifices you speak of, and you are happy! Glory, your reputation, and more especially the testimony of your own conscience, amply recompences you the want of those things of which you have deprived yourself, and makes you cherish and prefer the elevated station you have chosen, to every other.—

JUDGE BELMONT.

Yes, undoubtedly, I am happy. I may have deceived myself, but at least my life is not stained by any voluntary fault; I have nothing essential to reproach myself with; however, do not imagine my son, that I am exempt from agitations, troubles, and even repentance.

DORVAL.

Repentance!—You my father!—

JUDGE BELMONT.

To excite remorse in the wicked, there must be guilt, while even a slight fault will excite it in the man of virtue. Every time that I have undertaken a thorny delicate affair, I have sensibly felt that uneasiness which is unavoidable, especially in our profession. At first, when I examine a cause, long practice has enabled me to disentangle it in a little time with great facility; I soon think I have unravelled all the difficulties; then, after mature deliberation, I form an opinion, and certain that I am free from prejudice and partiality, I am perfectly tranquil; but in proportion as the day of trial approaches, a crowd of fears, uncertainties and scruples, arise successively to torment me. Then, I think I have not been sufficiently careful in examining the affair; it seems to me that I have been guilty of a thousand negligences; I reproach myself bitterly for the most trivial inattentions, and in short, my peace is disturbed by cruel disquiet !—

A COMEDY.

363

DORVAL.

These disquiets do you honour, they prove the excess of your delicacy.—But I am grieved in thinking that this day—you perhaps feel them—such an interesting cause is to be decided to-morrow!—

JUDGE BELMONT.

Certainly my heart is not without emotion!

DORVAL.

O heaven!—however—this case seems so clear, and the rights of Mr. St. Ives so well established!

JUDGE BELMONT, *with severity.*

You ought to be silent with your opinion,
Dorval.

DORVAL, *aside.*

Alas! I had almost betrayed myself.

SCENE V.

JUDGE BELMONT, DORVAL, PETER.

PETER *to Judge Belmont.*

Sir, the Marquis of Rozelle desires to know if you will admit him.

JUDGE BELMONT.

Yes, certainly——(*Peter goes out.*)

DORVAL *aside.*

The Marquis of Rozelle!——I must fly to avoid this detested meeting. (*He moves to go out.*)

JUDGE BELMONT.

Hear me Dorval; Melcourt's brother-in-law desires a speedy answer; keep his letter; I beg you will read it with attention, and in two days you will inform me of your ultimate determination.

DORVAL.

Yes Sir——(*aside.*) I see Mr. St. Ives is ruined, I am distracted——(*He goes out violently agitated.*)

S C E N E VI.JUDGE BELMONT *alone.*

He will certainly persist in his purpose!—
it is right that I should combat his opinion ;
but O how I enjoy the motives by which he
is determined ! What a noble feeling mind !
how dear he is to me !——Somebody comes
——it is the Marquis of Rozelle——I must
now guard against seduction, and all the arts
of the most dexterous solicitation.—

S C E N E VII.

JUDGE BELMONT, The MARQUIS.

The MARQUIS holding a paper.

I beg your pardon Sir for once more in-
truding upon you.

JUDGE BELMONT *presenting him a chair ;*
they both sit down.

It is my duty to hear you my Lord.—

The MARQUIS.

I know Sir how much you are above being affected with solicitations, and how much you despise them ; but it is not always in our power to limit the zeal of friendship—— One of my friends has just now compelled me to receive this letter, which he brought from Versailles, and has exacted a positive promise from me, that I would deliver it to you——Here it is, it is addressed to you——
(He gives him a letter.)

JUDGE BELMONT *taking it.*

You know, my Lord, that a letter of recommendation, whatever are the contents, can have no influence in an affair of this kind. *(He opens the letter and reads it.)*

The MARQUIS, *while the Judge is reading.*

I think as you do ; but when one has a number of relations and friends, who all live at court, it is impossible to decline every proof of attachment they are desirous of giving——yet what numbers I have refused—— I sincerely despise all those little means——

besides, I own I have an entire confidence in the goodness of my cause; and I may say, without flattering myself, that I have the general opinion and the universal wish in my favour—My memorials have had an effect—especially at Versailles—

JUDGE BELMONT, *after having read the letter.*

My Lord, I think myself greatly honoured by receiving a letter signed with so respectable a name.—

The M A R Q U I S.

I know that its contents are favourable for me; a testimony the more flattering, as I neither asked nor desired it.

JUDGE BELMONT.

Have you any thing particular to say to me my Lord on the subject of your cause?

The M A R Q U I S.

Here is one letter more, but of another kind, which I intreat Sir, you will be so good as to read; it is not included in my memorials, because it was not obtained for me till this very day. You know the

368 THE JUDGE,

hand writing of Mr. St. Ives, that letter is from him ; it is addressed to Lady Agincourt his sister-in-law.——

JUDGE BELMONT.

But has not Lady Agincourt quarrelled with Mr. St. Ives ?

The MARQUIS.

Certainly, and for egregious misconduct— You will see in this letter clear proofs of an entire confidence on the part of Mr. St. Ives ; you will likewise see several very lively satires against men in office.

JUDGE BELMONT.

What is that to me, my Lord ?

The MARQUIS.

I mean to prove by it, that Mr. St. Ives is a violent, impetuous, malicious, imprudent and inconsiderate man, since he can in such a manner write his opinions and sentiments to a woman——

A C O M E D Y. 369

J U D G E B E L M O N T.

This woman was his sister-in-law, and he thought she was his friend.

The M A R Q U I S.

But he has quarrelled with her beyond all bounds of discretion.

J U D G E B E L M O N T.

Perhaps he had good reasons:

The M A R Q U I S.

But however, she was mistress of his secrets.

J U D G E B E L M O N T.

He imagined she was incapable of betraying them, and probably thought that honour was superior to hatred with her.

The M A R Q U I S.

If you please, Sir, to read the letter, it will let you know the man.——

J U D G E B E L M O N T.

No my Lord, I see a single expression at the bottom of this letter which must prevent me from reading it.——

VOL. III.

A 2

The MARQUIS.

What is it ?

JUDGE BELMONT, *shewing the place.*

Here it is, read it; *burn this letter*, yet notwithstanding this desire, which should ever be deemed sacred by worthy people, the letter still exists at the end of two years, and Lady Agincourt puts it into the hands of his enemies—Such conduct strikes me with horror; I will not share in the iniquity; I will not read the letter.

The MARQUIS.

If you knew the extent of the injury Mr. St. Ives has done to his sister-in-law.—

JUDGE BELMONT.

Whatever it is, it cannot vindicate this unworthy abuse of former confidence. Besides, my Lord, the quarrel of Lady Agincourt and her brother-in-law has no concern with your affair; so that these particulars can be of no use to me.—

The MARQUIS.

But they may serve to make you acquainted with the character of Mr. St. Ives.—

JUDGE BELMONT.

It is neither the character nor conduct of Mr. St. Ives, that I should attend to, but on the cause that is entrusted to me; whatever is foreign to it, I have no business with; he may have been in the wrong with another, but right with you; the present question is not, if he is an honest man, but if he has justice on his side on this occasion.—That is the only point of his life and yours which I ought to enquire into.

The MARQUIS.

I think, however,—

S C E N E VIII.

JUDGE BELMONT, The MARQUIS,
PETER.

PETER. *to Judge Belmont.*

Sir, Mr. Morell is in the hall.

JUDGE BELMONT.

Let him come up. *(Peter goes out.)*

A a ij

372 THE JUDGE,

JUDGE BELMONT, *rising*.

He is the counsellor of Mr. St. Ives; have you any thing more to say, it is late; will you give me leave my Lord to receive him?

THE MARQUIS.

I leave you; but let me once more beg you will read over again the paper I had the honour to deliver you this morning.

JUDGE BELMONT.

Depend upon it my Lord, I neglect nothing that can give me information. (*He accompanies him some steps towards the door.*)

THE MARQUIS.

Then I am satisfied.—(*Aside in going out.*) Ah, how I repent of not having demanded another Reporter.—(*He goes out.*)

JUDGE BELMONT, *alone*.

I believe he goes away very much dissatisfied with me, and thinks my principles excessively rigid!—Here comes Mr. Morell.

S C E N E IX.**JUDGE BELMONT, MORELL.****M O R E L L.**

Mr. St. Ives could not come this evening, Sir, his daughter is taken ill : that young lady, at the eve of seeing a cause decided in which her father's fortune and reputation are at stake, suffers a degree of anxiety that cannot be described ; she has just now had an attack upon her nerves which was truly dreadful, and Mr. St. Ives will not leave her. He has charged me to deliver this paper to you, Sir, which he says is not of great importance, but however, he begs it may be examined this evening by your secretary ; and that by the time you awake to-morrow, you may have an extract of it, for your perusal before you go to court.

J U D G E B E L M O N T.**Do you know what the paper contains?****A a iij**

MORELL.

Yes Sir, there are some additional arguments relating to the case; it likewise treats of some new matter which we could not give you sooner, but as these particulars are not essential, an examination by Mr. Durand will be sufficient.

JUDGE BELMONT.

Will that examination require much time?

MORELL.

At least two hours, because it is necessary for ascertaining the accuracy of the declarations, to consult a great many of the original pieces which are in your possession.

JUDGE BELMONT.

I must be at the court to-morrow morning by six o'clock; therefore, since the paper is of some importance, I will order Durand not to go to bed, but to examine it.

MORELL.

Will you give me leave Sir, to ask your

opinion of my last memorial, I mean only as to the style and manner in which it is written. It was you, Sir, that determined me to choose the profession of counsellor; I hope you will condescend, by your advice, to enable me to distinguish myself.

J U D G E B E L M O N T.

You expect to be treated with sincerity by me, and you shall not be disappointed. You promise great talents, you have an infinite deal of genius; your first memorials were written with a discretion so much the more valuable, as in these days it is very uncommon; but I own to you privately, I blamed several things in your last; you there allowed yourself to introduce some strokes of wit, which are excessively disgusting in an affair where the honour of him whom you defend is essentially attacked; besides, at any rate, it is a manner by no means proper for an orator whose style should be elevated and judicious. Take my advice, and prefer the esteem of your readers, to the vain pleasure of amusing them; aspire to the honour of interesting

376 THE JUDGE,

and instructing, and endeavour to make your understanding, your eloquence, and your principles admired; that is the only ambition worthy of a counsellor, or any writer who wishes to distinguish himself, and who desires not a trifling transient success, but a solid splendid reputation. I advise you still to improve your taste by reading, and a studied attention to your language; be particularly careful not to confound emphasis with heat and exertion, and do not imagine, that to be eloquent, it is sufficient to be diffusive and declamatory. I do not recommend to you, not to stain your memorials by personal insults and abusive epithets; your dignity of mind will not allow you to sink to such excesses; besides, it can only be preserved by a good understanding and taste: these vulgar rusticities, and low expressions, can only excite indignation and contempt, and debase him who makes use of them.

MORELL,

Yes Sir, I shall follow such noble, such

wife counsels; you equally convince my heart and my reason.

JUDGE BELMONT.

In short, I would have you consider the dignity of your profession; when the duties of it are properly discharged, there can be none more honourable; there is none where virtue and abilities find more frequent opportunities of being displayed, and shining with lustre. What lot is more desirable than that of a counsellor who unites good sense and genius to probity? Who never undertakes a cause he believes to be unjust, but always a zealous defender of the oppressed, unmasks fraud, confounds imposture, and attains to glory and fortune by procuring the triumph of innocence; such a man, undoubtedly, the benefactor of humanity, is entitled to the admiration of the age in which he lives; he absorbs, he tastes of every kind of success; as a worthy man he is beloved and respected; by the shining talent of his oratory, he enchants, captivates and seduces; and his writings being handed down to posterity, immortalize his name, his labours and his virtues.

378 THE JUDGE,

MORELL:

O Sir, with what enthusiasm you fill my soul!—Permit me sometimes to come and imbibe from such salutary conversation, a knowledge and love of my duty; condescend to inform and protect my youth; to fortify the principles of a good heart, undoubtedly is a work worthy of you.

JUDGE BELMONT.

You are not yet thirty, you have not been dazzled by your first success, and you love advice; that is the true way to improve. Presumption depraves the heart, checks the progress of the understanding, and fixes in mediocrity the foolish young man who is intoxicated with it. But I am obliged to put an end to this conversation, and as I am to get up to-morrow by five o'clock, I must now retire; come and deliver that paper of Mr. St. Ives to my secretary, yourself, and instruct him in what you would have done. Come. (*They go out.*)

End of the FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

S C E N E F I R S T.

DURAND, *holding a paper*, PETER.

P E T E R.

Yes, my master is just gone to bed, and gave me exprefs orders to recommend the examination of that paper to you.

D U R A N D.

My God ! Mr. Morell and he have already talked me on the subject of it, for more than a quarter of an hour !

P E T E R.

You know that my master is so scrupulous.

D U R A N D.

Scrupulous indeed, to excess.

P E T E R.

He likewise bid me repeat to you, that this paper was of great importance.—

380 THE JUDGE,

DURAND.

Yes, yes, that is always his expression ; but since he does not pass the night in examining it himself, I promise you that this *great importance* is not real. But however, I shall fit up, he commanded me to do so, and that is sufficient.

PETER.

Well I leave you——but by the by I have a droll affair to tell you——This evening, the Marquis of Rozelle's servant wanted to chat with me ; I who am well acquainted with these things saw him coming.——He wanted to know, by way of conversation, if you had not a mistress, a little love affair, called a——

DURAND.

To find a Reporter and his secretary both without a mistress ; is an accident that must defeat all intrigue.——

PETER.

Upon my faith, I must own it is very hard luck——

A COMEDY.

388

DURAND.

This same Marquis of Rozelle has discovered by some means, I don't know how, that I have a sister a linen-draper, and has bought from her above a hundred pounds worth of lace.

PETER, *laughing*.

And without higgling, I'll engage?

DURAND.

Ay, that you need not doubt. But when he wanted to speak of his cause, my sister, who is an honest woman, plainly declared that she never intermeddled in such affairs, and positively refused to enter into any farther explanation.

PETER.

Mr. St. Ives would not have done such a mean thing; I believe he is a man of real honour.—But I hear Mr. Dorval; what accident can bring him here at this hour?

S C E N E II.

DORVAL, DURAND, PETER.

DORVAL, *very uneasy.*

Mr. Durand !—How you chat with Peter !—I thought you was busy.—

DURAND.

But Sir I have time enough ; it is not midnight, and I shall not go to bed.

DORVAL, *in a low and broken voice.*

You have seen Mr. Morell this evening ? He gave you a paper.—It was my father's intention that that paper should be examined with the greatest care.—

DURAND, *looking at him with surprise.*

Truly Sir, you surprise me very much !

DORVAL.

Peter, what are you doing there ? Go to bed

—If my father knew that you were amusing yourself here in conversation, he would be exceedingly displeased, I assure you.—Don't let us interrupt Mr. Durand.—Adieu my dear Durand.—(*He squeezes him by the band.*) Farewell!—(*Aside*) I don't know where I am, nor what I say, I lose my senses!—(*He goes out hastily.*)

S C E N E III.

DURAND, PETER.

PETER.

What the devil is the matter with him?

DURAND.

I am astonished—tears were in his eyes, he trembled, he is disturbed, and quite beside himself.

PETER.

He is an amiable young man, and for generosity and goodness, he has not his equal; but for some time past I have observed he is a little crackbrained.—

384 THE JUDGE,

DURAND.

Well!——

PETER.

He has a kind of vertigo; all of a sudden the colour rushes into his face; and then in a moment after, he is as pale as death. Sometimes while he is in a reverie, he is greatly agitated, he takes terrible strides across the floor; then he will sink into his chair and remain there for an hour together stupid as a block.——But what is stranger, and more surprising, he talks to himself day and night; then to see his gestures, and how he will strike his head, and stretch out his arms as if he was spouting a tragedy——he is too lively a youth and has been made to give too close application: some rest and a few good bleedings, will set all to rights.——Good night Mr. Durand, do you want any thing?

DURAND.

No, thank ye Peter.

PETER.

Well I must go to bed; I have made a

made a very long day of it, but it is not I,
that am to dress my master to-morrow.—
You have pens and ink ?

DURAND.

Yes, yes.

PETER.

I must go then, good night. (*He goes out.*)

S C E N E IV.

DURAND *alone.*

Now let me go to work. I got up so early
this morning I am not in very good condi-
tion for it—and to be at it all night—it
is true, I may sleep as much as I please to-
morrow—but I am so tired and harrassed
to night—I am not indefatigable like Judge
Belmont, I am far from it ; he is strengthened
and animated by a love of glory ; for my
part, if I was to toil till I killed myself, the
name of *Durand* would not be more cele-

brated——But must I not act for conscience sake——reputation is a fine thing, but self-approbation is much better ! Judge Belmont unites both these advantages in himself, it is not therefore surprising that he is so laborious and active !—(*He approaches the desk, arranges some papers, and sits down.*) Where is the paper from which I am to take an extract ?—ay, here it is——(*He casts his eyes over it.*) What empty expressions, and so foreign to the matter !——(*He yawns and takes snuff.*) Sleep steals upon me in spite of me ! Come, come, I must rouse. (*He reads low. In a little time his eyes shut, and his head falling upon his breast, the motion wakes him.*) What a terrible thing it is to be so sleepy—I am quite spent. (*He yawns, stretches himself, and takes snuff several times.*) There—now I am a little better—I must go on—(*He reads.*) There never was the like of this—I see double ; my eyes are so stiff.—(*He rubs them.*) This is really a punishment.—(*He reads, then falls asleep with his head leaning on his elbow, his arm falls at the side of the desk, which wakes him.*) Tut—I have burnt

my hand—my neck is twisted—it is impossible to get the better of sleep ; I must sleep half an hour to refresh myself—the ideas—then I will go to work—(*He rises, and gets two cushions, and places them under his head, then draws a chair upon which he places his feet, and lays himself down.*) Now I feel as if I was in heaven—my extract will be done in an hour and a half ; so that—I shall have time—besides—(*He sleeps soundly.*)

S C E N E V.

JUDGE BELMONT *in his night gown and night cap*, DURAND *asleep*.

JUDGE BELMONT *at the bottom of the stage*.

I cannot resist my disquiet !—(*Durand snores loud.*) What is this I hear !—(*He comes forward and sees his secretary asleep.*) He sleeps quietly !—he neglects his duty, and can sleep !—While the agitation of a thou-

B b ij

and cruel cares disturb, torment, and drive me from my bed, Durand sleeps and enjoys that repose which forsakes me.—But, is he a magistrate? is he a judge? Ah, it is I that must watch!—he may sleep indeed; am not I answerable for his negligence, for his faults.—(*He pushes him to wake him*) Durand, Durand.—

DURAND *starting out of his sleep.*

What is the matter?—O heaven!—
Sir—(*He rises.*)

JUDGE BELMONT.

Is this the way you do your duty?

DURAND *in confusion.*

Sir—it is because—sleep surprised me.—

JUDGE BELMONT.

It seems however, you expected it, for you have made a very commodious resting place. But go to my study and make up for lost time; carry these papers; go, and I will follow you.

DURAND.

I hope Sir you will pardon me——

JUDGE BELMONT.

Mr. Durand, a second fault of this kind, will make you lose my confidence entirely.—

DURAND.

I protest to you Sir.——

JUDGE BELMONT.

That is enough ; go to my study. (*Durand takes the papers and goes out.*)

S C E N E VI.

JUDGE BELMONT *alone.*

I must be indulgent to his laziness ; I am at least secure of his probity ; that is the essential merit of a secretary. (*He looks at his watch.*) It is two o'clock——In four hours

B b iij

I shall be at the Court, and in seven perhaps judgement will be pronounced : A judgement which is to determine the rank and fortune of two men, and which must disgrace either the one or the other——And their destiny, still uncertain, in a great measure depends upon the opinion I shall give!——*(He pulls a paper out of his pocket.)* These are the conclusions ! Here is a paper written with my own hand, the reading of which must, in a few instants, decide for ever the fate of two citizens, two fathers of families !——I tremble and shudder in looking at that paper when I think of its importance !——*(He lays it upon his desk and sits down. After a short silence.)* Let me examine my heart, let me search into its deepest recess, to see that I have no cause to reproach myself——Have I not been misled by prejudice ? Have I meditated and reflected sufficiently upon this business ? Am I not too severe against him whom I think guilty ?——Let me see, I will read it again. *(He takes the paper and reads to himself.)* How severe are these expressions !——*He rises.)* O heaven, the day which now begins to dawn, will be for the

unhappy man whom I condemn, a day of shame and despair. Alas ! I think I see the tears, I hear the groans of his distracted family, his children in dismay !—He has a son—of the age of Derwal !—Unfortunate youth—it wrings me to the soul !—This fatal picture, never absent from my thoughts during the night, disturbs and distracts my imagination.—O God, if this tender pity be a warning, a presage of my error, of my injustice !—My ideas are confused, my reason disordered—This state is too cruel, I cannot support its violence !—(*He falls back upon his chair.*) Good heaven, what must I do in this dreadful perturbation !—(*He throws himself upon his knees.*) Gracious God ! thou alone canst inform me, and deliver me from this dreadful uncertainty. The weak understanding of man left to himself, alas ! can only produce doubt and irresolution ; deign, O supreme wisdom, deign to have pity on a heart, which seeks the truth, and trembles lest it should be mistaken ! (*Continuing on his knees, leaning against his desk he lets fall his head upon his hands that are*

closed together, and remains thus for some time with his face concealed, and in an attitude of the deepest recollection.——(He rises.) I find myself more at ease.——I feel as if a divine and benevolent hand had poured a salutary balm into the bottom of my soul.—A happy calm at last succeeds such violent agitations!——Let me finish the reading of this paper. (He sits down, and takes the paper again which contains his opinion, reading it to himself.)

S C E N E VII.

JUDGE BELMONT, DORVAL.

DORVAL, *with his hair in disorder, his look wild, stopping at the bottom of the stage.*

Let me see if Durand is still employed.

JUDGE BELMONT *rising.*

What voice is that I hear?

DORVAL *advancing.*

O heavens! my father!——Let me fly—

JUDGE BELMONT,

What do I see?—Dorval—Stop.—

DORVAL, *aside*.

Ah! what shall I say to him?—

JUDGE BELMONT, *looking at him attentively,
with a mixture of surprise and fear.*

What! Dorval is it you?—What purpose brings you here?—What means this distraction which is so strongly expressed in your countenance.—

DORVAL,

—O dear father.—I cannot stand the severity of your looks, the terrible sound of that awful threatening voice!—I pray you Sir have pity.—

JUDGE BELMONT.

Answer me I say. What could be your motive for coming into this closet at three o'clock in the morning? What did you want? In short, from whence came you?

DORVAL,

From my own apartment Sir, this instant.—

394 THE JUDGE,

JUDGE BELMONT.

And why are not you in bed?

DORVAL.

Alas! If my father refuses me his compassion and indulgence—I am ruined and undone.—

JUDGE BELMONT.

Wretched creature! what have you done?
—answer me.

DORVAL, *falling at his feet.*

Know then the heart of your unhappy son; and let me inform you of a fatal error.—

JUDGE BELMONT, *drawing back.*

Stop. If the confession dishonours you, let the dreadful secret remain buried for ever—spare me the shame of knowing it, and the pain of punishing you. Go, if you are no longer worthy of the title of my son, begone, fly the presence, not of a father, but of an implacable and dreadful judge.

DORVAL.

You strike me with terror—but however,

thank heaven, my heart is still pure and innocent—it is only my judgement that is gone astray.

JUDGE BELMONT *embracing him.*

O my son, my dear son, you have relieved my soul from a cruel oppression!—but is it possible you can feel distress and I not know it! If you are innocent, ought you to fear me?—What can be the cause of this excessive vexation which consumes you, tears you from rest, and makes you wander in the night?—Speak, explain yourself.—

DORVAL:

An unconquerable affection misleads my reason, and destroys my rest.—

JUDGE BELMONT.

You are in love?—

DORVAL.

Excessively.—

JUDGE BELMONT.

What, can you have debased yourself by an unworthy choice?—

DORVAL.

Can one love a contemptible object?—
Esteem and admiration only could inspire me
with love.—

JUDGE BELMONT.

But why conceal from me the name of her
you love?—Is she engaged? Is her rank
beneath yours?—

DORVAL.

No; she is of distinguished birth; she is
free; to the seducing charms of figure, she
unites an excellent understanding, accom-
plishments, and every virtue.—Yet I dare
not name her to you.

JUDGE BELMONT.

You astonish me.—Proceed, and unveil
this incomprehensible mystery.—

DORVAL.

Alas Sir! What is it you desire!

JUDGE BELMONT.

Delay no longer, I command you.—

DORVAL.

Well then, I love ; I love a beautiful virtuous woman, who will perhaps very soon be devoted by you, O my father, to eternal sorrow.——

JUDGE BELMONT.

How ?

DORVAL.

In short——it is——Miss St. Ives.——

JUDGE BELMONT.

Miss St. Ives !

DORVAL.

What severity I already see in your looks !
——Deign O Sir to hear me before you condemn me : I love it is true, I love with violence ; this fatal passion, which sprung up insensibly, will fix the destiny of my life ; but this unfortunate heart which gave itself away without your consent, had at least the courage and virtue not to form any engagement.——

JUDGE BELMONT.

Does Miss St. Ives know your sentiments ?

DORVAL.

No, Sir, and till this moment Melcourt has been my only confidant.—

JUDGE BELMONT.

And where did you become acquainted with Miss St. Ives?

DORVAL.

In Lorraine.

JUDGE BELMONT.

So that when you yielded yourself up to this violent passion, the law-suit of Mr. St. Ives was begun.—A suit, the loss of which would destroy his honour!—Whatever may be the merit of Miss St. Ives, could you suspect me capable of receiving into my family the daughter of a man who had been disgraced? Ought not the doubt you must have been in on this important event to have induced you to fly from, and triumph over a growing passion?

DORVAL.

Such an effort would have been fruitless.—

JUDGE BELMONT.

You cannot master your passions, and you desire to be a judge?—

DORVAL.

No, I cannot destroy such a tender sentiment; but if it must be, I can sacrifice it to honour; besides, I was convinced of the innocence of Mr. St. Ives; his reputation hitherto spotless; the respect with which he was regarded in his own country; the meanness and well known perfidy of his adversary, altogether contributed to confirm me—

JUDGE BELMONT.

Silence, Sir. Do you recollect that you are speaking to his judge?—

DORVAL *aside*.

I tremble!

JUDGE BELMONT.

Fool, you are sure of his innocence! And from what authority do you draw such conclusions? Have you examined the business?

Have you seen the evidence confronted, the papers, the defences and reciprocal accusations? No, you have only consulted that love which leads you astray; you are enthusiastic, blind and rash, and attaching yourself only to the opinion which flatters your wishes, if you are not unjust and a slanderer, it is the effect only of chance. Degraded, disgraced by such excessive weakness, you dare propose to yourself to embrace a profession, in which the first of all the virtues, is chiefly that of being inaccessible to prejudice!—And it is my son who abandons himself to such guilty errors—It is he, who governed by a foolish passion, forgets all his duties, even that of decency; it is he, who in the night comes by stealth to find my secretary, to enquire of him, undoubtedly to interrogate him, and perhaps to seduce him!—O heaven! is this the fruit and the reward of my instructions and my affection! Alas! how easy to deceive the heart of a father! Even this very day, when you spoke to me of your intention, I believed it solid and immoveable; I admired the nobleness of your sentiments, your cou-

rage and your judgement; I' was proud of your merits, and you abused me!—Ah, my son!—

DORVAL.

O heavens!—my father—in tears!—(*he rushes into his arms.*) O thou most respectable and dearest of all fathers, of all friends, it shall not be in vain that you have shed those precious and affecting tears over the faults of your unhappy son! No, I shall not without benefit have seen that venerable face bathed in tears which have flowed for my weakness. I have erred, I have been seduced, but you have opened my eyes; do not doubt of your power over my soul; that fatal love by which it is torn is dearer to me than life, but your esteem, my dearest father, is of superior value with me even to that love!—I foresaw my misfortune; I read in your countenance Mr. St. Ives's sentence—and my own—his unfortunate daughter will not survive the disgrace of her father; she has the same affection for him that I have for you—it will

kill her!—I cannot promise you that I will live—but I swear to you, that my grief and my despair shall be buried in my bosom; this shall be the last complaint heard to issue from those lips; yes Sir, I swear it.—

JUDGE BELMONT.

You promise courage; you acknowledge your faults, but you aggravate them still more! To what do you not expose me, by letting me see the excess of that passion which governs you. And if the affection I have for you, or if pity should seduce me; thou unhappy youth! if the dread I am inspired with from the condition in which I now see you, should deprive me in one instant of the fruit of twenty years wisdom and probity!—

DORVAL.

Ah dear father, I know your exalted virtue.—

JUDGE BELMONT.

What, do you think I am insensible?—Undoubtedly I shall do my duty, but if you make it painful to me, if you deprive me of

the satisfaction I find in discharging it, will you have nothing to reproach yourself with ?

DORVAL.

Alas !——excuse the transports of a first emotion——think only of your own glory, and that alone will console me for all——forget my errors, I will live to expiate them if possible ; yes Sir, I submit to my destiny.——Continue to be my guide, do not forsake me, and every thing will become easy to me, to comfort you, and obtain my pardon.

JUDGE BELMONT.

These are sentiments worthy of yourself ; now I recognise, I again find my son.——The promise you have just made, already restores me to my peace ; think my son, that you cannot fail without destroying all the happiness of my life.——

DORVAL.

Ah Sir.

JUDGE BELMONT.

Somebody comes——hush——let us conceal our agitation.

C c ij

SCENE VIII.

Judge BELMONT, DORVAL,
DURAND.

DURAND, *to Judge Belmont.*

Sir, I have finished my extract.—It is five o'clock.——

JUDGE BELMONT.

Very well, I will go and dress, and in the mean time you shall read it to me.—Are you not surprised Mr. Durand to see my son here?

DURAND.

Truly Sir——

JUDGE BELMONT.

He came to ask some pens from you; it is not the first time he has passed the night in writing.——

A C O M E D Y. 405

DURAND.

Mr. Dorval is so changed—he will kill himself.—

JUDGE BELMONT.

He has promised me to be more reasonable in future, and I depend upon it. Farewell Dorval, come Mr. Durand. (*They go out.*)

S C E N E IX.

DORVAL *alone, after a short silence.*

He has left me!—What will become of me? I feel as if he had carried with him all my resolution and all my virtue!—Where is he going?—to condemn Mr. St. Ives?—and in this dreadful doubt, I find I am alone, left to myself!—Where is Melcourt?—what is he doing?—what, will all abandon me!—I must run and write to him to come; alas! I never had such occasion for a friend! (*He goes out.*)

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

C c iij

A C T III.

S C E N E I.

DORVAL, *alone, holding his watch.*

It is eight o'clock—and Melcourt does not come!—Every thing oppresses me at once! The rigour of my deplorable fate, the severity of my father, and the coldness of my friend. It is too much, my courage is exhausted.—*(He throws himself into a chair; and looks at his watch.)* At this moment perhaps the decree is pronounced!—Lovely and dear Arabella, in what a situation art thou at present!—Ah, I share your grief, your torments, and you do not know it; no, nor never shall know it—*(He rises in great agitation.)* No, no, before I renounce you and life, I will let you know the unhappy heart that adores you—What, is it possible that she has not discovered the secret?—Alas! in a happier season, I presumed sometimes to yield to the pleasing idea, that Arabella had read it in my soul without being offended—Ah! if

it were true, if I could flatter myself that I am loved ; no, every attempt to separate me from her would be vain : if I am loved, I am engaged, bound to her for ever !—Her misfortunes would make her still more dear to me.—For her sake I would set the public opinion at defiance—But my father !—O afflicting thought ! my inflexible father will banish me from his presence !—How can I endure his indignation, his contempt, and the threats of his curse ?—a father's curse !—I shudder ! that single idea freezes me with dread and horror—Love make me renounce my father !—and such a father !—Ah ! never, never shall it gain such a fatal criminal power, over my mind ! O, may that day in which I am destined to so cruel a contest, rather prove my last ! (*He sinks back in his chair quite oppressed.*)

S C E N E II.

DORVAL, MELCOURT.

MELCOURT *entering hastily.*

Dorval !——

C c iiij

408 THE JUDGE,

DORVAL *raising himself up.*

So—you are come at last!—Ah Melcourt, how could you forsake me in my present state of mind!—I have expected you these three hours.—

MELCOURT.

But in your note you desired I would enquire about Miss St. Ives.—

DORVAL.

Well, what have you learnt?—She is sick, no doubt;—in despair—don't conceal any thing.

MELCOURT.

I have just left her uncle, who tells me she was much dejected, very restless.

DORVAL.

O heaven!

MELCOURT.

She sat up all night.—

DORVAL.

Alas! the same fears deprived us both of rest.

A COMEDY. 409

MELCOURT.

But let us talk of your father; in your note you say he is informed——

DORVAL.

He knows all; I have confessed every thing: O Melcourt, you now see the most unfortunate, weak, and irresolute of men—I would, without hesitation, sacrifice the happiness of my life to my father—but to know that the woman I love is drowned in tears, devoted to despair!—No, that is an idea I cannot support.

MELCOURT.

Wait the event at least; let us hope.——

DORVAL.

What can I hope! Alas! hope is a blessing for ever lost to me—I foresee the fate of Mr. St. Ives—he will lose his suit—perhaps he has already lost it—O God!——

MELCOURT.

But how can you know that?

410 THE JUDGE,

DORVAL.

Alas! my father made me understand it but too plainly.——

MELCOURT.

I can scarcely persuade myself, that——

DORVAL.

I am certain, I tell you.——This very day Miss St. Ives will learn that a fatal decree ruins and disgraces her father?——She will accuse mine of the dishonour which falls upon her family! My name, my name alone, will make her shudder. Alas! in her hatred, which will be but too well grounded, she will confound the son with the father——she will detest me!——and I live!——I submit to this terrible destiny!——Advice, Melcourt, is in vain; I am no longer in a condition to profit by it, nor even to listen to it; it may imbitter my sufferings, but cannot recall my reason.—Reason—I have lost it! I renounce it, and will no longer hearken but to my heart.

MELCOURT.

Do not my dear Dorval be afraid of un-

A C O M E D Y. 44

seasonable counsels——Alas, I can only be silent and add my tears to yours !

D O R V A L.

Yes, yes, abandon a wretch to himself who is not worthy of your friendship——In fact, I no longer deserve that you should attempt to console me !——

M E L C O U R T.

Good God, is this the interpretation you give to the dread I feel of offending, or displeasing you ?——

D O R V A L.

Melcourt, ah my dear Melcourt, pardon my injustice——If I could describe to you the contests, the torments of this distracted mind, I am sure I should excite your most tender compassion——You, better than any one should know the excess of my grief ; you witnessed the origin of this fatal passion ; you followed its progress !——Recollect that happy time when without constraint, without disquiet, I saw Miss St. Ives every day. For six whole months I intoxicated myself with

the pleasure of hearing and admiring her.—
Recollect, O Melcourt, those pleasing moments.—I saw her, or I spoke of her, or I heard the praises of her charms, her modesty, that goodness, that enchanting mildness by which she is so distinguished!—Could I love an object more worthy of fixing a virtuous and feeling heart, could reason have made a better choice!—Have not you agreed with me on that head a thousand times? Have you not told me, dear Melcourt, that if it had not been for my passion, you would have loved her yourself!—It is impossible to know her without adoring her—Alas! you know the origin of my attachment to her; it was her respect and tenderness for her father; how affecting she was when speaking of him—I discovered in her soul all the feelings of my own.—O heaven, and that conformity which then was my delight, now oppresses me—Represent to yourself the condition that affectionate daughter must be in at present.—And in an hour, what will become of her, when all hope is lost?—But do you think her father will lose

his cause?—I feel that I still flatter myself in spite of me.—Melcourt, are you not convinced at the bottom of your heart that Mr. St. Ives is innocent? And can you believe that the judges?—

MELCOURT.

I still preserve the same hopes, and the rather, as I know without a possibility of doubting, that the Marquis of Rozelle, notwithstanding his apparent security, left your father last night very melancholy and dissatisfied.—

DORVAL.

Is that really true?—You hope—you believe.—From whom had you these particulars?

MELCOURT.

From a relation of the Marquis of Rozelle whom I just now met.

DORVAL, *embracing Melcourt with transport.*

My dear friend;—if you knew what consolation you give to an afflicted heart!—I now recollect that my father spoke to the counsellor of Mr. St. Ives with seeming satisfaction.—And what he said to me, is no

414 THE JUDGE,

proof of his being against Mr. St. Ives, but rather the contrary.—Only conceive what must be my joy and transports on hearing that he has gained his suit!—On seeing the triumph of Mr. St. Ives—on thinking that Arabella will ascribe that happiness, the happiness of her life, to the knowledge and to the cares of my father.—I shall be but too, too happy.—But I must not yield to such pleasing hopes—which, alas, in one instant perhaps will be destroyed for ever.

MELCOURT.

Undoubtedly you have sent one of your servants to wait at the court, to bring you the earliest intelligence of the decision?

DORVAL.

No; my father at setting out, made me promise that I would not send any one. He will himself announce my fate to me!—What o'clock is it?

MELCOURT.

Half an hour past nine.—

DORVAL.

The court has been assembled these three hours!—

MELCOURT.

We shall have no intelligence before mid-day.—

DORVAL.

O Heavens, what a delay.—I have always two pictures before my eyes, which are alternately presenting themselves to my imagination.—At one time I see my father surrounded by the Judges, with coldness and severity discussing the dearest interests of my heart.—At another, I see Arabella pale and trembling, her countenance drowned in tears, invoking Heaven, counting the tedious moments, and giving herself up to the dreadful torments of impatience, fear and uncertainty.—Can you suppose it possible for her to support such agitations?—It seems as if I felt a painful wound at the bottom of my heart, which is torn open by every palpitation—those tears which flow in spite of me, weaken, without yielding me the least consolation.—The least noise surprises, disturbs, and makes me start.—Ah, Melcourt, how happy are you that have been able to preserve yourself from the fatal dominion of the passions.—Seeing

416 THE JUDGE,

what a deplorable slave I am, learn to dread them still more.——They snatch away at once, peace, tranquility, courage and reason, the most solid advantages, and the only virtues by which man can be ennobled and distinguished? Ah, fly for ever from their tyrannical yoke, at least let the striking example of my errors, be a warning to my friend!——

MELCOURT.

I expect a still more important lesson from you my dear Dorval: I have only known how to fly from the influence of the passions, but you will teach me how to subdue them, how a noble and courageous soul can wrest itself from their seduction, triumph over their violence, and resume it's power and original worth with becoming dignity.—

DORVAL.

O Heavens!—Melcourt—do you hear?

MELCOURT.

What is the matter?

DORVAL.

A carriage——in the court.——I am sure I am not mistaken!

A C O M E D Y. 417

MELCOURT, *taking him by the hand.*

How you tremble !——Sit down.——

D O R V A L.

Certainly it is my father.—Ah Melcourt ?

M E L C O U R T.

For Heaven's sake I pray you be calm !—

D O R V A L.

What am I now to hear !—Gracious God !—

M E L C O U R T.

Somebody comes.——

D O R V A L.

I cannot stand. (*He leans against a table.*)

MELCOURT, *moves some steps and returns.*

It is not your father !——

D O R V A L.

How ; are you certain ?

M E L C O U R T.

No, it is not he, it is Sinclair !——

D O R V A L.

How excessively troublesome !——What does he want !——Why has he been admitted ?——But perhaps he knows some news !——

VOL. III.

D d

418 THE JUDGE,

MELCOURT.

For Heaven's sake Dorval, be cautious—
here he comes.—

DORVAL.

Find a pretence to get quickly rid of him.

MELCOURT.

Leave that to me.—

S C E N E III.

DORVAL, MELCOURT, SINCLAIR.

SINCLAIR.

If you will 'give me leave, I come to wait
the Judge, that I may be immediately ac-
quainted with the issue of the suit.

MELCOURT.

Judge Belmont does not come home—
he dines with his sister—and Dorval and I
are just going out.—

SINCLAIR.

That is another affair.—I could not go
to the court this morning; I could not sleep;
I got out of bed.—I am in a very bad state

of health—but, good God ! Dorval is sick too ; how he is changed !——

DORVAL.

Yes, I am not well.

SINCLAIR.

He looks as if he had risen from the dead.—
I never saw the like—well—to amuse you shall
I tell you some news ?——As I was walking
in the Gardens, I met Gerrard, who lives with
his friend the President, and he told me last
night that the countenance of the court
seemed absolutely unfavourable to Mr. St.
Ives.—Gerrard has no interest in the af-
fair ; he is as we are, entirely neuter ; he is a
young man of sense and penetration ;—so
that what he says may be depended on.—
Mr. St. Ives is a ruined man ; it may be so
said now ; for probably the cause is judged by
this time.—But Dorval is taken ill. See
Melcourt how pale he is !——

MELCOURT.

It is a dizziness to which he is subject ; I
will take him to his chamber.——

D d ij

SINCLAIR.

It is a troublesome complaint.—Farewell my dear Dorval ; I shall send to enquire after your health. (*He goes out.*)

S C E N E IV.

DORVAL, MELCOURT.

DORVAL.

Leave me Melcourt, I want to be alone, I intreat you to leave me.

MELCOURT.

What, am I a burthen to you, am I troublesome?—

DORVAL.

I hate myself ; I detest life ; I will not listen to consolation—leave me I tell you.—

MELCOURT.

What, unhappy man ! will you renounce friendship ? No, I cannot believe it.—

DORVAL.

Well, since you will remain, you must be a witness then of my distress ; which nothing at present can alleviate.—It is no longer grief that afflicts me, but rage and furious

madness, which consume and devour me.—
Now all my forebodings are justified—My
father will presently appear, and coldly tell
me, that Mr. St. Ives is disgraced;—I shall
hear these dreadful words issue from his
mouth.—No, I cannot moderate the vio-
lent transports of such well-founded despair.—
I shall offend my father, I shall provoke his
anger—Since sensibility is so great a crime in
his eyes, let me shun his presence—Should
he see me, you may depend upon it, that,
provoked at my weakness, he will drive me
from him, he will banish me.—It is better
to impose a voluntary exile upon myself—
Melcourt, farewell.—

MELCOURT.

But where do you propose to go?

DORVAL.

I do not know,—I wish only to fly from
men, from society, in short, from this world,
which I detest.—Melcourt, this heart is
deeply wounded—I am resolved—This
house is become hateful to me—I can no
longer live in it.—

D d iij

422 THE JUDGE,

MELCOURT.

But is it possible that what such a block-head as Sinclair could say——

DORVAL.

I know Gerrard whom he mentioned, and I am certain.——

MELCOURT.

Well, even granting that Mr. St. Ives is ruined, disgraced, and his daughter lost to you ; it would be a severe blow I own ; but if listening only to a blind despair, you could be capable of abandoning your father's house, forget the respect and submission you owe to the best of fathers ; if love could degrade you to such a degree, Dorval, I could, with a dry eye, see you depart ; you would neither deserve pity nor regret.——Is it possible that a frail and transient passion, of eighteen months standing, can gain an influence in your mind superior to the sacred feelings of nature, and a ten years friendship !——Come, come, I know you better, your grief deceives you—Examine your heart, you will see that a true friend, a friend, (I presume to say it) such as

A C O M E D Y. 423

I, is sufficient to attach you to life, and console you for the torments of love. Rouse then, my dear Dorval, from this shameful oppression; dare to have greater confidence in your own worth, learn to suffer with courage; in short, be a man.

DORVAL.

Well then, guide me; conduct me; dispose of the fate of a wretch who throws himself on your care.—Let friendship rescue me from this dreadful delirium.—What do you require? Say?—What must I do?

MELCOURT.

Submit to your destiny whatever it may be;—Conceal your love and your grief, and let not those bitter tears flow but in the bosom of your friend.—

DORVAL.

I swear it—I am determined; your virtue triumphs over my weakness—O, thou faithful and generous friend, thy affectionate counsels have at last restored me to myself.—You will still see me lament my fate—but I here swear to you, I will form no more mad

D d iij

424 THE JUDGE,

and criminal projects—I shall excite your pity by my sufferings, but at least you shall not blush for my errors.

MELCOURT.

I hear a noise.

DORVAL.

O God!——

MELCOURT.

Now my dear Dorval, it is your father.——

DORVAL.

Do not leave me Melcourt—Come, let us go to meet him—I cannot—O, I die.——

MELCOURT *supporting him*.

Remember your promise——collect all your strength——

DORVAL.

It is exhausted! O heavens, I hear my father!——

MELCOURT.

It is he!——Dorval, if you love me remember your oaths.

S C E N E V.

JUDGE BELMONT, DORVAL, MEL-
COURT.

JUDGE BELMONT.

Melcourt— I am happy to find you here— it was my wish that you should be present at this conversation, which will let you know whether my son is truly worthy of your esteem and friendship. You are acquainted with all his secrets, so I may speak before you without reserve.

DORVAL:

Well Sir—has Mr. St. Ives lost his suit?—

JUDGE BELMONT.

In the first place I must tell you that it is decided according to my opinions, and of course I am fully convinced of the justice of the decree. But now Dorval, I must ask you a question: answer me, and say, if the sentence condemns Mr. St. Ives, will you

426 THE JUDGE,

presume to murmur?—Will you accuse me of being led by prejudice; or believing the decision to be just, will you act so unworthy a part as to repine at the triumph of innocence; speak?

MELCOURT *aside*.

I tremble!—

DORVAL.

O Sir, you may doubt my reason, you have a right to do so—but have you any grounds to doubt of my respect for you?—Do not add to the vexation which kills me—I foresee my misfortune—I understand this cruel language but too well—I may sink under this load of sorrow—but depend upon it, Sir, I can suffer without complaining.

MELCOURT *to Judge Belmont*.

Yes Sir, I dare answer for his discretion.

DORVAL.

O Sir, in one word, let me intreat you to tell me the fate of Mr. St. Ives—Alas! all is over, and I am about to lose irrecoverably that weak hope which alone could soften the

horror of my sufferings——O my father pardon me.——

JUDGE BELMONT.

But why this despair Dorval, what have I said?——

DORVAL.

What?——How!——is it possible?

JUDGE BELMONT.

I delay to inform you of the truth; I am afraid my son, to excite in you a fatal emotion.——Will you never learn to check those violent transports?

DORVAL.

O my father——you seem to relent!——Good heaven, I dare to hope in spite of myself!——Ah, say Sir.——

JUDGE BELMONT.

Mr. St. Ives.——

DORVAL.

Well——

MELCOURT *aside*.

What a moment!——

428 THE JUDGE,

JUDGE BELMONT.

Mr. St. Ives is entirely justified.

DORVAL.

O my God!

MELCOURT.

Ah my friend!

JUDGE BELMONT.

He has completely gained his suit, and in every point.

DORVAL *rushing into the arms of his father.*

O my father!

MELCOURT.

Dear Dorval!——

DORVAL.

Mr. St. Ives has gained his suit.——O my father—dear Melcourt!— (*He embraces them.*)
Miss St. Ives!—She is happy now!——She is at the summit of her wishes!——Now I am amply recompenced for all my sufferings!—
What happiness can be compared to mine!—

JUDGE BELMONT.

Moderate these transports my dear Dorval.

I am perhaps going to poison your joy ; I am going to ask a painful sacrifice.—

D O R V A L.

There is no sacrifice I can hesitate to make for you ; say then Sir——

J U D G E B E L M O N T.

At present the hand of Miss St. Ives would do you honour, but however, you must renounce it.—

D O R V A L.

Renounce it!—Good heaven!—and for what must I renounce it!——

J U D G E B E L M O N T.

It must be so, if my honour or reputation have any weight with you ; I was the Reporter of Mr. St. Ives ; it is believed, and I own that I contributed greatly to the gaining of his suit ; if you marry his daughter, can the particulars be known which will shelter me from every suspicion of partiality ; can it be known that I was unacquainted with your sentiments till the moment I was going to enter the Court ?——Would

430 THE JUDGE,

Would you Dorval supply calumny with arms against me, whom she has not hitherto been able to blacken, nay, not even to attack ?

DORVAL.

That is enough Sir ; you ask only the sacrifice of my happiness, I do not hesitate ; the peace of her I love is secure, Miss St. Ives is happy that is sufficient.—How contemptible should I be in my own eyes, if I had not sufficient courage to bear a misfortune, in which I alone am to suffer !—Ah Sir, you will find that this erring heart, which you have seen so weak, is at least not without some merit !—Yes Sir, I will wring the fatal passion from my soul—I renounce it for ever.—From henceforth I will only live for you, (*reaching his hand to Melcourt.*) and for friendship.—Happy if on these terms I can expiate my faults, and recover your esteem !—

JUDGE BELMONT, *reaching out his arms.*

Come my son, my dear son, come to the arms of the happiest of fathers !—Yes, I will accept the generous sacrifice ; it tears your heart at present, but prepares for you a

lasting happiness!—Depend upon it my dear Dorval, that love, that frail passion, cannot exist without hope; it will very soon be defaced from your remembrance; then, with what satisfaction will you enjoy the gratitude of your father, the esteem and admiration of your friend, of Melcourt, who is so dear to you! How you will applaud yourself for this noble triumph!—The laudable pride with which it will inspire you, you will think an ample recompense.

MELCOURT.

Ah Sir, his soul is made to feel all the delightful emotions of that exalted enthusiasm of honour and of virtue? O Dorval how this day augments and confirms my friendship for you!—

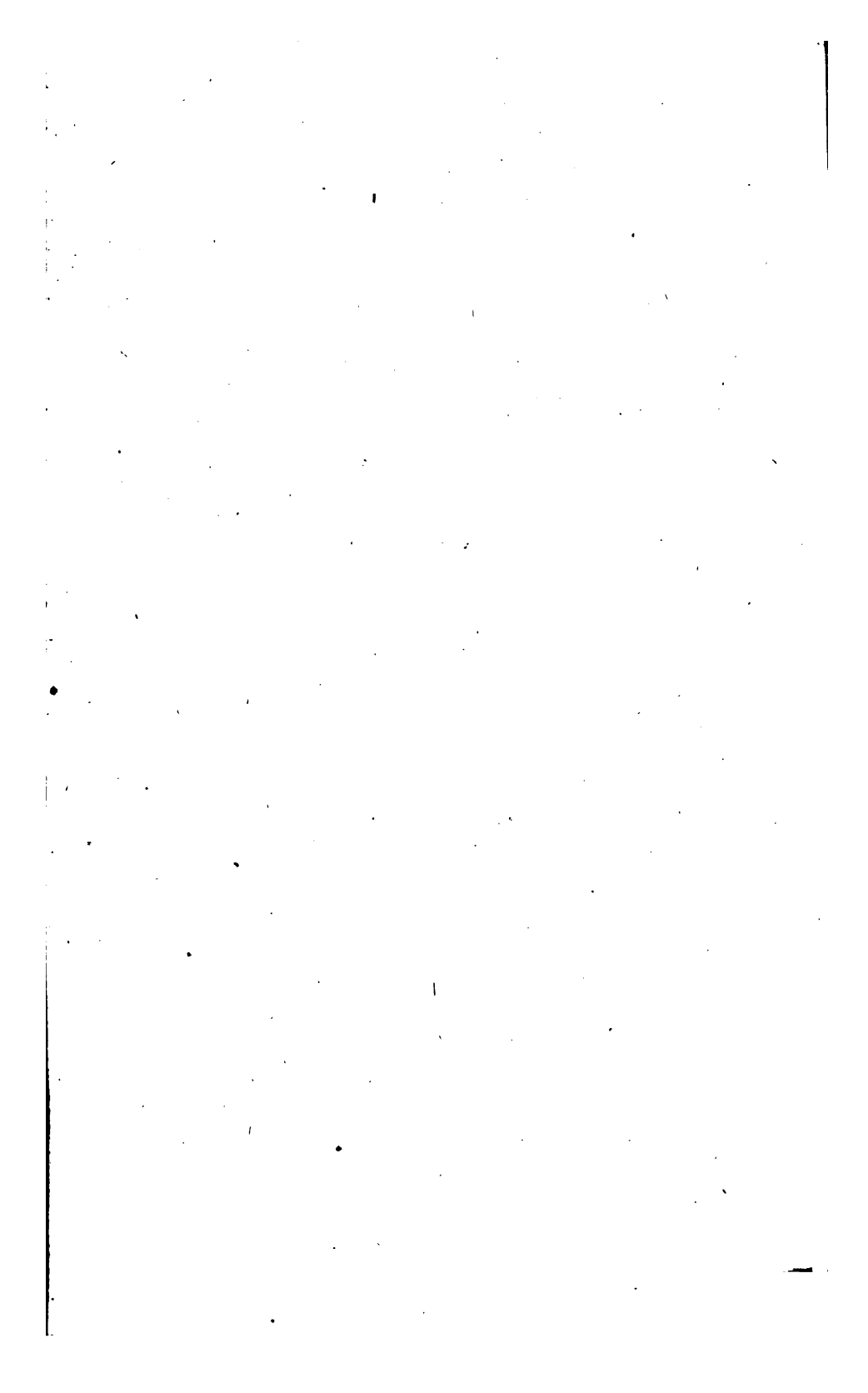
DORVAL.

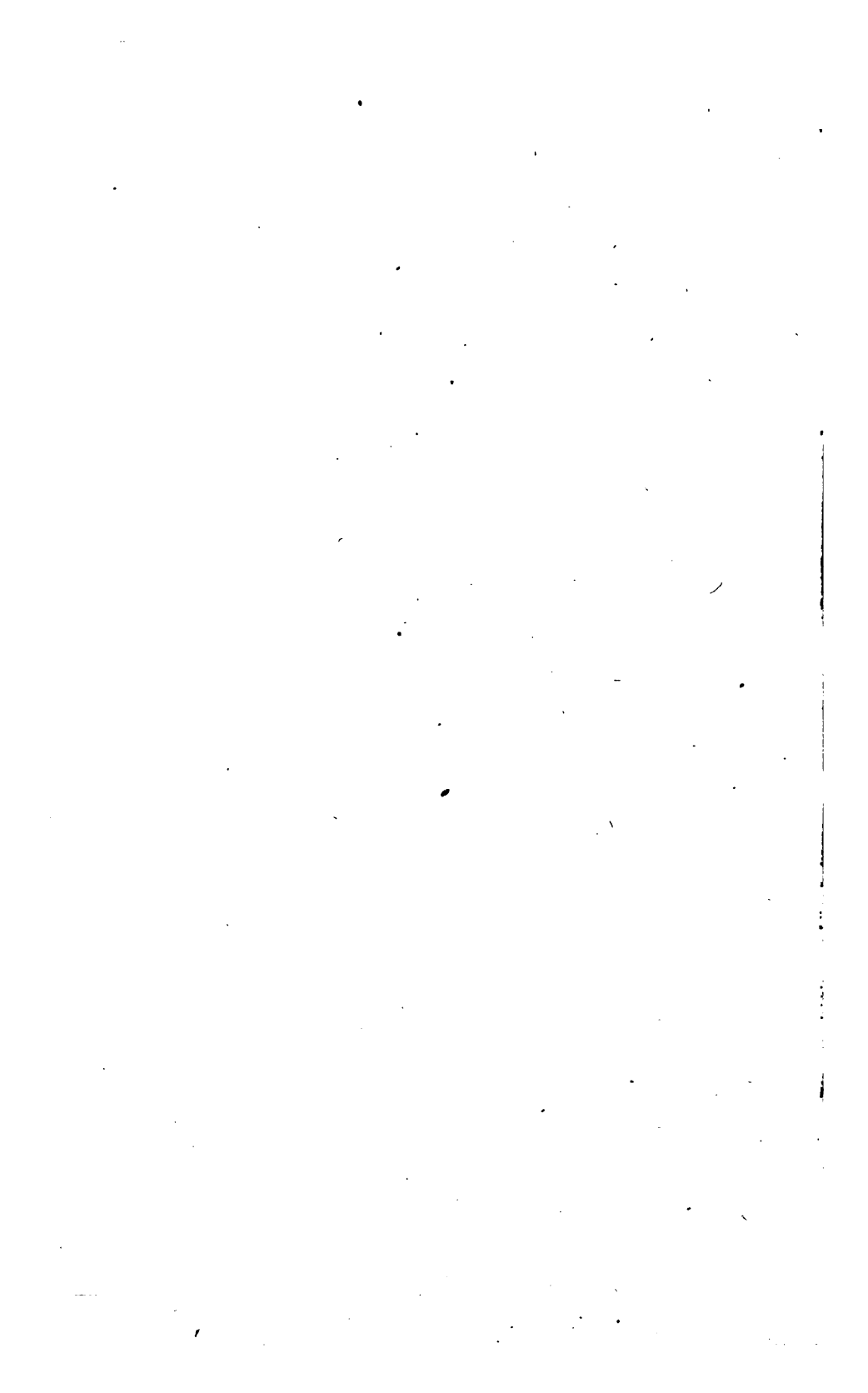
O my father—dear Melcourt—I can only answer you with tears—but they are not tears of bitterness—no, I already find I am not unhappy.—What can be the fate that must not be softened by such goodness and affection?

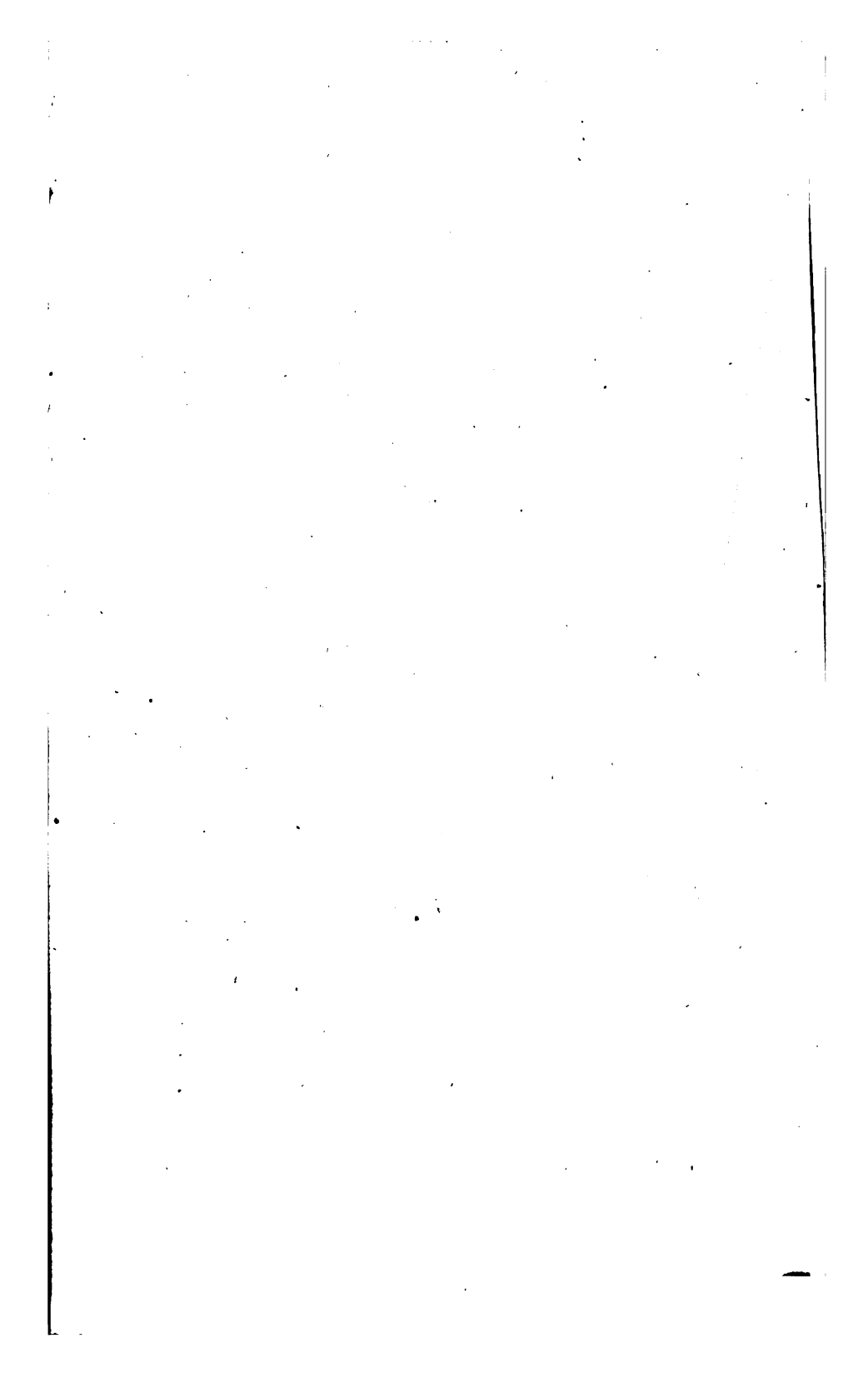
JUDGE BELMONT.

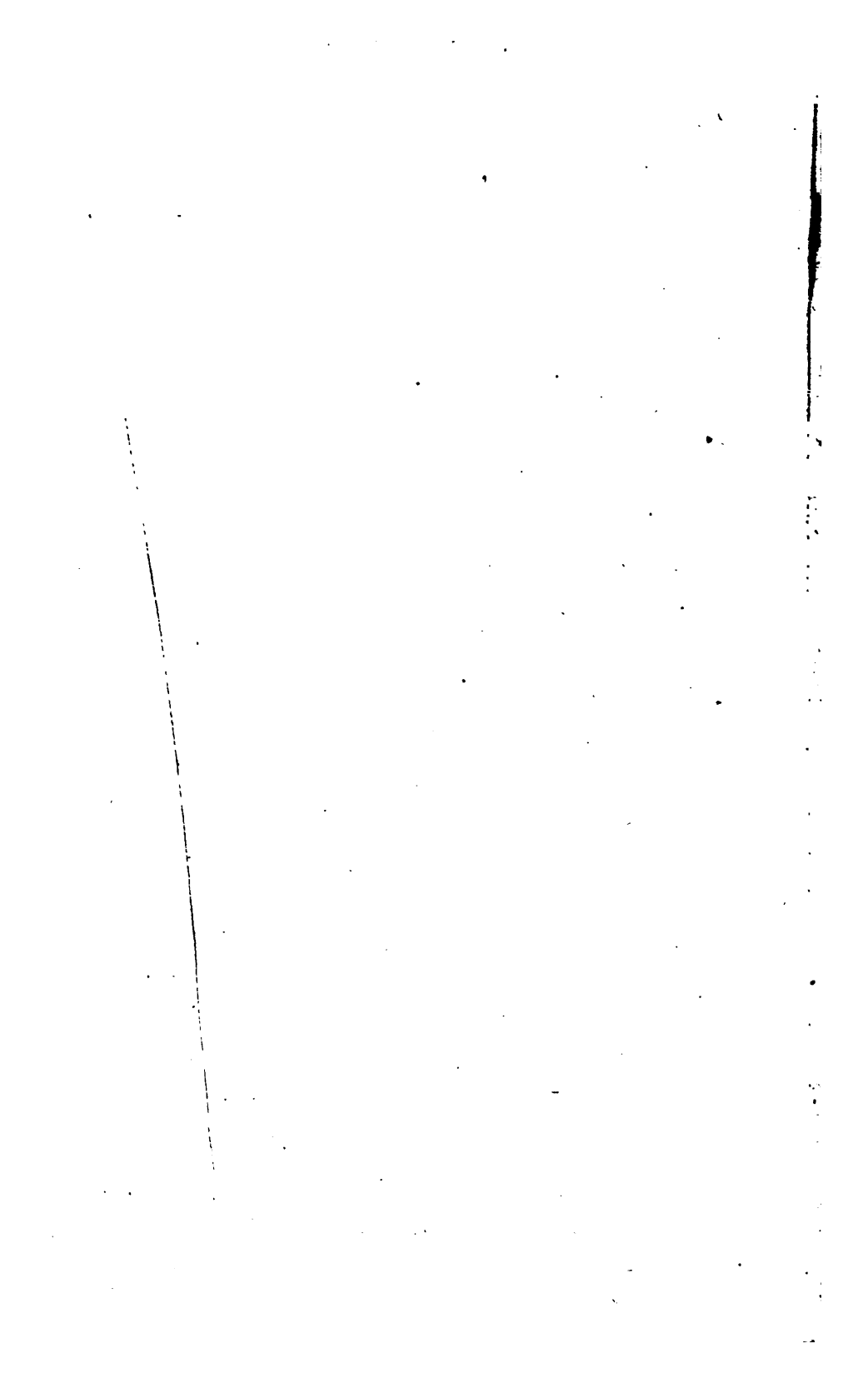
Thank Heaven my son, I have not an anxious thought about you in future; in the age of frailty and error, you have been able to conquer your passions, and know the value of friendship? What am I not to expect from you?—Melcourt, Dorval, my dear children continue to love each other.—By mutual advice confirm your principles; inform yourselves reciprocally of your errors, and remember that it is the part of true friendship to purify the heart, improve the temper, and to embellish it with new virtues.

END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.









UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON
6 0015 01235 3721

A circular library stamp from the University of Toronto. The outer ring contains the text "UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO" at the top and "1827" at the bottom. Inside the ring, the word "LIBRARY" is on the left and "OF THE" is on the right. In the center is a crest featuring a book and a lamp, with the motto "VERITAS" below it. The stamp is partially obscured by the book's pages.

Genlis, Stéphanie F.D.
St. Aubin, comtesse de
...
Theatre of education.

023052

A 498551